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THE SLAVE-TRADE IN AMERICA

FIRST PAPER—THE GATHERING OF THE SLAVES

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

THE chief source of supply for the devouring slave-market of the West throughout the whole history of the trade, and practically the only source during the years when the trade was legal, was found along the Atlantic coast of Africa, between Cape Verd, at the north, and Benguela, or Cape St. Martha, at the south. The sea here scoops into the land in such a fashion that school-children who compare this coast-line with that of Brazil, often speak of the protruding point of the South American continent having been broken out of the hollow in the African coast. It is a most remarkable coast in its physical aspects, for although two great rivers and a host of smaller streams come down to the sea within its limits, and its contour, as a whole, is that of a mighty gulf, there is neither bay nor inlet throughout its whole extent that forms a good harbor for shipping. And the off-shore islands, too, are few in number and small in extent. The land at the beach is almost everywhere low, even though hills and mountains may be seen, flooded with a dreamy haze, in the distance. The rivers that come to the sea, even in the greatest volume, spread out and divide up before they reach the surf. Their waters wind about through uncounted channels in the low delta lands—lands that are covered with masses of mangrove and palm trees, and haunted by poisonous and vicious reptiles. The yellowish sand of the sea and the black washings of the uplands mingle to form low, tawny beaches and dunes, where the river currents are beaten back by the ever-present and ever-treacherous surf of the sea. Goree and Gambia, Sierra Leone and Liberia, the Bight of Benin and the Bight of Biafra, Bonny and Calabar, Anamaboe and Ambriz, the Congo and St. Paul de Loango, are all familiar names to the student of slave-coast literature.

It was a savage coast at best. What it was, in the days before the white man came, has been told very well in the older books of travel—a region thickly populated wherever the streams afforded convenient means of communication with the interior The vegetable products that

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grew spontaneously supported incredible numbers of animals, and on vegetables and animals alike the swarming human inhabitants fed.

Here, as elsewhere in the primitive life of man, the strong dominated the weak—there were tribes that were superior, mentally and physically, to their neighbors, and in every tribe there were men who arose above the masses; while among these stalwarts there was a chief who was in every case a real hero to his people. The sons of the chiefs or kings did, indeed, inherit the commanding positions of their fathers, but only when it was shown in them that the blood had not degenerated. In some tribes there was no inheritance of the chief's office.

It was a superstitious as well as a savage people. They believed in the existence of invisible supernatural beings of various kinds; but because of the destructive influence of the unexplainable phenomena of nature about them, they regarded nearly all of these spirits as having malevolent minds. From the lightning's stroke to the insidious spread of a tumor, no ill of life occurred that was not the work of a malignant spirit.

In a way not hard to understand, they connected the spirits with the evil beings of the earth—with the poisonous serpents, the fierce robber birds, the ravenous beasts, and with those human individuals in whom cunning and stealth took the place of courage and physical prowess. Even the rocks, when of unusual form, and especially when of terrifying aspect, were regarded as the abiding places of evil spirits and not unfrequently as their visible bodies.

Their theology did, indeed, include good spirits. The joys of life were the work of these, but it was fully believed that the work of the devils on the human race was much more effective than that of the good spirits. Their faith in a future existence was unquestioning. They never attacked—indeed they did not even ostracize one another for differences in what we may call their religious beliefs.

Because of their superstitious fears, they devised amulets and charms. They had no horseshoes, or rabbit's feet mounted in gold; but they made curious mixtures composed of bits of snakes, the teeth of vicious animals, and herbs known to affect the human system in various ways. And these amulets were used not only to bring good luck to the owners, but distress to the owners' enemies. Naturally, out of the faith in the baleful influences of fetiches grew the belief that the ills they suffered were generally due to the machinations of personal enemies. The instinct of self-defence, as well as an eager desire for revenge, arose at every thought of the kind, and because of the insidious character of the evil supposed to be wrought by such witchcraft the whole community usually sided with the victim of the witch. The unfortunate who was accused of invoking the evil unseen powers had no chance for mercy, and but scant chance for life. He was compelled, for instance, to dip his hand in boiling oil, or to swallow a poisonous medicine, or pass through some other test of the kind. If the accused escaped injury in the ordeal, he was freed from suspicion. If not, he was tied to a tree where the vultures would eat him while yet he was alive. Worse yet, it was a common practice to sacrifice innocent people to appease the wrath of an angry spirit.

That the blacks were warlike scarce need be said, and many of them ate human flesh; but when they were first visited by the whites they had so few causes for quarrels, and these causes were so easily allayed, that war meant only an occasional skirmish, or at the very worst a raid wherein some strong chief got victims to sacrifice to his gods and make a feast for his followers.

To these primitive black people came the civilized white man. The blacks had worked iron ore into knives and spear-heads. The whites had worked it into guns. The blacks had made dugouts—canoes—from the trunks of trees; the whites had made ships that could cross the ocean. The blacks fermented certain vegetable juices into intoxicating drinks; the whites had learned to distil a fermented "mash" into "hard liquor"—into rum. The manifest superiority of the white products made the blacks receive them with eager joy.

Now one very important custom of civilized life was indigenous in Africa. They understood the advantages of exchanges—of trade; and to trade the white man had

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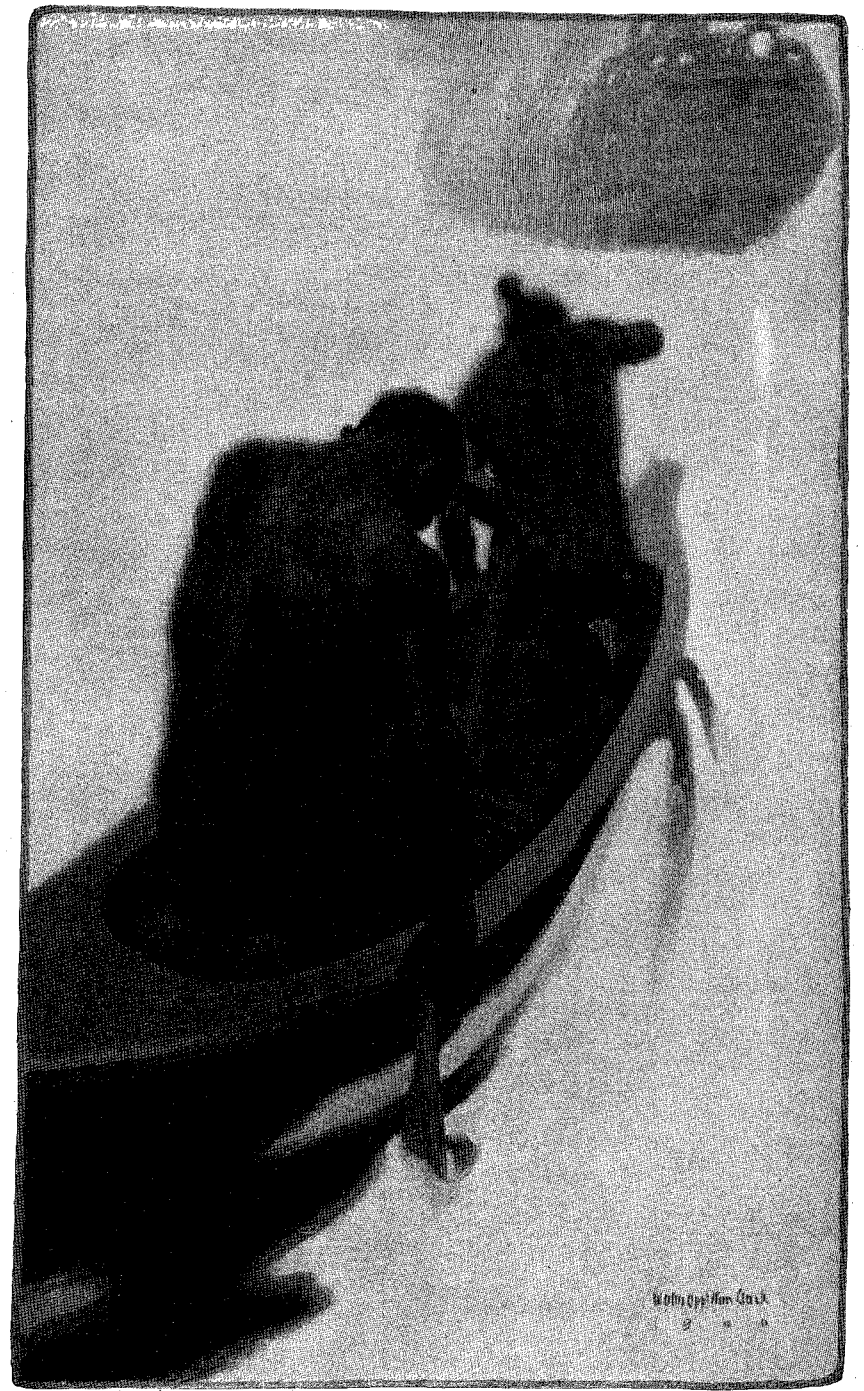

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

Bringing one that was bound and gagged —Page 10

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come. It was a grewsome traffic that followed—the most grewsome in the history of the world—for the white men came seeking slaves, and the blacks had them to sell.

It is a right curious inquiry, when we come to consider how the African chiefs happened to have slaves for sale. At least it seems curious to us now, for we learn that the presence of slaves in a tribe indicated some degree of mercy in the minds of the slave-owners. Instead of killing everybody, old and young, when attacking an enemy, these slave-owners had saved some alive. Then, too, those savages had a modification of our own notions of the way to treat a criminal. They condemned him to work as a penalty, but having no idea of a prison, they made him a slave. Thus when a man interfered with a neighbor's wives and was detected, he was forced to become the slave of the offended husband.

More remarkable still was another source of slave-owning among the Africans. So jealous were they of their right to worship their gods when, where, and how they pleased, that for a man to desecrate or remove a neighbor's fetich, or even to touch it, was an offence for which the penalty was often slavery. War, crime, and superstition supplied the great men of the tribes with servants, and these he would sell on occasion. That he might also sell wives and children scarcely need be said, though sons were rarely sold save in time of famine, even in the mild slave-holding days before the white man came—days when slaves were on the whole treated as members of the slave-holder's family. In connection with these facts we must remember that the Africans, having food and raiment, were therewith content. They did not try to accumulate fortunes, and so had no need for many workmen. Slaves were few in number on this coast before the white man came.

As to the history of the trade that grew up with the advent of the white man we have sufficient records, and this paper is to tell how that trade was conducted on the coast, with some added facts relating to the effects of the trade on both blacks and whites. But it should be premised here that the stories illustrative of the traffic are drawn from English as well as American sources, because an adequate account could not be written from our records only.

The story of the first American voyage to Africa, of which we have a definite record, tells us somewhat of the methods employed in obtaining slave-cargoes. A Boston ship, commanded by one Captain Smith, went away to Madeira with salt-fish and staves. Sailing thence, with the proceeds of her sale, she "touched on the coast of Guinea" for slaves. She found some London slave-vessels already there, with their captains very much disgruntled because trade was dull. There were very few slaves for sale, that is, and to liven matters a little, the Yankees and the Londoners united, and "on pretence of some quarrel with the natives landed a 'murderer'—the expressive name of a small cannon—attacked a negro village on Sunday, killed many of the inhabitants, and made a few prisoners, two of whom fell to the share of the Boston ship."

That was in 1645—just twenty-six years after the Dutchman landed the slaves in Virginia, as recorded by John Rolfe, the first American squaw man. False pretence, outrage, and the slaughter of innocents characterized the first-recorded gathering of slaves in which an American ship had part. They "killed many of the inhabitants," and got two slaves for their share of the plunder.

That Captain Smith's act was not according to the ordinary usages of the trade may be inferred from what happened when he returned to Boston. A quarrel with the ship's owners over the proceeds of the voyage resulted in a lawsuit. The story of the voyage was told in court, and although it was not a criminal trial, one of the magistrates "charged the master with a three-fold offence, murder, man-stealing, and sabbath breaking." The captain escaped punishment on these charges, on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction over crimes committed in Africa (a decision that was typical of what was to come) but the two slaves were returned home.

Viewed fairly, and by the light of the age, the gathering of slaves on the coast of Africa, previous to 1750, was conducted with as great a regard for honesty as was any other trade with uncivilized people.

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After a Raid.

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In a vessel so small and ill-shaped that a sailor of these days would hesitate about shipping in her for a coasting voyage, the old slaver embarked a cargo of rum, and headed away for the African coast. After seven or nine, maybe eleven, weeks he arrived at Bonny or Anamaboe, or Old Calabar. The next step was to invite the chiefs and headmen on board to get drunk, free of charge, and receive presents of various kinds. Thereafter the slave-ship swung at anchor between the mangrove-covered banks of the sluggish stream, or the dead-water lagoon, waiting for the natives to grow thirsty, and bring slaves to exchange for more rum. That sounds brutal, now, but it was entirely in accord with the civilization of the time.

To hasten trade the enterprising organized expeditions where captains or mates rowed away up stream, or along the coast, to tempt the owners of slaves with the smell of a bottle of rum, or the view of a pot-metal musket.

From the moment the slaver cast anchor the worry of her captain began. He was anxious to buy. He was troubled lest his crew get sick. As time went on and slaves were obtained there was a constant fear lest they get sick or escape their irons and capture the ship. The days lengthened into weeks, and these into six or eight months, very often, before even the moderate cargo of a hundred or so could be obtained. Captains were, in those days, slow to resort to other means for hastening trade than the offer of a fair measure of rum.

On searching among the old slaver records that remain to us we find a very good portrayal of the usual course of trade on the slave coast during the first hundred years or so after the American colonies entered it. Certain bills of lading, sailing permits, and letters relating to the trade, from Newport, R. I., are of especial interest.

Thus, a bill of lading, dated "June ye 19, 1754," may be quoted as follows:

"Shipped by the Grace of God, in good Order and well conditioned by William Johnson & Co., owners of the Schooner Sierra Leone, whereof is master under God for this present voyage, David Lindsay, & now riding at Anchor in Harbour of Newport, & by God's grace bound for the Coast of Africa: To Say: Thirty-four hogsheads, Tenn Tierces, Eight barrels & six half barrels Rum, one barrel sugar, sixty musketts, six half barrels Powder, one box beads, Three boxes Snuff, Two barrels Tallow, Twenty-one barrels Beef, Pork & Mutton, 14 cwt. 1 qr. 22 lbs. bread, one barrel mackerel, six shirts, five Jacketts, one piece blue Calico, one piece Chex, one mill, shackles, hand cuffs &c."

That was the complete outfit for the slaver schooner Sierra Leone. Another slaver cargo is described in a private letter of the ship's captain as follows:

"I'm all Loaded & Ready to sail, wanting nothing but hands. Have on bord 140 hhds. Rum for owners, 100 lbs. Provitions, 12 Thousands lbs. bread, six 4-pounders, 4 swevls & 4 cowhorns, small arms, &c." The cowhorns were guns with a stock that curved like a cow's horn.

The size of neither ship is given, but the custom-house register of the Sanderson, a ship Lindsay commanded before he got the schooner, shows that she was "a square-stern'd vessel of the burthen of about Forty tons."

The usual size of the American slavers was then from forty to sixty tons. They were of about the size of the blunt, one-masted, sailing lighters, employed in carrying cargo about New York Harbor.

Having in mind some description of the cargo and the vessels employed, we may turn now to a letter, written by Captain Lindsay when he was in the Sanderson. It is dated, "Anamaboe 28th Feby 1753," and runs as follows:

"Gentlemen, this third of mine to you and now I am to Lett you know my proceed'gs sense my last, Dated 3d Jany, & I have Gott 13 or 14 hhds. of rum yet Left a board & God noes when I shall Get clear of it. Ye Traid is so dull it is actuly a noof to make a man Creasey. . . . Heare Lyes Captain hamlet, James Jepson, Carpenter, Butler & Lindsay. Gardner is dun. firgurson is Gon to Leward. All these is rum ships."

So runs the letter to the end, concluding with, "N.B. on the whole I never had so much trouble in all my voiges. . . ."

Captain George Scott, another Newport slaver, adds to the picture in a letter dated "June ye 13, 1740"—a letter, by

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the way, which Lindsay carried home for him. It contains these statements :

"Meeting with this opportunity I was very glad to acquaint you of our miserable voyage. We left Anamaboe ye 8th of May, with most of our people and slaves sick. We have lost 29 slaves. Our purchase was 129. . . . We have one-third of dry cargo left and two hhgs. rum. . . . I have repented a hundred times ye bying of them dry goods. Had we laid out two thousand pound in rum, bread and flour, it would purchased more in value than all our dry goods."

In a previous letter, written while on the coast, Scott goes more into detail regarding this "miserable voyage," for he says :

"I being not very well, kept my chief mate aboard, and sent ye second mate in ye Long boat to Leward a trading. He had not been gone above four days before he hired a canoue, sends her up with his gold taken to me for goods, without any orders from me ; i sent ye canoue immediately back without goods : going down they overset the canoue, the blacks came off from ye shore and took them up, put them in irons : the blacks were ye [long] boat lay detained ye Mate ashore, in which time a man slave he had bought gott out ye boat with two ounces of gold and has gott clean off. I was obliged to go down with ye sloop and pay thirty-two pounds in ye best of goods before they would let ye Mate come off. Upon the hole I've lost nigh three hundred pounds with that trip."

The fact is the student of slaver history is not unlikely to feel a degree of sympathy for the old-time slaver captains, and that it is an inclination which should not be restrained if a right understanding of the merits of the trade is wanted.

But while these slavers fretted and fumed over their delays and losses a great change was impending in the dickering traffic on the coast—a change not only in the methods of trade, but in the character of the average trader as well. We read that in 1740 Newport, R. I., made boast of owning one hundred and twenty slave-ships, each fitted to carry from sixty to one hundred and fifty slaves. "Ten years later the number had greatly augmented." There were perhaps one hundred and seventy slavers owned there, and they were able to carry more than 20,000 slaves to market every year.

Liverpool entered the slave-trade with one sloop that carried fifteen slaves to market for her first cargo. That was about the year 1730. In 1752 Liverpool had eighty-seven ships in the trade, and their average capacity was above two hundred slaves each. Indeed the Liverpool slaver, Fortune, Captain Green, carried three hundred and forty-three in a noted voyage as early as 1746.

The cause of the rapid increase in the number and capacity of the slavers during the middle years of the eighteenth century is not far to seek. The planters of the West Indies had found it more profitable to work slaves to death, while yet in the prime of life, than to support them in an idle old age. The loss of hands could be readily replaced by importations from Africa, and there was nothing in the civilization of that age to make the planters consider any other question in the matter than that of making profits.

The prices of slaves rose steadily under this increasing demand. Captain Lindsay, in the voyage that was "a noof to make a man Creasey," sold his prime slaves for £35 each. Twenty-five years later the price received averaged £70, and the Liverpool ship Enterprise, belonging to T. Leyland & Co., in a voyage made about the first of the present century, cleared £24,430 8*s.* 11*d.* on a cargo of three hundred and ninety-two slaves, or more than £62 per head, old and young all counted in.

The result was an activity, well called "feverish," in the market on the African coast. The price of a slave there, according to a Newport record dated 1762, was one hundred and ten gallons of rum. An old commercial history of Liverpool records that in 1786 the average cost of delivering a slave in the West Indies was £27 5*s.* 10*d.*, of which perhaps £22 was the price paid for the slave. With the first jumps in the price came a change in the methods of obtaining cargoes. The dribbling supply that had worried Captain Lindsay, who was satisfied with a cargo of but fifty-six, was wholly inadequate to the growing demand.

The first change in the trade was relatively a mild one. Slavers had never

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been very scrupulous about the title which a seller claimed when a slave was offered, but there are cases on record where slavers refused to buy when it was learned that men offered as slaves were really free and had been kidnapped. When the demand became eager, after 1750, the captains let it be known that every soul offered, if physically sound, would be taken and no questions asked. Slaves, too, had been purchased almost exclusively of chiefs and headmen, and it had been a daylight trade. Now anybody might bring a slave at any time of the night and get a good price for him.

Straightway the people of the coast who, in the ordinary course of their lives, would never have owned a slave, began bringing slaves to the ships. Two or three would paddle off in a canoe at night bringing one that was bound and gagged. The unfortunate one was at once purchased without question.

This is to say that while a captain, here and there, had made a practice of doing business in this way from the earliest days of the trade, the purchase of those who were manifestly kidnapped became the regular custom of the trade. Alexander Falconbridge, a noted surgeon of the slave-trade in the latter part of the eighteenth century, testified before a committee of the British Parliament that the majority of the slaves whom he questioned, in the course of his life on the coast, had been kidnapped. He gave many instances of which he had personal knowledge, by way of illustration. A woman was invited by a neighbor to come in for a visit one evening. As soon as she entered the hut two men in waiting bound her and carried her on board ship. A father and his son, while planting yams, were seized by men who came from the brush. A man from the interior, having brought some product to the beach for sale, was asked to visit the ship lying off shore and get a free drink of rum. He went, but when there found that his guide had sold him, and stay he must.

James Town, a ship carpenter, in the Parliamentary inquiry, testified that he saw a dealer sell a slave on board a ship, in the Gallinas, but when this fellow paddled to the beach with his goods, four men came from the brush, seized him, robbed him of his goods and then carried him, in his own canoe, to the slave ship, where they sold him to the captain, who had seen the whole doings.

While the British slaver Briton was lying in the Benin River, a native chief, known as Captain Lemma, came on board to get the usual presents. A few minutes later a canoe with three negroes was seen crossing the river, and the chief sent his followers to bring it to the ship. The three proved to be members of another tribe than the chief's, and they were at once offered for sale. Two were purchased, but the third, an elderly man, was refused as unsalable. At that the old man was taken over the rail and there his head was cut off.

Off Piccaninni Sestus, on the Windward coast, in 1769, Mr. William Dove saw a noted slaver, named Ben Johnson, bring off a girl he had stolen. Just as Johnson was leaving the ship on one side, two very excited men came to the other to inquire about the girl. On learning her fate they went in chase of Johnson, captured him and bringing him to the ship offered him for sale.

"You won't buy me, whom you know to be a great trading man, will you, captain?" said Johnson in remonstrance.

"If they will sell you I will buy you, be you what you may," replied the captain, and the kidnapping Ben Johnson became a slave himself. This story is especially interesting because of the picture it gives of the workings of the captain's mind. He would not kidnap a negro himself, but he would buy of anyone under any circumstances.

A man named Marsh, who was in charge of a shore station established for buying slaves at Cape Coast Castle, in those days, is on record as saying: "I do not mind how they get them, for I buy them fairly." It is a queer exhibition of conscientious scruples, though one, perhaps, not now wholly unknown. But the slavers rapidly outgrew such squeamishness. They outgrew it simply because the increased numbers obtained by such methods were still inadequate for the demand. Moreover with the increase in the number in an average cargo came a special need for haste in procuring them. Captain Lindsay might keep forty negroes "in

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helth and fatt" under the deck of the Sanderson, while gathering fifteen or twenty more by the slow old process, but when Captain Billy Boates, of Liverpool, a noted slaver, who was "born a beggar to die a lord," had two hundred and fifty on board the ship Knight, in which he won fame, he could not wait long for the remaining hundred, because those already on board would die.

The trade, in its usual course, had been an exchange of a fair measure of goods for individuals legally held as slaves. It descended to where, in the usual course, a majority of every cargo purchased consisted of freemen kidnapped as individuals. The next step down involved a resort to land piracy—to raids made by the coast tribes with the deliberate purpose of gathering slaves, by force of arms, among the tribes living inland.

It is likely that the practice of inciting these raids began as early as 1757—perhaps earlier, in a desultory way. At any rate, in a letter already quoted, "six 4-pounders, four swevles, and four cowhorns" were among the goods carried out for trade. But it is certain that raiding was not then the usual course of trade.

Mr. John Bowman, who was employed at the slave coast just previous to 1776, testified before the Committee of Parliament that he had had charge of an agency established on the Scassus River for supplying the warlike natives with arms for raids, and that he accompanied the raiders on one expedition. Coming to the agency, the chief obtained a supply of guns and ammunition. Then the trumpets were sounded, a band of men was collected, the arms were distributed and the start was made immediately. Late in the afternoon the band camped near a branch of the Scassus and waited until midnight. Then, leaving Bowman, whose heart had failed him, they crept away through the forest. A half hour later shouts and screams were heard and the forest was lighted up by the flames of burning huts. A half hour later still the band returned bringing thirty men, women, and children. A small village had been attacked when all its people were asleep. Some were killed, some escaped to the brush, and the number stated had been captured alive and unhurt. These were bound securely, and when day came they were carried down to the agency.

This is one of the mildest stories of a raid known to the history of the trade.

There are now extant enough descriptions of these piratical raids to fill a very large volume, but the details are so atrocious and revolting that it must be said here only that every torture that cannibals could invent, from the mockery of mercy and love to the infliction of the most prolonged and excruciating physical pain, was the fate of those who resisted and of those who were either too old or too young for sale. As for the remainder they were carried down to the sea and sold. And as time passed the passion for blood grew on the raiders until it was greater than their greed. They tortured to death many whom they might have sold. Before the end of the eighteenth century these raids, called wars by those who owned the slave-ships, were the chief source of supply for the coast market. There were many little tribes and settlements on the rivers in these days wherein the natives were chiefly devoted to agriculture, and these were the prey of the coast pirates until the rivers were swept clean of all peace-loving inhabitants, and the whole population surviving was turned into ravaging pirate bands.

Said an eloquent coast chief when the English began to negotiate with him for the abolition of the slave-traffic:

"I and my army are ready, at all times, to fight the enemies of England, and do anything the English may ask of me, except to give up the slave-trade. No other trade is known to my people. It is the source of their glory and wealth. Their songs celebrate their victories, and the mother lulls the child to sleep with notes of triumph over an enemy reduced to slavery."

But the worst effect of the growing profits in the slave-trade is yet to be told. "Treat men as pawns and nine-pins and you shall suffer as well as they." It is chiefly because of the effect of the trade on those engaged in it, directly and indirectly, that their history is of present interest.

From furnishing arms to raiders and otherwise inciting them to the work, the white slavers quickly descended far enough to take part in the bloody deeds. Even

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Angle-Saxon slavers—members of the only race that in these days does really understand the meaning of the words Justice and Liberty—were found ready to pose as peacemakers for the purpose of betraying one band of negroes into the hands of another, and of themselves beginning the bloody slaughter that followed.

The Calaba (or Kalaba) River empties into the Bight of Biafra—right at the angle formed by the coast lines of the huge gulf already mentioned. It is a stream about three miles wide, with from three to five fathoms of water. The banks are low and covered with mangrove brush and palm-trees. Numerous lagoons are found on both sides of the stream, and the apparent banks are but a succession of islands.

On one of these islands was a settlement known as Old Calabar, or the Old Town. On another was a settlement called New Town. The people of the two settlements were of one blood, but they hated each other intensely because of the rivalry growing out of the slave-trade. Yet, so nearly balanced were they in forces that only by kidnapping and an occasional murder of an individual or two could one inflict injury on the other. However, as time went on the New Town people became somewhat the stronger, through favor of the slave captains, and then came the crowning infamy of the trade in that age.

It was in the year 1767. The ships Indian Queen, Duke of York, Nancy and Concord, of Bristol; the Edgar, of Liverpool; and the Canterbury, of London, were lying in the river between the two towns. Trade was dull, and the captains of these ships got together to devise a plan to liven it by taking advantage of the jealousy between the two towns, and the somewhat superior force of New Town. After brief consultation it was agreed that they should, on the pretence of making peace between the two towns, invite the Old Town people to come unarmed to the ships for a palaver. Accordingly messages were sent to the chief, Ephraim Robin John, his brother, Amboe, and some other headmen, requesting all the men of the town to come to the ships on a certain day, and promising unlimited free rum to mellow the hearts of the obdurate before the peace terms were arranged. The captains, of course, pledged their honor to protect the Old Town people from all danger during the palaver, and a safe return ashore.

Knowing their inferiority in fighting force, the Old Calabar people very gladly accepted the offer of these ship-captains to arrange for peace, and the appointed day came on with much jubilation in Old Calabar. For some reason not given Chief Ephraim did not go off to the banquet, but he sent one of his wives as a present to the Chief of New Town; and three of his brothers, of whom Amboe was the oldest, went in one canoe along with twenty-seven other men; while nine other canoes, none of which was smaller than this, followed.

The first ship visited was the Indian Queen, where a seemingly hearty welcome was extended. From the Indian Queen the leading canoe was sent to the Edgar and thence to the Duke of York, an abundance of rum being supplied at each ship. Some of the canoes followed the leader, and others distributed themselves among the other ships, where the greater number of their crews went on board and were received with lavish presents of rum.

The effect of the liquor was soon apparent in the sleepy actions of the drinkers, and the moment for the final stroke of the conspiracy was at hand. While Amboe Robin John and his two brothers were sitting in the cabin of the Duke of York her officers and crew suddenly dropped the rum-cups, and taking up muskets, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes, that had been placed ready for the occasion, they attacked the unsuspecting and unarmed negroes.

A wild dash for life was made. The three brothers strove to get out of the cabin-windows, but were hauled in and ironed. On deck the negroes who strove to resist were cut down, and those who fled for the rail were tripped or slashed or stabbed or shot, as the case might be. Even the canoes alongside were fired on and sunk with all who happened to be in them, when some were drowned, some were dragged on board and a few went swimming for the shore.

The noise of the conflict on the Duke of York was a signal to the other ships, on the majority of which the natives were attacked in like manner. And then came the inhabitants of the New Town, for the

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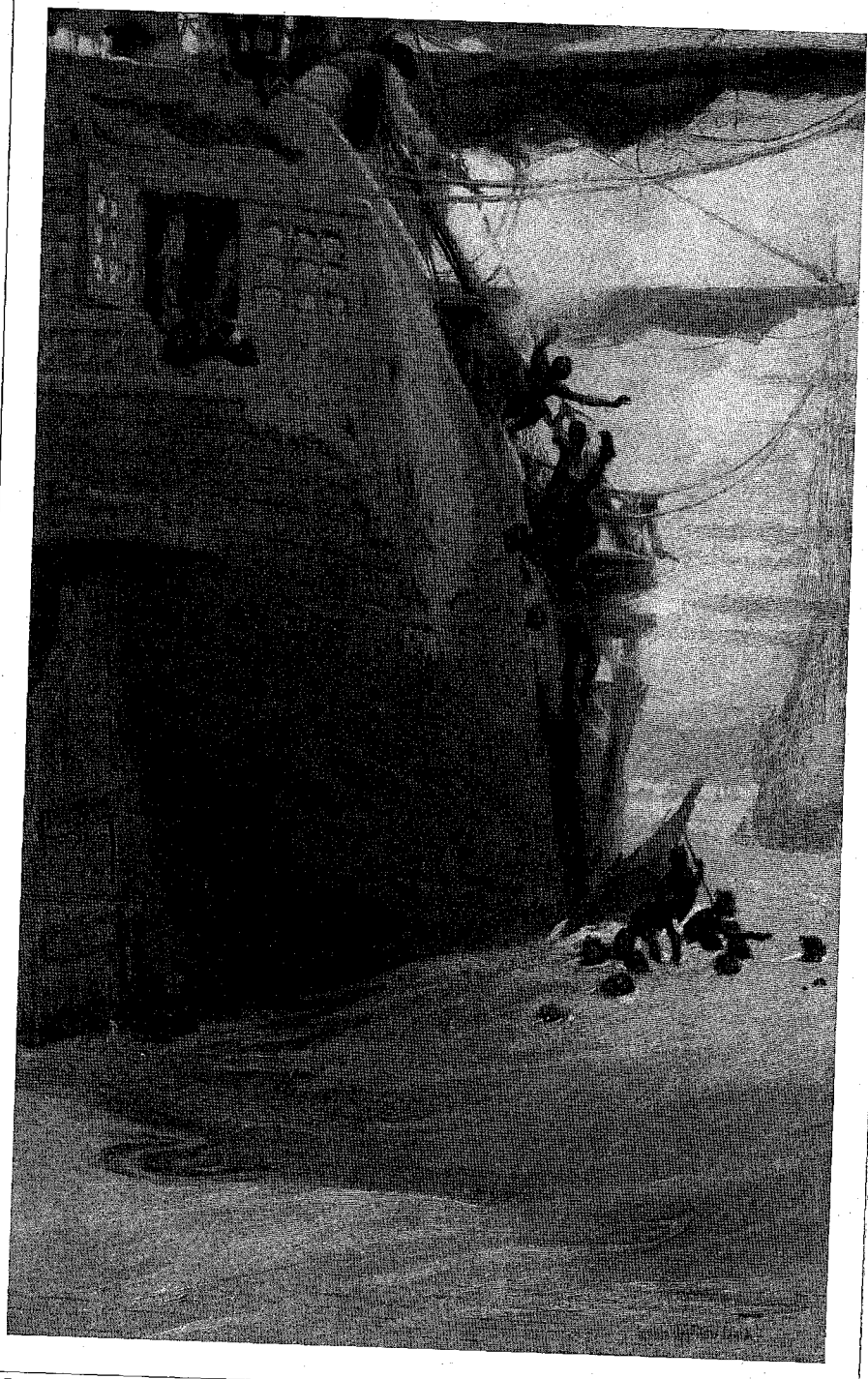

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A wild dash for life was made.—Page 12.

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slaver captains had arranged that they should hide in the mangroves along shore, until the attack was made, when they were to come out with canoes and pick up the Old Town people who might be swimming for the shore. And these being mad with their thirst for blood, killed more than they took out of the water for slaves. In all more than three hundred of the Old Town people were killed or enslaved in the course of this raid planned by the white men.

But the end of the story is not yet told. Having killed or captured the last man in the water, the New Town people paddled to the ships to receive their reward for their share in the onslaught. This reward was collected, of course, in the shape of a liberal price for each captured Old Town man, with free drinks added, although of the drinks they were naturally a little shy under the circumstances. But at the side of the Duke of York, one other reward was wanted—the head of their chief enemy among the captured Old Town people—the head of Amboe Robin John. But knowing that the captain of the Duke of York cared nothing for their thirst for blood—knowing that he had joined in the raid solely for the profit there was in it, the chief of New Town, who was known as Willy Honesty, said :

" Captain, if you will give me that man, to cut his head off, I will give you the best man in my canoe, and you shall be slaved first ship."

At that Amboe, who could speak English, bowed his head and putting his hands together in the attitude of prayer, begged the captain of the ship to retain him on board. But the captain forced him—forced his guest who had come on board under a solemn promise of protection—over the rail, where his head was struck off, and his body thrown to the sharks.

As a result of their treachery and murder, the slaver captains received from twenty-five to thirty slaves each, of whom a third, perhaps, were captured in the water, and had to be purchased of the New Town people.

There is an interest in this story beyond that excited by the facts of the massacre. The two brothers of Amboe Robin John were sold in the West Indies, but they managed to escape to Virginia, and thence to Bristol, " where the captain who had brought them, fearing he had done wrong, meditated carrying them back." But before he could sail with them, a shipper in the oil, ivory, and gold-dust trade, who had heard the story of the massacre, took them before a court on a writ of *habeas corpus*, when they were declared free and were sent home to Old Calabar. Through this means Clarkson, the famous abolitionist, got the authenticated story, and used it with tremendous effect in his crusade against the trade. It was not in the Anglo-Saxon heart to approve such doings, even in the eighteenth century.

But if we rightly view the facts, still greater degradation than this was known among the slaver captains, for they enticed the free mulatto girls of the coast to go on board the ships, and then carried them away and sold them, although unmistakably assured that their own flesh and blood was to be born into the life on the sugar plantations of the West Indies.

How the degradation of the slaver's deck was contagious ; how it spread to the owners of the ships ; how these owners, while posing as Christians, became, through inciting such acts, worse than the captains who participated actively in the infamies ; how communities and nations were thus made rotten, until at last the greatest slave nation of them all regained health by the most frightful of modern wars, can only be suggested here.

After the end of the eighteenth century the only notable change in the methods of gathering slaves for market was in the establishing of barracoons—that is, what a cowboy might call corrals, in which to herd the slaves while awaiting shipment. The trade having been outlawed, cruisers were stationed on the African coast to stop the work of the slavers. The slave ships then had need of such quick despatch as had never been dreamed of before. They came to the coast, usually disguised as honest traders, and watching for a day when the coast was clear, they got their slaves quickly on board and sailed away. To enable a ship to load quickly, depots were established, at convenient points, where pens were built by setting tree-trunks into the ground to make a high fence. In these the slaves were held by

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the hundred—sometimes more than a thousand were imprisoned in one pen—to await the arrival of a ship.

Captain Richard Drake, an English slaver whose diary was printed in New York about forty years ago, under the title of "Revelations of a Slave Smuggler," describes incidentally two of the most noted of these slave-stations, that of Don Pedro Blanco, on the Gallinas River, and that of Da Souza, at Whydah. "Gallinas," he says, "was a depot and market for slaves brought from all streams that penetrated the Guinea Coast, as well as territory farther south. The river was full of small islands; and on several of these, near the sea, as well as on the banks, were located factories, barracoons, dwelling-houses and store-houses. The success of Blanco had attracted a dozen other traders, and the Don was a prince among them. In African fashion he supported a harem, and quite a retinue of house servants, guards, etc., besides clerks and overseers of his barracoons."

Of the other trader he says:

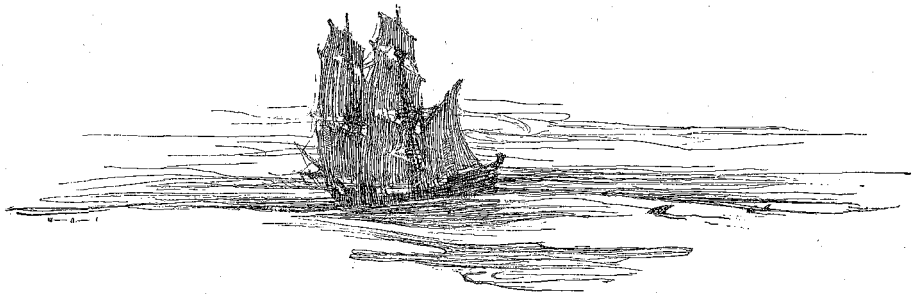
"Da Souza, or Cha-Chu, as everybody calls him, is apparently a reckless voluptuary, but the shrewdest slave-trader on the African coast. Whydah was built by his enterprise, and he lives the life of a prince. His mansion here is like a palace. . . . This morning Cha-Chu met me and proposed to supply me with a wife. 'You shall have French, Spanish, Greek, Circassian, English, Dutch, Italian, Asiatic, African or American,' he said, laughing."

The kidnapping and the raiding were increased, although the market price of slaves fell as low as from $12 to $20 a head. The raids were extended hundreds of miles inland, according to Canot, another noted slaver. In the atrocities of the raids there could be no change for the worse, because the human mind could conceive no form of torture or degradation below that already existing. There was a greater volume of suffering; there could be no worse degree of it.

The history of the slave-trade is in one respect unique. In all other industries there was a steady amelioration of the people engaged in them as civilization grew brighter. The cat was abolished as a lawful instrument of discipline among seamen, for instance, and impressment was abandoned. Even in the killing of cattle humane methods came to be adopted. But the handling of slaves, from the beginning of the trade to its end, was like a portrayal of the myth of the bottomless pit.

And yet, black as was the panorama of the trade as described in history, there was one dash of warm color in it to relieve the aching heart of the spectator. Says Charles W. Thomas, U. S. N., "chaplain to the African squadron in 1855," in a work relating to coast usages:

"In time of famine men who have no slaves to dispose of, or not enough to meet the demand, pawn themselves . . . for food. . . . A degree of admirable self-immolation is sometimes shown in such cases of family distress by a member coming forward and offering himself to the highest bidder, willing to go anywhere or to be anything so that he may relieve his father and mother or other dear relatives from distress."



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THE COLLIGO CLUB THEATRICALS

By Charles Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD GILES

PROBABLY the last thing that would have occurred to the minds of the undergraduate members of the Colligo Club in getting up their annual June theatricals for Graduates' Night would have been the idea that their entertainment that night was to have a direct influence upon the great financial fight then going on in the Congress of the United States, or that the fate of an important party measure was to depend upon the question whether a certain member of the Class of '74 and of their Club had or had not been a good amateur actor when in college.

Fantastic Fortune, however, was about to decree that this one, rather mediocre, performance of the famous old University Club should become a historical event in the College annals, and should outshine in importance many nights, otherwise far more noteworthy.

It all came about in this way. It was certainly extremely awkward for the party that Congressman Tredmore should have died at a time when the majority in the Eighteenth District was so small, and doubly awkward that he should have died in the middle of the debate on the great party measure, the passage of which was so urgently demanded by party necessities, and when the House of Representatives was so split up about the question into factions and independent voters, that the loss of one stanch party vote might endanger the measure.

Governor Clinton, recognizing the danger of the situation, had issued a precept for a special election to be held on May 29th. His own party had nominated an excellent man named Holdredge. H. T. Allanson was the equally excellent candidate of the other side. Each party had put forth unusual efforts to win. In the few days allowed for the campaign, innumerable speakers of national renown had been poured in from other States. Rallies were held morning, noon, afternoon, and night. The voters ploughed their way through the masses of political pamphlets. They worked, ate, took their pleasure, and slept, in an atmosphere foggy with political speech.

On the morning after election day, when the last town at the extreme end of the district was heard from, the Associated Press stated the result as, Holdredge, 16,812; Allanson, 16,757; and after the recount the result remained practically the same.

Clinton and his party leaders were exultant. The other side accepted the defeat with ill-concealed discontent and bitterness; but the matter appeared to be definitely settled.

Unfortunately for Holdredge, however, up over the mountains, in the extreme northern tip of the thin and lengthy district, far away from railroad communication, at the end of a twenty-mile stage-route, was the little logging town of Monnot. Still more unfortunately for him, the town clerk of Monnot was an extremely irritable and somewhat forgetful personage. And it was owing to these qualities in the town clerk's character that a political question, which seemed finally at rest, burst open again like a volcano, producing an eruption in both parties such as had rarely been seen in the political field in that State.

At the close of the polls on election day the vote of the town of Monnot had stood, Holdredge, 231; Allanson, 154; giving a majority of 77 votes for the former.

Now the statute provided that within three weeks after such election day the Secretary of State should lay before the Governor the copies of the records of the votes cast at the election, duly transmitted to him sealed by the various town clerks with their seals unbroken; and that the Governor should thereupon open and examine them and determine from them what

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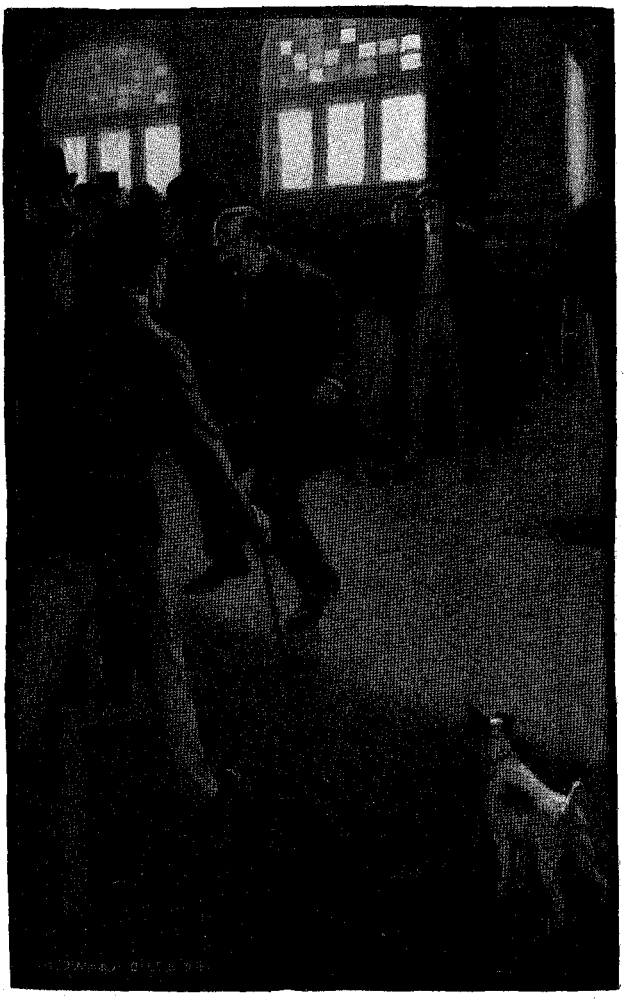
persons appeared to be elected to the several offices; and should thereupon issue certificates of election or commissions to the persons so found to be elected.

Now it happened that the election day had come at a very inconvenient time in the daily life of the town clerk of Monnot, when he was busily engaged surveying some lumber regions miles away up in the mountains. With very ill-grace he came back from the woods to attend to his official duties, and his temper had not been improved by the defeat of his party's candidate. So having what he considered more important business in the woods, he returned thither without mailing his copy of the town's vote within the ten days after election, as directed by the statute. His plan of action, however, was not accepted with equanimity by Holdredge's party committee chairman, nor by the Secretary of State; and he received sharp epistles from them both, instructing him to forward the delinquent return at once. The wording of these epistles increased the bad temper of the town clerk of Monnot; and he said to himself that he would worry these importunate officials a little. The statute said that the Secretary of State must within three weeks lay the returns before the Governor. The playful town clerk waited. And his eyes gleamed with ill-natured satisfaction at the admonitory letters and telegrams which the Secretary of State and the chairman kept despatching. But unluckily, having waited until the very last



At this point Baylor executed a war-dance on the sidewalk.—Page 20.

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possible day before the expiration of the three weeks, he found to his consternation that he had overstepped himself by delaying until the post-master had sealed up the post-bag. There was nothing to be done but to give the envelope containing the return to the driver of the stage, with careful instructions to mail it in the railroad post-office at the end of the route.

The town clerk of Monnot, though omnipotent in his local sphere, was not, however, omniscient; and he could not, and did not foresee that a sudden wash-out on the stage road would overturn the old rickety coach and send the driver flying twenty feet through the air, to land on a bed of crumpled rocks with a broken head. Nor could he foresee that the official return of Monnot in the Eighteenth District would lie all rumpled and begrimed in the pocket of a much torn coat for four days, undiscovered.

Talbot examined the Governor keenly.—Page 22.

But after delivering his official note to the stage driver, the town clerk disappeared into the depth of the woods on his business again.

So it happened that the last day of the three weeks arrived and no return from the town of Monnot had appeared on the desk of the Secretary of State. The politicians became wildly excited, and a vigorous search-party was sent after it. No trace of it or of the town clerk could be found on that day. Therefore when, in accordance with the statute, the Secretary of State had laid those returns which he had received before the Governor, that official discovered that a very alarming state of affairs existed; for the footing of the returns sent in showed that Holdredge had 16,581 votes and Allanson 16,603, and that on the face of these returns, without the vote of the town of Monnot, Allanson was elected.

Governor Clinton at once decided upon his course of action. He would wait until the record of Monnot's vote turned up, regardless of technical requirements of the statute.

When the Governor's decision was announced Allanson's upholders arose in their wrath. They quoted the statutes; they howled of illegality; they demanded the Governor's signature to Allanson's commission at once; they talked of application to the courts to force the Chief Magistrate to obey the plain, written law of the State. Then, after four days, someone chanced to examine the pockets of the dilapidated and still unconscious stage-driver, found the missing document, and mailed it to the State House. It was only laid before the Governor on the morning of the twenty-fourth of June, five days too late according to the statute. The Governor broke the seals, once more added up the votes cast at the Congressional election, and this time found that Holdredge had 16,812 and Allanson 16,757 votes, and that Holdredge was elected. Without further ado he ordered the Secretary of State to summon Holdredge and to have his commission engrossed.

Late in the afternoon of this twenty-fourth of June Clinton sat in the private office of his special personal attorney, James Torrens Cronald, of the firm of Cronald & Salisbury.

"Cronald," he said, "this Holdredge matter has become pretty serious. I hear that the other side are going to try and get out an injunction against my signing Holdredge's commission and also a writ of mandamus to make me issue a commission to Allanson. Can they do it?"

"They can and they cannot," answered Cronald; "physically, yes; legally, no. I haven't any doubt that if they go to the right judge—if they should go to Judge Foltner or Judge Hagan, either of those would give them an injunction. As a matter of law, however, I don't believe that in this State the court would hold

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"That is Governor Clinton on the stage," cried Baylor.—Page 26.

that the Governor was subject to the control of the court on a question like this."

"You think Hagan or Foltner would grant an injunction?"

"Well, you know what our elective judges are. This would not be the first time that a judge's political beliefs may influence his decision."

"What would you advise my doing?" said Clinton.

"If you want to know what my real advice is, I can give it to you very briefly," replied Cronald. "Is the Holdredge commission all made out?"

"Yes," said the Governor, "it is lying in the vault of the Secretary of State."

"Then I advise you to go back to the State House as quick as you can and sign it," answered Cronald, with emphasis. "Get ahead of the other fellows and let them howl afterwards all they want. They can't do anything then."

"I'd do that," said Clinton, "but the vaults are closed for to-day and can't be opened until to-morrow."

"Then my next advice to you is to keep well out of the way until morning, so that they can't serve any possible papers on you. Where are you going to-night?"

"I was thinking of going down to the Colligo Club theatricals. It is '74's fifteenth reunion, you know. Aren't you going down?"

"I wasn't," said Cronald, "but I guess I'll drop along with you and see you through this scrape. I tell you what we'll do.

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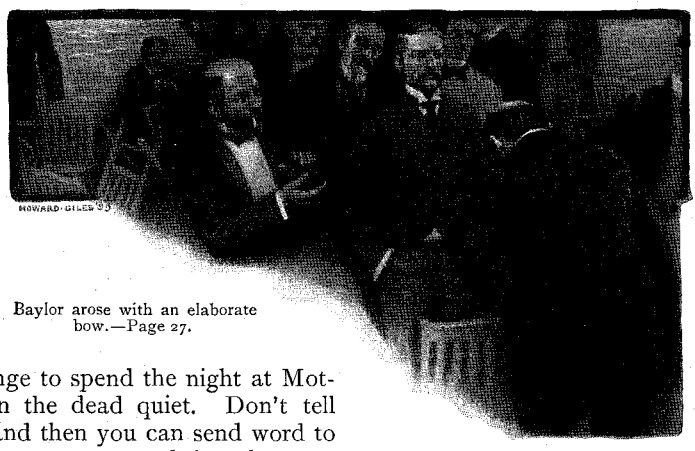

Baylor arose with an elaborate bow.—Page 27.

We'll arrange to spend the night at Motley Inn, on the dead quiet. Don't tell anyone; and then you can send word to your private secretary to bring the commission and Holdredge himself down there the first thing in the morning; and we'll fix the business before the other side know where either you or they themselves are 'at.' They're not likely to get to work as quick as all that."

But Cronald underestimated the rapid energy of the other side. At about the time when the Governor and Cronald were dashing down to the little university town on the National Limited train, a group of men were sitting in the stuffy head-quarters of Allanson's party committee, waiting with nervous impatience. At last they heard heavy, hurrying steps on the stairs and a man ran into the room waving a piece of paper. "I've got it," he cried in an exultant tone, "the old fool of a judge wabbled around in his mind for some time, but finally granted it. Hagan knows which side his judicial bread is buttered on. Now who knows where we can find Clinton and serve it on him? We've got to move sharp or he'll play some d——d trick on us yet." He threw the paper on a table; and Allanson rose, walked over with several others and read the injunction through with curiosity.

"The thing to do," he said at last, "is to have a dozen copies made. Get the most trustworthy deputy sheriffs you can, and send each off with a copy to any place where the Governor is likely to be found."

"I suggest," said Houghton, the chairman, "the most likely place is down at his college. He's a pretty faithful attendant at all celebrations, and the Colligo Club theatricals come to-night."

"That's it, of course," replied Allanson, "we'll catch him there all right. You get Joe Kennedy, he's the sharpest and sandiest deputy, and send him right down on the next train. We mustn't lose a moment."

"Well, if this isn't Bobby Clinton! How goes it, my bully rook?"

"Bill Baylor! You old fool, when did you strike these regions? By Jove, it's good to look at your ugly face again."

"Hi, Doc, Doc Raleigh. You there, with whiskers. First in war, first in peace, first in the——" at this point Baylor executed a war-dance on the sidewalk.

It was in this informal manner that the Governor of a State, the President of a Western Trust Company, and the house surgeon of St. Mark's Hospital met at the entrance to the old college club-house on the eve of the fifteenth anniversary of the graduation of their class. The streets leading from the station were crowded with old "boys" coming back from all over the country. To Clinton this meeting on the steps was the first touch of the joys of reunion. Though he had not seen Baylor since they had graduated, he had recognized him at once, a little stouter perhaps, a few more lines on his face, a little less hair on his head—but the same old, careless, jovial, inconsequential Baylor.

"You know Cronald of '67, don't you, Bill?" said the Governor, "Cronald, the bald gentleman with the aimless look on my right is old Bill Baylor of '74."

As they entered the club-house a number of men standing round in groups

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greeted them with "Hullo, Governor," "Hullo, Bob," "Ah there, Guv."

"Why, you cuss," shouted Baylor, drawing off and then punching Clinton violently, "I'd forgotten you were a Governor of this unfortunate State, and twice elected, I believe. Well, well, well! How did the sad event happen? Heavens, how somebody must have deceived them about you! How did you work it? Do you remember that night at Wally Toynbee's?"

"Shut up, Bill, don't undeceive my constituents. It's hard enough on my reputation anyway to be seen with you. Luckily most of these men won't remember you."

"Ah, won't they. You wait and see. '74 this way. This way '74," shouted Baylor. Instantly, here and there, men began to disengage themselves from the crowd in the club-room and in the hall leading to the theatre, and to hasten toward the spot whence came the old familiar cry. And when they reached it, Baylor was seized upon, and pushed, and hurtled, this way and that, by his enthusiastic classmates.

Meanwhile, Governor Clinton passed into the club-room, nodding pleasantly as he went by, to hundreds of the younger men, who accosted him with all the joy of old acquaintance; though probably few really knew him personally. For the Governor's strong allegiance to his college, shown in his constant attendance at all his college contests on field and river, had long since won their hearts. And at the beginning of a game the loud ripple of applause starting at the entrance and running along the benches was an invariable warning of his approach. His acquaintance with all the prominent athletes, and his ready counsel and suggestions to the college debaters, as the classes rolled on, gave everyone, both graduates and undergraduates, a sense of personal ownership in him; so that all were in the habit of referring to him amongst themselves as "Bob Clinton," dropping the formal "Governor" for the more intimate appellation.

As he strolled through the crowd of undergraduates the Governor caught sight of Harland, the President of the Club, and Oswald, the captain of the ball-nine.

"Hullo, boys," he said, "what's going on to-night in the way of a show?"

Harland laughed, "Why, you're going to be part of the show yourself, Governor."

"What do you mean?" asked Clinton.

"Gorham Talbot's going to give his great imitations. He's easily queen at that kind of business, and he's got a corker on you, Governor," said Oswald. "Haven't you heard of it?"

"Heard of it, no. Going to take me off, is he? That will be great. I've seen many times, though, when I wish he could have taken my place in earnest," Clinton said, with a laugh.

"I guess he didn't know you were coming to-night," said Harland. "It will be a good joke on him, but he's a corker at it. You've seen his Henry Irving, haven't you? And his Professor Matt? And his Prexy's perfect."

"He'll have a hard test to-night, if he's going to take me off," said Clinton. "The '74 men here to-night know me pretty fairly well. I know something about the business, personally, too. It's not easy. I used to try a few imitations myself, back in '74."

"What's that?" shouted the jolly, gurgling voice of Baylor. "Are you telling the fellows about your rotten attempts in our theatricals, Bob? You can't work off any false ideas of your powers here to-night when I'm on the ground."

"Oswald, Harland," said the Governor gravely, "let me introduce to you Mr. William Baylor, the one absolutely useless, the one absolutely ignorant, and the one absolutely idiotic member of the class of '74."

"Add, Bob," said Baylor, "the one member of that renowned class who saw through you and all your grand and noble ideas; and the one man who could keep you from getting upon your pedestal for the delighted gaze of the fawning populace. What's he been telling about, boys? About his trials to act. Why, he attempted to give an imitation of Fechter at his initiation; and they said the price of eggs was nearly doubled the next day owing to exhaustion of the supply. They'd have tarred and feathered him if they hadn't been afraid that the feathers would have caused his ambition to fly and soar still higher."

"My dear Baylor," replied Clinton, "I

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regret to see these signs of a decay of your vital powers. Loss of memory is a very bad sign in one so young. You apparently forget my imitation of Dr. Corday and then that of Dean Thaxter. You apparently don't remember that it was so perfect that it deceived the Dean's own nephew."

"Deceived nothing. He was a junior and you were a senior, and he was trying to swipe you. You couldn't deceive anyone by your acting."

"You're unjust, Bill. I could almost repeat them now."

"No one will give you the chance, so you needn't worry," replied Baylor. "Bob, you need taking down; I see that. Your official eminence has really inflated you unbearably. I guess '74 will have to attend to your case. Act, deceive, humph!" He gave a loud and very forced laugh. "Boys," he said, turning to Oswald and Harland, "don't let the Governor impose on you. I know him. I've known him for twenty years—more than that. I knew him at Copley School. He thought there that he was an orator; and I hear he's retained that belief, and been trying to impress the same on the unlucky people of this State ever since. But he can't play off any acting games on his old classmate."

"Hullo, there's Gorham Talbot now," interrupted Oswald. "Talbot," he called. A tall fellow came up, looked suddenly at the Governor, and flushed uncomfortably. "You know Governor Clinton, of course, Gorham," Oswald said.

"How are you, Talbot?" said the Governor, shaking his hand vigorously. "I hear you occasionally step into my shoes. I wish we could arrange somehow a fair exchange so that I could get into yours."

He examined the fellow with some curiosity and considerable amusement. Talbot was just about the Governor's height, a little slighter, but with the same clear brown complexion, the same long distinguished nose, the same dark hair, though worn in a different fashion, and a very flexible mouth.

"Well, I'd willingly let you take my place to-night," said Talbot, laughing a little uneasily.

"Well, we wouldn't willingly, would we? By gracious, there's Jack Bensley! Heigh, Jack."

"What's that? Why Bill, old man. This is great, isn't it? Hullo, Governor." A tall man with a pointed beard rushed up and slapped Clinton and Baylor on the back. Meanwhile, the three undergraduates stood in the background; and Talbot examined the Governor keenly, nodding to himself every now and then as Clinton made characteristic gestures.

"That's Judge Bensley," whispered Oswald to Harland. "Beastly dignified on the bench, they say. Regular pivot for the universe. Look at him now."

Clinton shook hands again with Talbot as he left. "Don't worry about me, Talbot," he said. "Put it on good and thick. '74 knows how I look to '74. Let them see how I look to '89. Don't mind me. The better you can take me off, the better I'll like it; and, I tell you, old '74 will be hard to suit unless you do your very best. Here's this man Baylor, he's a scoffer. He doesn't know good acting when he sees it. I wish I had your chance, I'd show him a thing or two."

Cronald came up to Clinton as they walked along and said, in an undertone, "I've told the doorkeeper not to let anyone in who wanted to see you, without informing you. We might as well be prepared, although I think there is hardly any possibility of their trying to serve any injunction on you down here."

Clinton nodded and his face became serious, as the thought of his outside official life broke in upon the collegiate gayety.

Then the sound of a lively brassy march rang out from the theatre, and the crowd of men began to move in that direction. By the time the Governor and his friends reached it, the large hall where the performances were given was choked with a motley mass of men, undergraduates with colored tennis caps, and seniors in silk hats; men, young and old, in white flannels; men, young and old, in evening dress; rowing men in their blazers, dignified graduates in slouch hats and loose coats, still more dignified graduates in their shirt sleeves; old men with pipes, young men with cigars, some with cigarettes, some with beer mugs; white-haired and white-whiskered men with collars and ties of the vintage of '45 and '52 jostling callow youths in the most correct and fashionable costume; all mingling in the delighted fellowship. Loud cries and greet-

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ings thrown quite across the width of the hall; groups of men calling out rhythmically the number of their class in wild appeal to their mates; the crash of chairs once neatly in line but now thrown down whenever comrade found comrade; cries of "down in front" from small bands of six or seven men in the rear of the room to the solid mass of graduates for whom the first rows were reserved; "Hy there, Tom," "Good enough for you Fatty," "This way '87," "Oh Ned—oh Ned—oh Ned"; it was through all this conglomeration of sound and much more that the leader of the orchestra was trying to summon his musical band to beat its way. Suddenly louder confusion than ever arose in the rear of the hall; the crowd began to sway, and a mass of men in the form of a regular foot-ball wedge tore their way violently through the hall; and engulfing the Governor in the moving body, whirled him away up to the front.

"'74 is feeling pretty good to-night," the undergraduates said. "Tom Holthrop's dinner was evidently a success," murmured a '75 man, sarcastically, as he looked at the unruly and boyish mass of men who had long ago been supposed to have reached the age of discretion.

"Seventy-four, seventy-four, rah rah, rah rah," the swinging metrical cry rang out to attract any scattered members of the class.

Then a loud sh-h-h-h spread over the hall, for the curtain was rising and the time-honored half circle of negro minstrels was disclosed.

The Governor looked at his programme. It was headed:

"WELL! WELL! WELL!
'89 will present, for a run of one consecutive night,
The Colossal, cranium cracking, concatenation
of Matchlessly muddled, misery making minstrels, to be followed by a
drama entitled
"HELP! HELP!" or "THE WORST YET,"
a piece deserving a loud tumult of silence and ten days."

At the foot of the long sheet of paper were various jests at the personalities of some of the well-known graduates and undergraduates; and Clinton was amused to see how many of the good, ancient jibes of his college days were still flourishing, either in their original form or adapted to the tastes of the rising generation. It began with an announcement:

"Carriages may be ordered at any time or even later." Then followed, "By special request A-T. H-w-rd, '82, has kindly consented not to sing 'An Old Irish Gentleman' after the performance."

"The management regrets that it has been obliged to refuse the proffered services of D-lr-r, '88, owing to the weakness of the stage timbers."

Suddenly his glance lighted on the following: "Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the officers of the Club and of the police department, Cl-nt-n, '74, has insisted upon making one of his gubernatorial speeches here to-night. Extra fire escapes have been provided, and it is hoped that no one will be injured in the rush for the door when he begins. The Governor will be assisted by G-rh-m T-lb-t, '90. We remind the Governor that the Club is long-suffering, but all will be forgiven if he will recognize as applicable to his own case the words of his noted celebration speech, 'If you make a blunder, don't be afraid to acknowledge it.'"

Clinton laughed out loud and pointed it out to Baylor, who gave a yell of appreciation; and all of '74 began to throw jests at the Governor.

"Mr. Johnson," queried one of the end-men on the stage, "why is '74 like the safety-valve on a steam-engine?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Well, Jacob, why *is* '74 like the safety-valve of a steam-engine," monotonously droned the interlocutor.

"Because it has a Governor," was the insipid reply, followed by a burst of cheers from the audience and high rebel yells from his classmates, which caused one man to say, audibly, "That Governor seems to cause '74 to blow off a good deal of steam." So the performance went on from bad jokes and wretchedly sung ditties to worse jokes and worse vocalization, until "Imitations of famous personages, by Monsieur Gorham de Talbot" was announced from the stage; and Talbot came on, wonderfully disguised, to represent Professor Matt.

As he proceeded to reproduce one of Matt's unique lectures, it was certainly a marvel that he should be able so completely to assume the dumpy, shapeless form, the highly pitched, staccato tones, and the singular contortions of the noted

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professor whom all the students liked, but at whose foibles and peculiarities they constantly thrust.

"Now that's what I call a real mimic. He's a genius," said Baylor, when Talbot had finished. "To think, Clinton, that you ever had the gall to call your mumbling and writhings imitations."

After a few minutes Talbot returned from the wings; and at once '74, followed by the entire audience, set up a mighty cheer. Everyone near the Governor turned round and strained to get a look at him, in order to make sure that he was really in his seat. He was still there, with eyes fixed on the figure on the stage in great and surprised amusement, as he took in every detail of his double. For there certainly was another Governor Clinton, fully as complete and perfect as the real one, dressed in the same long, dark gray cutaway and light gray, striped trousers, which Clinton invariably wore everywhere, the same red necktie peculiar to him, walking with the same swinging stride, carrying his head with the chin well lifted. It was curious to see how, by lining his eyebrows upward, and drawing a few faint lines across the forehead and down from the corner of the eye, Talbot had caught the Governor's peculiar facial expression; and Talbot's mobile mouth well served him in reproducing the compressed, drawn mouth of the Governor's, the least movement of the muscles of which quickly changed the look of his face from one of sternness to one of amusement. Talbot's hair, ordinarily parted in the centre, was now parted far down on the right-hand side with the long locks brushed smoothly back across and over the top of the head and down the other side.

He began in his natural voice. "I will give you an imitation of the kind of speech and of the kind of speaker which is let loose at the devoted heads of the inhabitants of this State every year. This is the gubernatorial speech, especially invented and patented by a member of the Class of '74 "——cheers for the class here interrupted him——"for use at various kinds of celebrations. It is known as the patent, adjustable speech; and can be employed equally well at town anniversary celebrations, cattle-shows, fairs, Grand Army camp-fires, opening of suburban clubs or chambers of commerce, and dinners."

Then he quickly changed into his *rôle* and, standing rather unnecessarily erect with one hand behind him, he continued with Clinton's exact manner and voice. At the first word he uttered, Clinton gave a gasp; and a curious double feeling came over him, simultaneously, both that he did not talk in that way, and yet that those certainly were his own quick, clear cut, ringing, emphatic tones thrown back at him as if from an echoing wall.

"Fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen: I thank you for this magnificent reception which you have tendered me. Still I love to think that your applause is not meant for me, but for the State which I represent. I bring to you to-day the greetings of our dear old mother Commonwealth, God bless her." (Here Talbot changed back into his natural voice. "This flattering allusion to the female sex always pleases the ladies and the invocation of a blessing shows the speaker to be a truly pious man.") "When I look about on these happy homes, these cheerful faces, these prosperous streets, I realize more than ever what a glorious thing it is to live." (Talbot, aside: "This remark is not wholly novel but always goes.") "And yet it seems to me that never had this been so impressed upon me as to-day when I came to your beautiful town with its magnificent situation, its busy factories and workshops humming merrily, its surrounding of verdant fields and forests" (Talbot, aside: "Notice this description. It fits so exactly any town that the citizens cannot help being pleased"), "and what is it that has brought this about? It is the hard trials which your ancestors have undergone here, nay I may say my ancestors; for I love to think that I too am in some part a fellow-townsman of yours. My mother's uncle's wife once had a cousin who boarded in this very town. But, as I was saying, what is it that has ennobled this town, this State, this country, that makes us proud that we can come and live in this beautiful town with its churches, its schoolhouses, its splendid situation, its tree-shaded trees? It is commerce and manufacturing, and more than this, it is agriculture." (Talbot, aside: "If I'm in a seaport town I say, It is

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manufacturing and agriculture and more than this, it is commerce. And so in a mechanical town I say—And more than this, it is manufacturing.")

"What is so noble as commerce and agriculture and manufacturing? Except the professional arts. That is the thing which makes your town what it is, which makes you and me what we are."

"And in closing I can only say that I thank you for the honor you have bestowed upon me, in extending to me the invitation to this great celebration. And I hope as many of you will come up and shake hands with me as are able."

He finished, and a roaring tempest of shouts, laughter, and jeers swept the old hall; while Clinton was vigorously punched from all sides, and showered with good-naturedly uncomplimentary remarks. He was himself even more delighted with the remarkable mimicry that even his classmates. "It is wonderful," he said. "How does he do it? Why, he can't have seen me very often."

The first part ended and a rush began from the audience for beer-mugs in the outer hall. In the confusion caused by this and by the general removal of coats, and lighting of pipes by the most of those who remained, an undergraduate came up to Clinton and said: "Excuse me, Governor, but there is a man at the door who says he must see you at once on official business." Clinton hesitated; then leaned over and consulted with Cronald, who nodded knowingly. Was it possible that it could be the expected injunction? If so, the other side had been more energetic than they had foreseen. But nothing else was likely to follow him all the way down from the Capitol. The question now apparently was, how, with any dignity, he could escape the service.

"I positively cannot see anyone now," he said.

The undergraduate replied, nervously: "But the man says he must see you on official business, and he will wait at the door until you can see him."

"Then tell him to wait," Clinton said. He consulted again with Cronald, "or—stop—on the whole you can let him come in at the end of this intermission; not till then, remember, and I'll see him."

He turned to Baylor, "Bill, he said, "keep my seat for me. I want to go behind the scenes and have a talk with Talbot." He rose, and, forcing his way through a lane of applauding men, disappeared behind the stage-door.

Just as the lights were turned down at the end of the intermission he reappeared, and pushed back to his seat between Cronald and Baylor. The curtain went up for the second part and Talbot came out again on the stage.

"I have been requested to present another sample of our distinguished Governor's oratory," he began, "and I will endeavor to do so."

"Isn't that a perfect imitation of me," said the Governor on the floor, half aloud, in a voice which was almost the exact repetition in accent, though slightly different in quality. Something in its tone, however, made Baylor give a sudden start, look closely at his companion, then at the Governor on the stage, then back at the Governor sitting beside him. He appeared for an instant puzzled. Cronald was leaning forward with very intent air, as if the movements of the stage-Governor were of the utmost importance to him. Baylor examined him also and nodded complacently to himself. Then, after listening a moment to what was going on upon the stage, he suddenly exclaimed aloud, with a positive voice, "Well, old Clinton is a sharp one, but I'm too many for him. He thinks he can fool us. But he can't. That's Clinton up there on the stage, fellows. It isn't Talbot at all. I'll bet a hat. That's his game. He left us in the intermission and he thinks he can work us."

"Shut up, you fool," muttered Cronald as he pulled Baylor back into his seat. But it was too late. A disturbance behind him caused him to look round and he recognized Kennedy, the deputy sheriff, coming up the aisle with one of the club members. He gave a groan and could only hope that Baylor's exclamation had not been overheard. Kennedy approached the Governor next to Baylor respectfully and said, with deference, "Excuse me, Governor, but I am required to hand you this paper."

Baylor's neighbor assumed an air of surprise, and, hesitating, said, inquiringly, "Well, my friend?"

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Kennedy looked confused at the reception, "Why, Governor, you know me, of course; Joe Kennedy, the deputy sheriff. I don't like to do it, you know——"

"Oh, yes—of course—oh, yes, I see. Well, hand me the paper," was the somewhat slow and undecided response.

Before anything further could be done, Baylor took a hand in the game.

"Here, you," said he to Kennedy, "do you really want to see the Governor?" Kennedy nodded.

"Well," replied Baylor with a tone of exultant positiveness. "Don't you get fooled. This gentleman here isn't the Governor. There's the real article up there," and he pointed to the stage.

A shout of laughter went up from those sitting all around. "That's right," he continued, "I know what I'm talking about." Cronald gave another groan. "For heaven's sake, why can't he shut up," he muttered.

Then Kennedy looked up at the stage for the first time, saw the Governor there, and gave a convulsive start. He looked back at the man by his side, and saw the Governor there. Then he put his hands to his eyes with a weary and desperate gesture and shook his head doubtfully. "You've got me, gentlemen," he said with emphasis.

At this point the man in the chair next to Baylor spoke up again after a long hesitation, and there was a change in the tones of his voice.

"I'm sorry to say, Mr. Kennedy, this gentleman is quite right. This little deception was only intended for my college friends. That gentleman on the stage there, he is the real Governor."

Everyone near by had been listening to the curious colloquy; and at this extraordinary statement a shout of incredulity and amazement arose. Cronald sat awaiting the outcome in a despairing mood.

"Don't you hear, sir, what the gentleman says?" cried Baylor. "That is Governor Clinton on the stage. He tried to play a trick on us, but I saw through it from the beginning. I discovered him up there because I suspected he was going to try and make us think he could act. He's up there all right." Baylor's remarks were now being addressed to the crowd in general. "He's trying to imitate himself; that's all there is to it." Cronald sought in vain to prevent Baylor's disclosure; but Baylor was too full of delight at his own detective powers and too insistent upon convincing the still suspicious Kennedy. Meanwhile there was absolute stillness in the dimly lighted hall and on the stage. Men saw that something of moment was about to take place. But no one could form any idea as to what it was.

Baylor's companion, the Governor on the floor, again spoke up very politely to Kennedy; and all around now noticed the difference in his voice. "Of course, sir," he said, "I am perfectly willing to take that paper, although I know nothing of its contents; but if it is a State matter, all I could do would be to go up on the stage and hand it to Governor Clinton. As a college man acting here to-night, I shouldn't want to meddle with official documents." Kennedy looked still more dazed. "You see I only meant to imitate the Governor for the benefit of the boys here, but when State business turns up, why it's getting too serious for me to play the part any longer." As he said this the speaker's voice had altered entirely from Clinton's well-known tones; and now all were convinced that the two Governors had exchanged places, for it was manifestly the voice of Talbot, through the make-up of Clinton, that came from the man on the floor.

Then the figure on the stage, for the first time since the interruption, spoke; and everyone recognized that it must be Clinton himself who was speaking.

"There seems to be a little confusion here," he said, "perhaps natural. But it must not delay State business. Kennedy, my good friend, come up here and deliver whatever you've got for me."

Kennedy hesitated no longer. His face brightened up and, advancing to the footlights, he handed the paper over the stage to the Governor with an air of great relief. The latter took the paper and opened it. His face became serious. "Brethren of the Colligo Club, I am sorry to disturb the performance, but this is an important matter; I must leave you."

He turned and went into the wings. A hum of voices arose all over the hall as the audience discussed the extraordinary change of parts that had taken place.

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Kennedy watched the Governor disappear ; then, escorted by an undergraduate, he also left the club-house. The lights were turned down ; and the entertainment went on. Baylor kept chuckling to himself ; and Cronald sat motionless, feeling greatly irritated that Talbot and Baylor should have spoiled a neatly concocted plan. However, there was no help for it. The Governor had been served with the injunction and the settling of the Holdredge-Allanson contest must now await the courts. But as time was essential now, the party's whole plan in Washington might be ruined, all through a good-natured blunderer like Baylor, all through a man who had only chanced this way once in fifteen years. It was certainly exasperating. He knew too that the Governor must be extremely chagrined.

The performance was over, and with a great noise the audience broke up into enthusiastic groups of old " chums." As '74 began to disintegrate, Baylor's companion gave him a startling slap on the back.

" Well Bill," he said, " do you say now that I can't act ? "

Baylor's head shot round as if struck by a fierce blow. Then he gave a gasp. That was certainly Clinton's voice. And yet it couldn't be ; for it was Talbot who sat by him. Clinton had left the hall half an hour before. He looked at the man at his side, who was leaning back in his chair shaking with laughter. Cronald was sitting staring blankly. Raleigh's fat face beamed with enjoyment of the situation.

" ' Can't act,' can't I ? " repeated the Governor, " ' Never could deceive anyone,' ' couldn't fool old '74,' couldn't I ? " he continued. " How about that, Bill ? Do you still think I am Talbot ? Who do you now think that was, up on the stage ? "

Baylor sat down in his chair and shook his head helplessly.

Then Governor Clinton, looking down at him with a crushingly superior smile, rose and joined a crowd of men who came up to find out the solution of the mystery.

" It's perfectly simple," said the Governor, " I knew that that man was here and would try to deliver that paper to me. It happened that I was not particularly anxious to receive what I suppose that paper contained. I recalled our talk in the reading-room before the show began. It occurred to me that here was a chance to prove whether I was a good actor or not. I talked the matter over with Cronald here and decided to go behind the scenes and get Talbot to allow me to go on the stage in his place and to give in person an imitation of myself. I felt confident that I could do that, at least. But when I saw Talbot, he suggested a better plan to me. He foresaw that you men, and wise old Bill Baylor, might suspect something of the kind, and so I concluded that instead of imitating myself, which was an easy task, I would come back to my seat and give an imitation of Talbot imitating me, which would be a good deal more difficult. When I returned, however, the whole thing seemed undignified. I was about to take the paper out of Kennedy's hands when Old Bill here rose with his air of a discoverer and in his superior way announced that he at any rate had discovered the deception (though really no deception existed). He thereby played right into my hands. That decided me. I thought that if I had deceived him, I might others. At any rate the temptation to lead him still farther astray was too great. Talbot on the stage was quick to catch on to the situation. And I must say he carried it out to perfection."

" By Jove, so did you, Governor," broke in Cronald, " I certainly thought myself that this was Talbot sitting beside us."

" Do you mean to say, Bob," stammered Baylor, who had not yet recovered his equilibrium, " that that wasn't you up there on the stage ? "

" That's what I mean to say."

" Was that Talbot, and were you sitting right beside me all the time ? " Baylor persisted.

The Governor nodded. " Poor Old Bill, how badly he feels to find himself not infallible " he replied.

Baylor arose with an elaborate bow, " Clinton," he said, " I present to you my very best compliments. I am glad, however, to find that none of my statements have really been disproved. All that you have done is to show me that, although you were a cussed poor actor when you were in college, a long training in politics can do marvels in imparting to a man the

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powers of deception. You are an actor, sir, now. You are an actor of the first water. And speaking of water reminds me, gentlemen, that the drinks are distinctly on me."

The group moved away. "It was splendidly done, Governor. It was a stroke worthy of your genius," whispered Cronald. "But there'll be some hard things said about it on the other side when the truth leaks out. There are one or two of Allanson's friends here to-night, who, I think, have suspicions as to the contents of that paper."

"All right," replied Clinton, "but it's too late for them to do anything now. I hope my friend Gorham Talbot is enjoying the perusal of that interesting sheet. Meanwhile, Cronald, the best thing for you and me to do is to escape quietly over to Motley Inn and avoid this crowd. The whole thing might possibly leak outside to-night, and I want to be well away from here if it does. Order a carriage."

The next morning the two men sat peacefully at their breakfast alone at the little secluded inn six miles out from the university town.

"You didn't open or read that paper last night, did you?" said Cronald.

"No."

"And you don't really know what was in it?"

"No," said Clinton, "I may have my suspicions."

"Then legally and in fact you've never had service of any injunction. This is the best game I've played in, for years," and Cronald lit his cigar, chuckling.

"I'm afraid it was a little tricky of me," Clinton replied, "I would not have done it if I didn't think that the whole business on their side is the sharpest kind of politics. Their whole position turns on the pettiest technicality. It's simply a case of which one of us had the instrument with the best-tempered edge."

"There'll be no good temper about them when they hear the truth, will there?" said Cronald.

At half-past-nine on the first morning train the Governor's private secretary arrived, bearing the precious commission in his valise. With him came the successful candidate, Henry V. Holdredge.

The Governor signed the commission and handed it to him. "Holdredge," he said, "have you a son in college?"

"I have," answered the Congressman, grasping tightly his credential.

"Well," said Clinton, "the best advice I can give you is to see that your son learns how to act. It may help him some day, as a knowledge of acting has already helped his father."

Holdredge not unnaturally looked mystified.

"By the way, Porter," said the Governor, "have you the morning paper?"

He opened it. In two-inch black letters on the front page were these headlines: "Injunction Granted"—"Latest Developments in Holdredge - Allanson Fight"—"Judge Hagan Checkmates the Governor."

"We give Hagan a return check, it seems," the Governor cheerfully said.

That night the new Congressman was travelling toward Washington; and he arrived in time to take part in the end of the debate and to affect very materially the vote.

Allanson's managers were exasperated beyond measure when they discovered how they had been deceived, and they instigated a contest over Holdredge's seat in the House, but to no avail.

Judge Hagan was never quite clear in his mind as to whether, as a strict matter of law, Robert Clinton had not been in clear contempt of his court in the matter of the injunction; but he never decided to have the Governor brought before him to answer to the charge.

The outside public looked on the matter as a huge joke; for it had long ago decided that, in all fairness and equity, Holdredge was entitled to the election, regardless of any legal technicalities.

Joe Kennedy, the deputy sheriff, in all his later life never served another writ without requiring the most exact identification of the defendant.

On the night of the twenty-fifth of June Governor Clinton attended his class-dinner; and as he sat in a subordinate position, well away from the head of the table, at what they called "The Bad End," he was called upon to respond to the toast of "The Actor of the Class, or My Double and How I Outdid Him."

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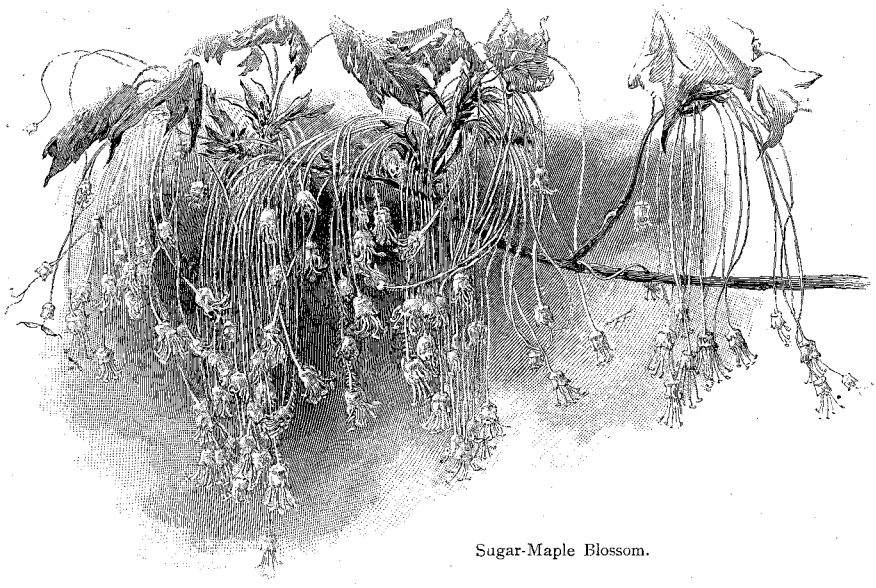

Sugar-Maple Blossom.

TREES

By Frank French

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE AUTHOR

I FANCY that nearly everyone has the memory of some tree with which he was familiar in youth, enshrined in his heart. Dear to my memory are many such early companions. To me they were interesting, though neither cut-leaved nor weeping importations from foreign arboretum, but just common New Hampshire trees, sprung from the hard granite soil, moistened by melting ice and snow and woodland spring. Buffeted by savage northwest gales in winter and fierce thunder and hailstorms in summer, trampled and browsed upon in infancy by cattle in the pasture, the tragedy of their lives was enacted and the survival of the fittest illustrated.

We country boys could tell their names at a glance without the aid of any botany book, and knew the quality of their fruit, the fragrance and flavor of their leaves and bark, the properties of their wood, especially whether the last was tough or brittle, easy or hard to chop and split into firewood.

To native New Englanders there is no tree around which cluster more fond memories than the sugar-maple. When they see her shading the occupants of the benches in the city parks, as graciously as she shelters the lambs which gather at her foot in the New Hampshire pasture, she reminds them of "sapping time," and awakens visions of the old moss-grown sap-house around whose sunny clearing the snow melted early. The opening in the forest was fringed above by delicate budding branches against a hazy spring sky, the little brook ran beneath the softening snow-drifts which remained, or sang in the shadowy glade where the liverwort and trailing arbutus grew. Chipmunks frisked about the wood-pile, while the bluebird uttered such cheery notes that the hard work of carrying brimming pails of sap was forgotten, and the whole thing seemed a frolic. Every spring when the maples blossom in the park, these memories come back.

Mr. Burroughs speaks of "motherly old apple-trees, which have seen trouble." This description seems to me to apply more truthfully to the sugar-maple. It is true that apple-trees are too often neglected, yet it is no uncommon thing to see the horizontal branches of an old tree resting serenely upon props, and its decaying trunk bound about by iron bands to make its declining days as comfortable

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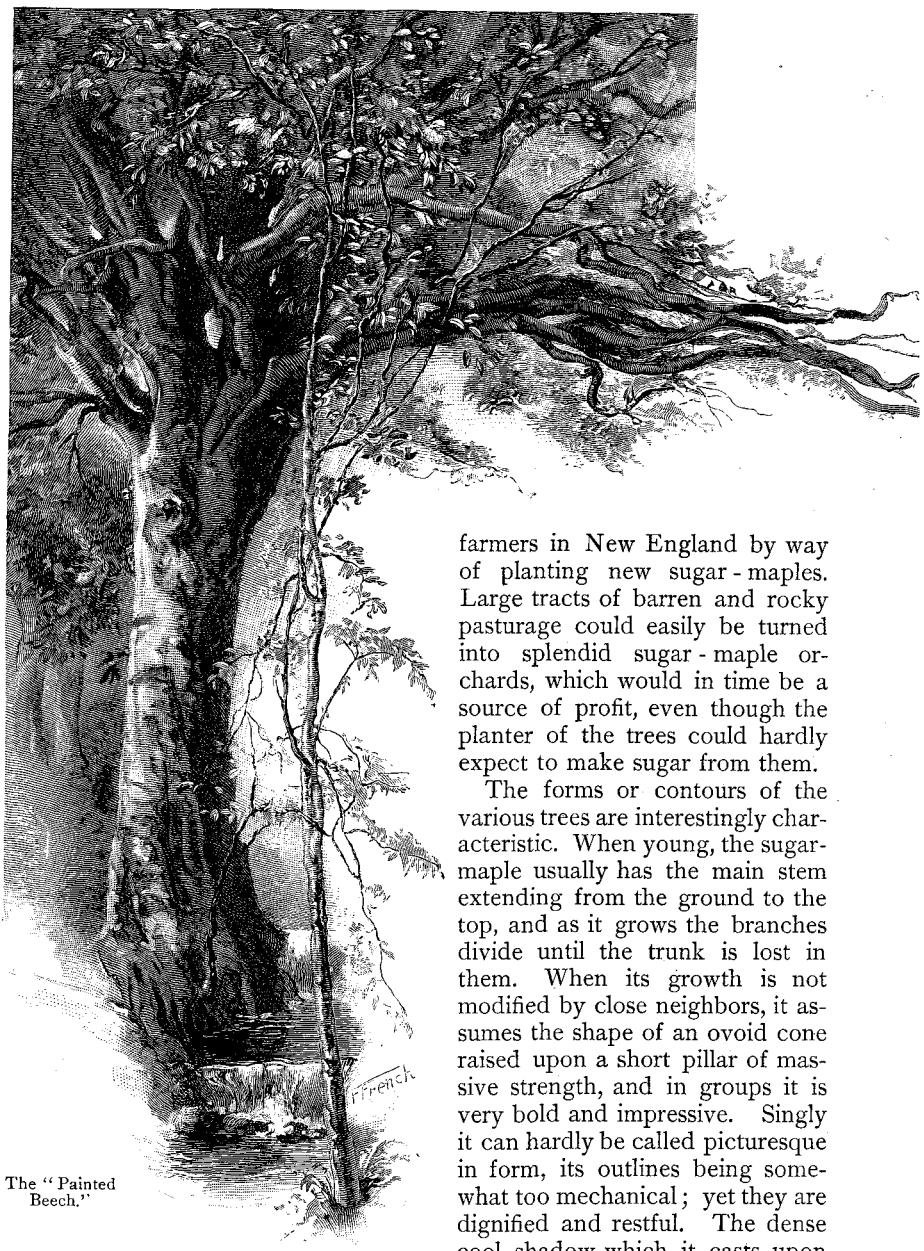

The "Painted Beech."

and fruitful as possible. But the old sugar-maple has truly seen trouble, for the iron has literally entered her soul, springtime after springtime. While her life-blood is dripping into the bucket from the auger-holes in her trunk, she hangs out her delicate fringes of bloom, and does the best she can with the sap which is left to make foliage and new wood.

Unfortunately, little is done by the farmers in New England by way of planting new sugar-maples. Large tracts of barren and rocky pasturage could easily be turned into splendid sugar-maple orchards, which would in time be a source of profit, even though the planter of the trees could hardly expect to make sugar from them.

The forms or contours of the various trees are interestingly characteristic. When young, the sugar-maple usually has the main stem extending from the ground to the top, and as it grows the branches divide until the trunk is lost in them. When its growth is not modified by close neighbors, it assumes the shape of an ovoid cone raised upon a short pillar of massive strength, and in groups it is very bold and impressive. Singly it can hardly be called picturesque in form, its outlines being somewhat too mechanical; yet they are dignified and restful. The dense cool shadow which it casts upon the ground makes it an unrivalled shade-tree. It carries a wealth of rich foliage which assumes an olive tint at maturity. The general mass of foliage is broken up into minor masses which, when illuminated by the sun, stand out in angular prominence against the clearly marked interspaces of shade.

These minor masses of foliage show a marked resemblance to the shape of the

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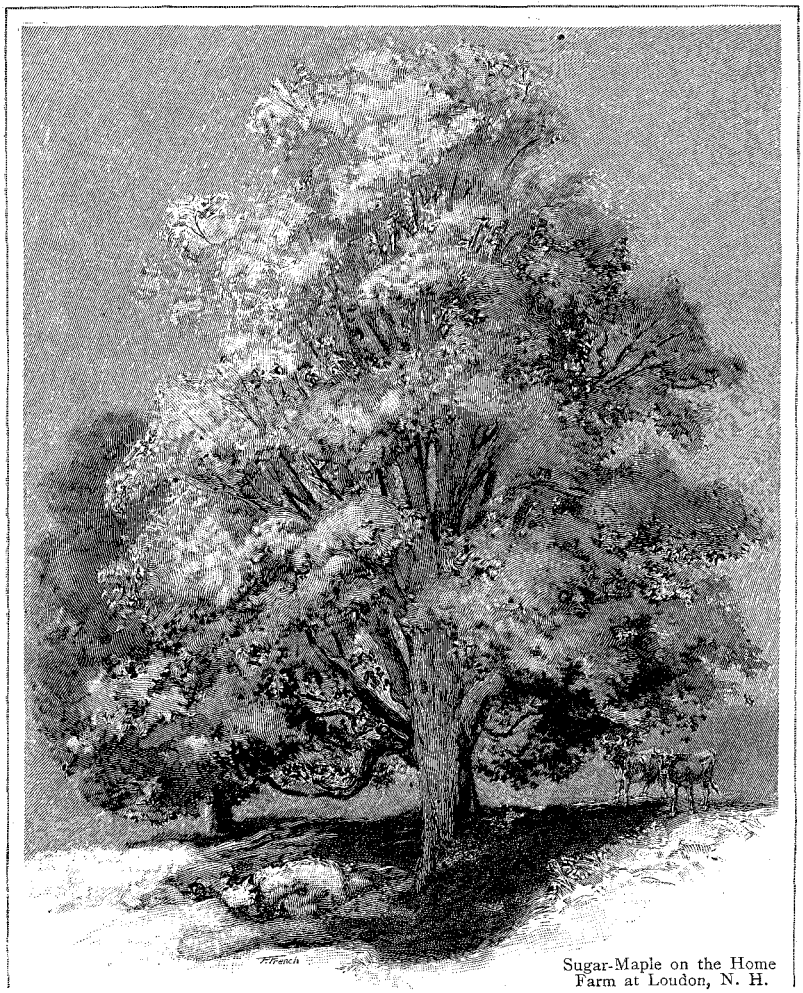
leaves, which are composed of straight lines, angles, and curves, so contrasted as to produce an impression of great vigor, individuality, and beauty. The leaves are usually three-lobed, sometimes five, dark green above, paler beneath.

The dark gray bark is very firm and hard, divided by quite widely separated longitudinal cracks, which are not generally very deep; while the young twigs are whitish brown. The flowers appear with the leaves in early spring, and form a dainty yellow bell-shaped inflorescence, that hang in groups upon long pedicels which converge in gracefully curving lines to the point upon the twig from which they are suspended. Dangling in the breeze against the sky, with the sunlight upon them, they produce a charmingly light, delicate, fringe-like appearance. The male and female blossoms are found on the same tree. The fruit or key is two-seeded with two wings, which form nearly a right angle, and fall soon after maturity.

Among the more common varieties of the maple family in cultivation, besides the sugar-maple, are the red, the white, and the Norway maple. The fruits of the different kinds vary greatly in size, and in the shape and angle of the wings, and these characteristics are often sufficient for identification. The wood of the maple is fine and moderately hard, of a light color and, when polished, of a satiny texture. The beautiful formation of the fibre called "Bird's-eye Maple" is not always present, and can only be detected on exploration of the trunk.



Sugar-Maple on the Home Farm at Loudon, N. H.

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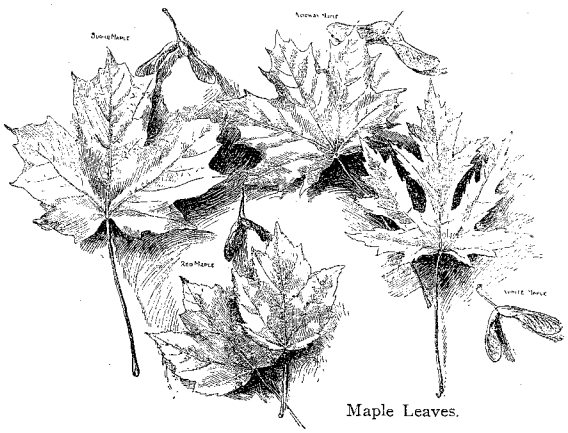
Along the moist and fertile river intervals of New England, especially along the valley of the Connecticut, the American Elm majestically raises her lofty trunk and wide-spreading branches.

It is easy to recall many New England villages where ancient elms stand in double ranks along the main street, their shadows falling on gray shingled roofs and across white-painted fronts, melting into grassy lawns and trailing across the dusty yellow roadway, investing the very air with a sense of peace and serenity. The long drooping branchlets of the elm give a thin feathery edge to the foliage, and the shadows that fall upon the ground are soft and undefined at the edges.

When it grows under such conditions as to produce its most luxuriant and symmetrical development, it justifies in its form the appellation of "feather-duster elm." On the other hand, when the conditions are more stern and sustenance has to be wrested from an unwilling soil, giant roots develop, spreading out like great buttresses from the base of the trunk, duplicating, in a measure, the spread of the branches which adverse conditions have restricted. To this form of the elm has been appropriately applied the more poetic title of "hour-glass elm."

The wood of the elm is extremely tough, as the fibres are so crossed and interwoven and it is very difficult to split. It has been, therefore, found of great value for the hubs of wagon-wheels and other uses where toughness is the principal requisite. The fruit and blossoms are inconspicuous, the male and female blossoms appearing on separate specimens; and the leaves are small, ovate, rather rough and veiny, the curve of the sides differing just enough to produce a most artistic and graceful form.



Maple Leaves.

It is from the elm that the gorgeous golden and black oriole loves to hang its wonderful cylindrical pouch, returning year after year to nest in the same tree, at the very tip of a long slender branch far from the reach of curious or mischievous small boys.

Trees resemble men in some particulars. When they grow out in the open, they are more individual in type, more rugged and angular, more independent, throwing their roots and branches wide. In the forest crowd each looks more like his neighbor, conforming more to one prevailing type in appearance—the bark is smoother, the roots and branches occupy less space, so as not to interfere one with another. They lose much of their individuality while adopting these conventionalities, just as men do under the conditions which obtain in crowded centres of life. They become, in fact, city trees.

The hard, smooth, spotted, whitish-gray bark of the "Painted Beech," its clean-cut and nicely moulded form, its silky leafage and well-groomed appearance give it a decided air of high-born gentility, either while extending its lithe graceful arms in a clearing, or mounting, slender, pale, and tall, among forest companions; and whether it be that this tree conveys some intimate sense of human relationship, or that the expanse of the smooth bark is a temptation to the possessor of a pocket-knife, I do not know, but it is common for romantic youths and maidens to carve their names upon it.

There are few things more enjoyable than to lie upon one's back beneath a beech-tree and look up at the quivering translucent canopy of leaves, lined by delicate branches and etched by clean-cut lines of ribs and midrib against the blue sky.

Autumn transfigures the foliage of the beech into a lustrous mass of pale yellow. Its matchless beauty, however, does not depend upon fine vestments, and in its winter nudity it is equally attractive.

German scientists have made experiments regarding the destruction of forest-trees by lightning and find that the beech

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Old Elm at Hatfield, Mass.

is seldom struck, while the oak attracts the lightning more than any other tree. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that the beech is richer in oils than other trees and is rendered a poorer conductor by these fatty properties.

The wood of the beech is very heavy, a cubic foot of the green wood weighing sixty pounds, while white pine weighs but 34.62 to the cubic foot. This fact has protected it in regions remote from the railroad, as it will not float down the river to the saw-mill.

The blossom is a dainty little tassel of pale green, and the fruit a little triangular nut, sweet and edible, with a thin brown shell which is easily cut away with a pen-knife.

A fine oak is truly a noble creature, inspiring the beholder with wonder at the massive architecture of its trunk and the strength of its roots, which anchor it to the earth and enable it to defy the winds. The great strength of the wood enables it to send massive branches of tremendous weight horizontally from the trunk to a great distance. At forty years of age the oak is but a child and has done little more than fasten its roots securely in the earth. It stands among trees as the type of strength and endurance, and has probably been more often referred to in song and story than any other tree. The leaf forms vary greatly in the different species, but are usually boldly lobed. The bright green color, with the upper surface pol-

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Chestnuts in Blossom.

ished so that they reflect the blue of the sky, gives a cool effect to the mass. They are also rather thick and opaque, intercepting the light. The bark of the trunk is dark brownish gray.

A single oak of good size is said to lift one hundred and twenty-three tons of water during the months it is in leaf. This moisture is evaporated and rises to form rain-clouds. All the trees are busy doing the same thing, and the rank ferns and mosses and deep mould of the forest depths, acting as reservoirs for the rain which falls upon them, in their turn feed the springs and brooks. From this estimate of the labor of a single oak, we can gain some idea of the immense force which the forests exert in equalizing the evaporation and precipitation and preventing periods of inundation and drought.

The wood of the oak is remarkable for its strength and toughness. When "quarter-sawed," as the lumbermen say, or sawed at a certain angle with the medullary rays, or silver grain, and polished, it is unrivalled in richness and beauty.

Everyone knows the chestnut, even if he be not familiar with the noble tree which bears it. At maturity the tree reaches a great size. The wood is more brittle than that of the oak, and its branches more often break down. The bark is coarse and rough, the leaves long and pointed, growing in groups which

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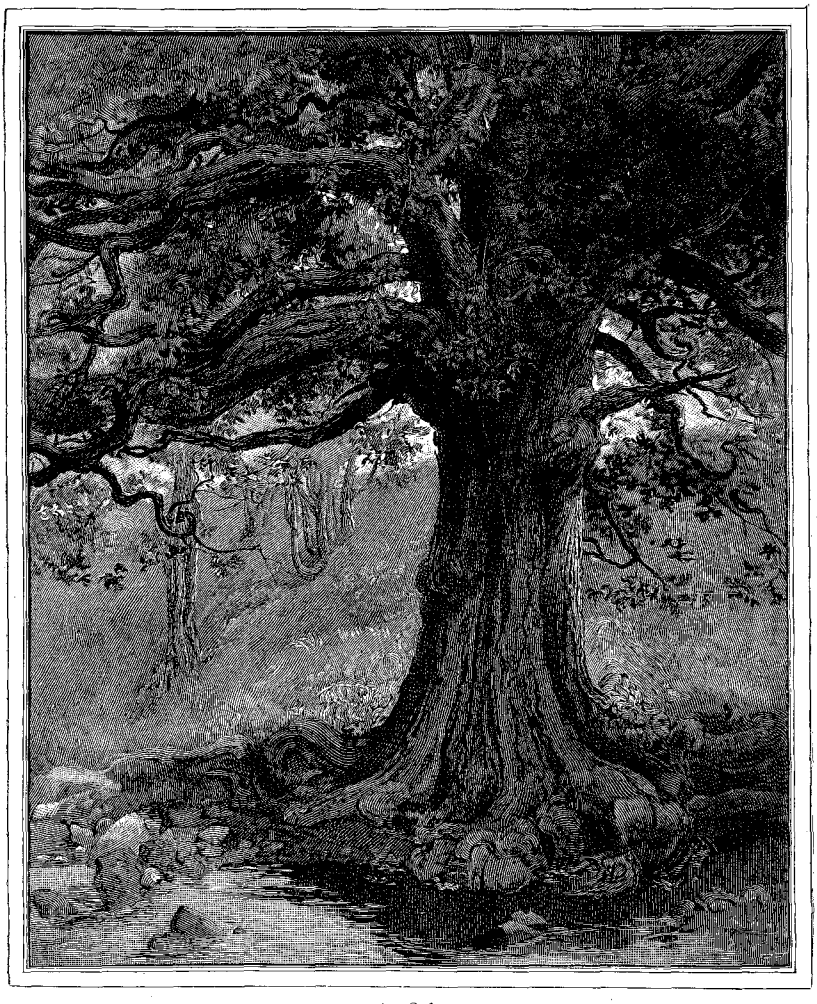
spread out from a centre. The blossoms grow in clusters of catkins of pale yellow and do not appear till the forests are in full leaf. These catkins, attached to the extreme ends of the branches, come out in great rolling billowy masses against the background of green. They are soon replaced by rusty masses of burrs, that make the tree very conspicuous during the entire summer. But it is not till the first frosts of autumn have opened the burrs and allowed the rich brown nuts to come rattling and thumping down, that we fully appreciate this tree. Give me an open fire in a country-house, a friend of my youth, a basket of chestnuts, and a pitcher of cider, and the toast shall be "The Chestnut Tree! May her shadow never grow less."

If we would look for another example of the sweet, homely, domestic, and annually recurring offices of trees, we need but recall a New England orchard bursting into masses of bloom in May, and dropping green, golden, crimson, russet, and maroon tinted apples from August to October. Fruit fit for the Gods!

The *coniferæ*, or evergreen-trees, form the largest order of trees and shrubs in our cold temperate region. They are easily recognized by their needle-shaped leaves and woody cones. We have learned from the oak the important function of the leaves in raising moisture from the earth and giving it up to the clouds. All the trees also exert a great sanitary



An Oak.

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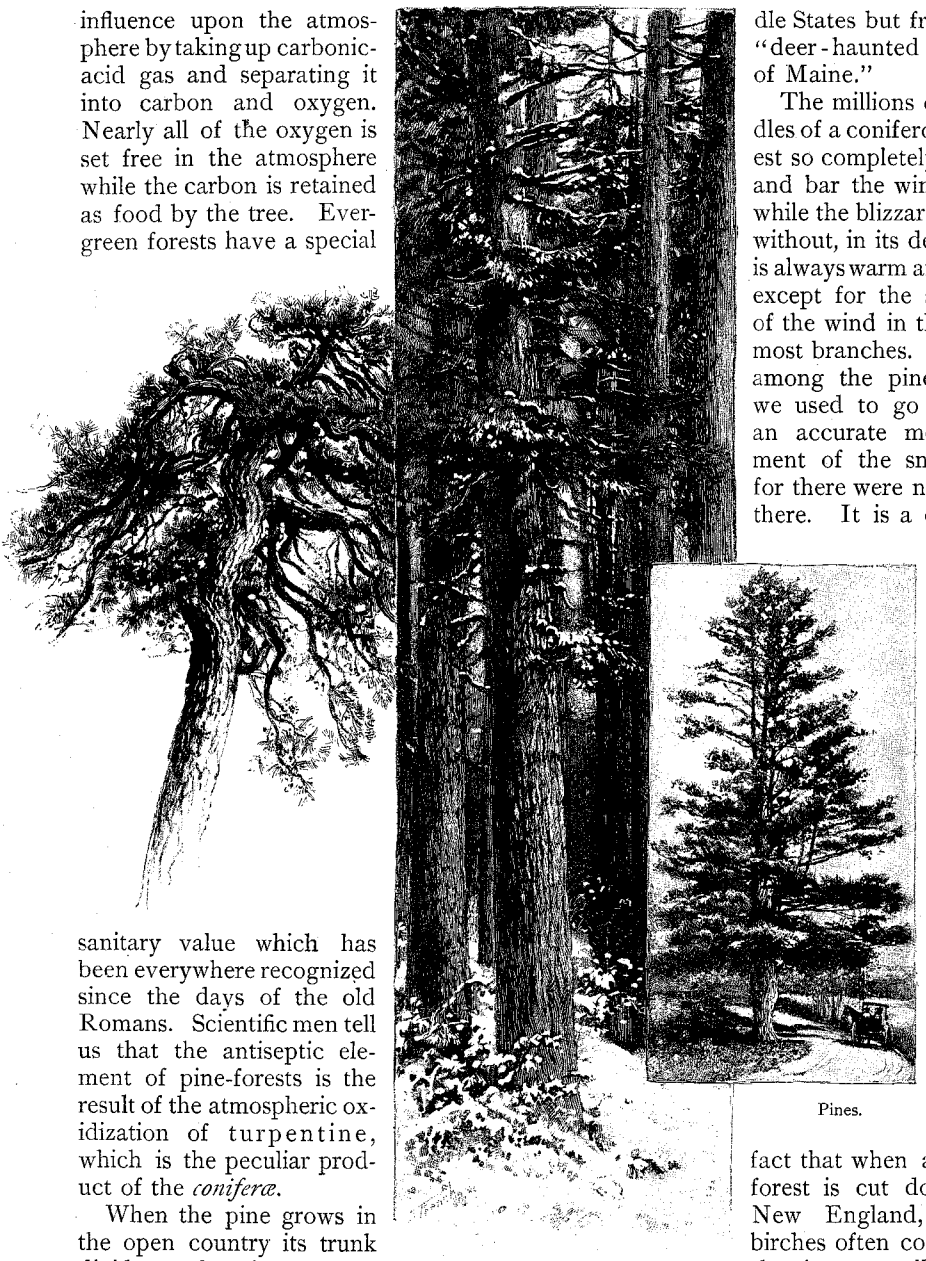
influence upon the atmosphere by taking up carbonic-acid gas and separating it into carbon and oxygen. Nearly all of the oxygen is set free in the atmosphere while the carbon is retained as food by the tree. Evergreen forests have a special sanitary value which has been everywhere recognized since the days of the old Romans. Scientific men tell us that the antiseptic element of pine-forests is the result of the atmospheric oxidization of turpentine, which is the peculiar product of the *coniferæ*.



Pines.

When the pine grows in the open country its trunk divides; when it grows on the border of wind-swept lakes its tortured limbs remind one of the grotesque trees in Japanese pictures; but when it stands in close rank in the virgin forest it sends a mighty shaft straight up toward the zenith a hundred and fifty feet. These forest pines are so valuable for lumber that the original growth has almost entirely disappeared, not only from the Middle States but from the "deer-haunted forests of Maine."

The millions of needles of a coniferous forest so completely baffle and bar the wind that while the blizzard rages without, in its depths it is always warm and still, except for the sighing of the wind in the topmost branches. It was among the pines that we used to go to get an accurate measurement of the snowfall, for there were no drifts there. It is a curious fact that when a pine-forest is cut down in New England, white birches often come up, shutting out all other species. These trees are small and of little value, and were not found in the original growth which must have covered the soil for centuries.

Within recent years many new demands upon our forests have sprung up. Wood-pulp making has become an enormous industry, and the small spruces which escape the rip-saw are ground up by the

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pulp-mill, while those that escape the paper-maker are destroyed by the chemical manufacturer. In the eastern part of the country we now have more cleared land than can be profitably tilled, and forest destruction already shows baneful results in the wasting of water, the cheapest motive power the world will ever know. Where this power was once ample to turn the millions of spindles in Fall River, Lowell, and Manchester, it has now become so variable that steam has had to be substituted, making every yard of muslin, of print cloth and gingham more expensive to manufacture.

In the West are vast arid plains which are subjected to periods of inundation and drought, where the soil is rich and deep, that only need the planting of forests to temper the winds and equalize the rainfall to excel any agricultural land on the globe.

New York and other States are waking up to the necessity of forest preservation, and the experiments in reforesting denuded lands in the Adirondack region, and in the proper taking off of the mature crop, leaving a sufficient number of young trees protected from the wind by belts and masses of thick woods, will be an object-lesson to the nation. All public movements in the interest of tree culture and preservation, among them the institution of Arbor Day in our schools, will show to the world that we are advancing in the arts of peace.

Trees have another important function in the contribution they make to the world's beauty. The power to gain pleasure and instruction from the common and familiar is no mean talent, and in the æsthetic study of forestry there is a wide and fruitful field for cultivation. One should begin, as in other fields of art, with the study of form. Blossoms and leaves, twigs and branches, individual specimens, groups and masses furnish rich material. In single specimens we see illustrated delicacy, grace, elegance, dignity, savage strength. In groups we have harmonious and contrasting lines, forms and masses. The skyline also challenges attention as in architecture.

Blossoms of Norway Maple.

The study of color in arboriculture is most interesting. For a brief space in early spring when the tender young leaves are unfolding from the bud and the blossoms are on the trees, we have delicately contrasting hues. Note the delicate rose and gray of the oaks, the crimson, the yellow and fresh green of the maples, the silver gray tones of the willows, the sombre vesture of the pines. After the first advent of spring until the fulness of summer, the color of the forest is least interesting, owing to the uniformity of the greenness.

Later the colors ripen in the leaves. Individual species assume characteristic tinges of gray, olive, violet, or citrine, which modify the general greenness and give variety. With the coming of the early frosts of autumn, we have a brief carnival of color—vivid contrasts, crimson, green, orange, yellow, blood-red,

Beech Blossoms.

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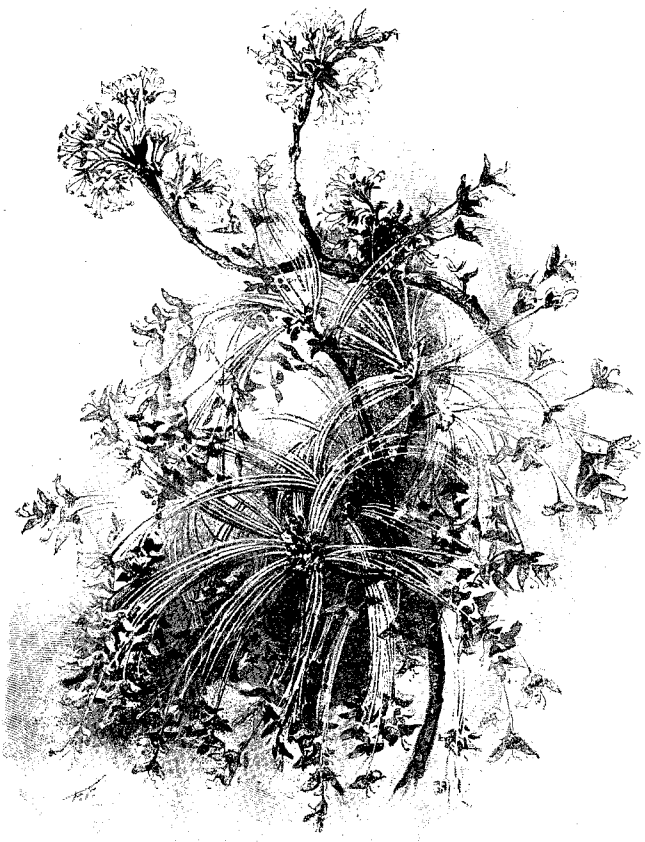
like the flamboyant colors of a modern Turkish carpet.

The advancing frosts gray these garish colors, and old gold, maroon, citrine, and brown again bring harmony. Finally winter scatters the leaves to "the hollows of the groves" and the snow covers them, and, save the conifers, the trees stand bare, their sculpture and anatomy revealed. Even then we find already formed in the axils of the fallen leaves the blossoms and leaf-buds of another season's growth. The method of branching may then be studied most advantageously.

In the creative work of arboriculture, as in other forms of art, Nature is the best teacher. In your walks abroad you will see many pleasing groups of contrasting and harmonious forms and colors which will suggest possibilities in the decoration of your own grounds and enable you to transform commonplace material into a beautiful picture which will live and vary with the changing seasons.

Weary men often turn to country life in quest of peace and tranquillity. Abstractly the lap of Nature seems an attractive resting-place, but no healthy man of active mind, who has lived in a town, can content himself eight months of the year in a rural environment if he have no darling hobby to ride over the meadows and through the glades.

To such I would suggest the study and practice of arboriculture as a pursuit from which the purest delights of a country life may be extracted. If he have æsthetic tastes, he can find no more captivating field. If he demand a subject broad enough to embrace the future well-being of his country and race, whose principles he may illustrate and proclaim, let him plant trees on barren ground.



Blossoms and Fruit of the Red Maple.

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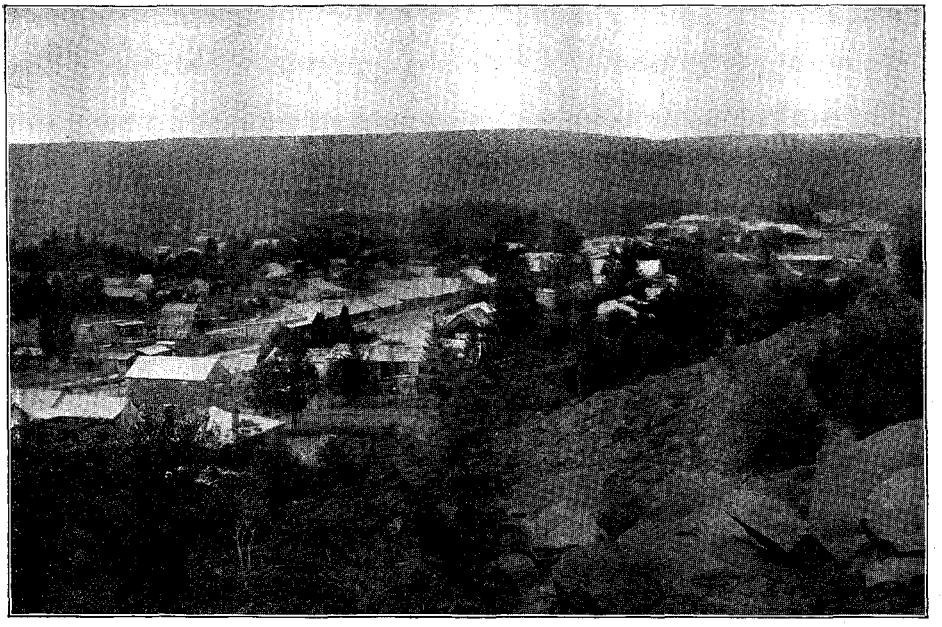

Ladysmith.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH

By Richard Harding Davis

TO anyone who has seen Ladysmith, the wonder grows, not only that it was ever relieved, but that it was ever defended. Indeed, had the advice of General Sir George White been followed in the first place, the town would have been abandoned to the Boers. For a garrison at Ladysmith is in a strategic position not unlike that of a bear in a bear-pit at which the boys around the top of the pit are throwing shells instead of buns.

Now that the cards have been played everyone can see that the natural defence of Natal is at the Tugela River, on the very hills from which the Boers repulsed General Buller at Colenso, at Spion Kop, and at Vaal Krantz.

The fact that the town of Ladysmith lay outside this marvellous breastwork of hills and ridges should have been treated as one of the misfortunes of war, and for the greater good of the greater number the town should have been sacrificed to the enemy, and all the residents and the garrison drawn twelve miles back inside the great complex mass of hills which guard the twisted course of the Tugela.

Ladysmith might have been burned, a few stores would have been looted, but corrugated iron, which is the chief architectural feature of Ladysmith, is cheap, and the shop-owners could not have lost much more by Boer looting than they did by Boer shells. That would have been the apparent loss; the gain would have been in the releasing of 13,000 troops for service on the Tugela and the freeing of Buller's column of 25,000 men to go where they were needed for the more direct prosecution of the war. Hundreds of lives would have been saved, hundreds of wounded and sick would not have filled the hospitals, and 13,000 men would not have been reduced to skeletons, and need not have been laid by in idleness until they had recovered strength and health. On the other hand, the history of the British army would have lost a glorious page which has been added by the defenders of Ladysmith, and the record of

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the stubborn, desperate fighting of the column coming to the rescue. For no matter who in authority may be criticised for the handling of that column it did what it was ordered to do as well as it could have been done. That what it was ordered to do was not always what a more quick-thinking, imaginative, and brilliant leader might have deemed best does not reflect on the officers and men "who went and did" as they were commanded.

The chief difficulties which confronted both General Buller and General White were those of geography.

To protect Ladysmith it was necessary to fortify and guard a circle fully fourteen miles in circumference, and with a force so small that at one time only three hundred and fifty men were available to hold each mile of the ring. Had the Boers frequently attacked, instead of resting content with bombarding, the town would undoubtedly have fallen, for the positions were so widely separated that reinforcing one from another was a matter of the greatest difficulty, and could only have been accomplished after a most dangerous lapse of time.

General Buller for his part was confronted by probably the worst country for attack and the most admirable for defence in South Africa, or in any other continent. The fact that he was two months and fifteen days in advancing twelve miles, or from December 15th to February 28th in progressing from Colenso to Ladysmith, is the best description of the country that anyone could give.

There must have been some most powerful influence against that of General White, and some excellent reasons for the holding of Ladysmith, to overcome the obvious objections to its defence. This influence was probably that which was brought to bear by the Natal Government, and the reason it urged for holding Ladysmith was that were it deserted, the disloyal Dutch in the Colony would look upon such an act as a sign of British weakness and would be encouraged to join or to secretly assist the enemy. At least such a withdrawal would threaten the safety of the Colony by fomenting disaffection and suggesting a loss of British prestige.

So it may have been for "moral effect" that Ladysmith was defended, and in the end the plucky, undaunted conduct of the besieged garrison was no doubt of excellent moral effect, but if the English had abandoned Ladysmith and held the hills about Colenso instead of allowing the Boers to hold them, Buller's repulse there would not have taken place; and the moral effect of that upon the disloyal Dutch was most unfortunate.

In the *Ladysmith Lyre* and in the *Bombshell Poems*, written and printed during the siege, one obtains some very interesting side-lights on the state of mind of those who were then languishing in the "Doomed City," as was its premature epitaph.

It seems that two weeks was the limit originally set by the English for the duration of the siege, but even before that time had passed, and when the Boer guns began to increase upon the surrounding hills, a neutral camp was established four miles from Ladysmith, where the sick and wounded and non-combatants, both women and children, might withdraw and be free from shell fire. General Joubert himself selected the location of this camp and received General White's promise that there would be no communication between it and the city except once each day, when the provision train went out with rations under the protection of the Red Cross flag. Of the two places, in spite of the shell fire, the town would seem to have been much more desirable, for the camp was a literal camp under canvas, out on the flat windy plain, where many hundreds of colonials and natives of India were huddled together without comfort, work, or source of amusement. To the men at least, the neutral camp must have been a place of torment at the time, and it remains a lasting reproach, ready at the hand of any enemy forever after. Indeed, so deeply did the men who remained in Ladysmith make those who had left it for the camp feel their inferiority that after the siege an official utterance had to clear the air in their behalf, and remind the more valiant who had refused to take refuge in the camp, that those who had done so had been ordered there for the good of the community. But in spite of this, for years to come in Ladysmith the easiest brick to throw at a citizen will be the fact that during the siege he lived with the women and the children in the neutral camp. Those

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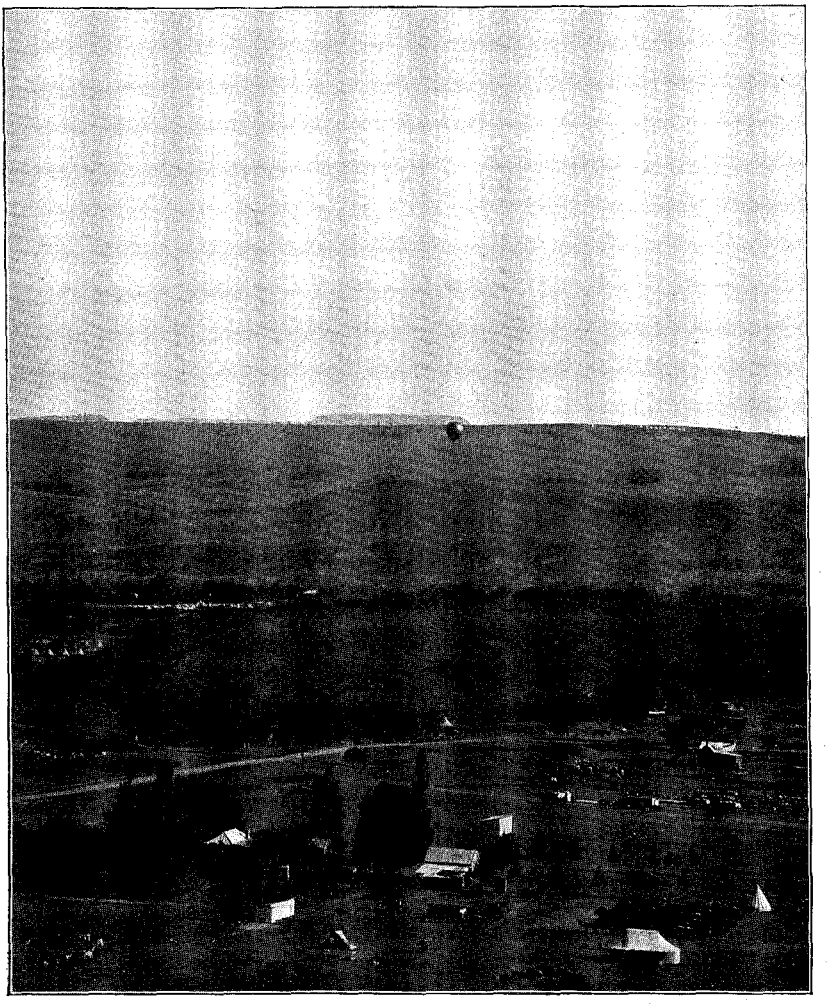

The Balloon at Ladysmith.

men who remained in the town formed a Home Guard, and the women did their part in helping to nurse the wounded. At first, before they became accustomed to the shells, large bomb-proofs were built, cellars were dug, and holes of different degrees of depth and darkness were tunnelled in the banks of the river and in the gardens of the houses. Some of these were reserved for the women and others for the men, and in them the unhappy inhabitants would sit as long as the firing continued, playing cards by the light of a candle, or reading or sleeping.

Life in Ladysmith was a little worse than being confined in a jail, for a jail has at least the advantage of being a comparatively safe and secluded habitation. The smoke of "Long Tom" on Bulwana, which was the gun of the greatest terror to the inhabitants, could be seen for twenty-five seconds before the shell struck in the town, and, in order to warn people of its coming, sentinels were constantly on watch to look for the smoke and to give the alarm. At one hotel the signal was the ringing of a bell, the Indian coolies used an iron bar swung from a rope which they beat with another iron bar, and the different regiments enjoyed the services of their buglers. So that the instant a white puff of smoke and a hot flash of fire appeared on Bulwana, there would be a thrilling toot on the bugles, a chorus of

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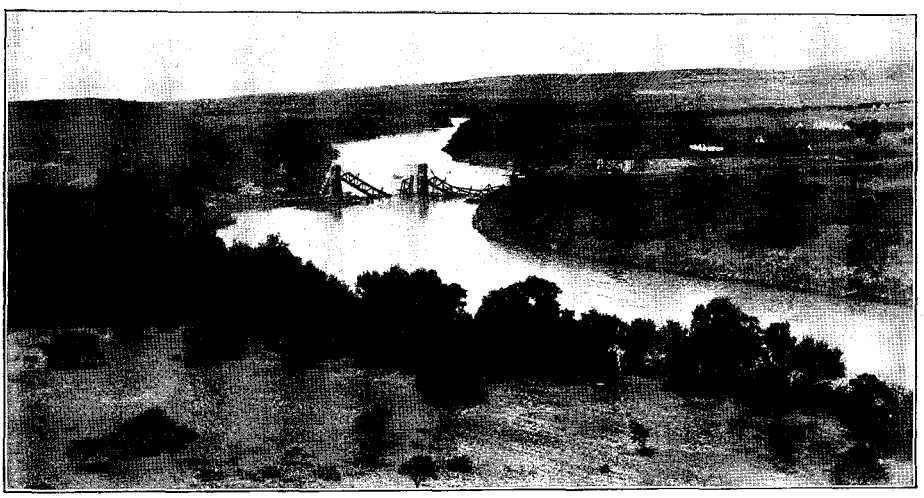

Tugela River.

Buller's advance at the battle of Colenso was made across the open plain where, in the picture, the tents are shown.

gongs, bells, and tin pans, and the sound of many scampering footsteps. It was like a village of prairie dogs diving into their underground homes. But the familiarity soon bred indifference, and after a few weeks only a small number of the people sought refuge under the iron roofs and sand-bags, but walked the streets as freely as though the shells weighing a hundred pounds were as innocent of harm as the dropping of the gentle dew from heaven.

Indeed, the shells were not the chief danger that walked abroad in the streets of Ladysmith; lack of food and exercise, bad water, and life underground soon bred fever, and its victims outnumbered those of Long Tom nearly ten to one. By this time the military authorities had complete control of all food, and distributed it impartially. They "commandeered" the hens, who, so it is said, refused to lay eggs as soon as they found they were worth six shillings apiece, and ordered all bread-stuffs to be sold at public auction. They seized cows and all kinds of eatables, for which they paid a fair price and which were reserved for the good of all. The whole town, without distinction, was on fixed rations, which the people drew each day at appointed places. The women and children say that the thing they most missed was not the heavy food, but milk for their tea; the men, without one dissenting voice, tell me that the loss of tobacco was their greatest hardship. During our war with Spain, I suggested that our commissariat officers made a mistake before Santiago in classing tobacco with "luxuries" and "officers' supplies," and in not hurrying it to the front with the bacon and coffee, and I was severely criticised for this and asked if I wanted people to believe that our soldiers were so effeminate as to be unhappy without such luxuries as cigarettes and eau de cologne.

As an answer, it is interesting to read in the official list of the prices brought at auction in Ladysmith, that while a tin of milk sold for $2.50, a quarter of a tin of tobacco brought $15.

Ears of corn sold for seventy-five cents apiece, a six-cent box of cigarettes for $6.25, and *a dozen matches* for seventy-five cents.

In time 2,000 horses were killed and served out instead of beef; and starch, with bluing in it, originally intended for washing clothes, and bran were made into a bread. Canary-seed was beaten up into meal, and the violet powder, which some women put on their fair faces, was made into the most delicate of rice-cakes. These deprivations, which seemed tragedies at the time, now form the humors of the siege. They are the facts which the besieged first tell you—they are the incidents to which they will always refer. They will never sit down to a good dinner when a stranger is pres-

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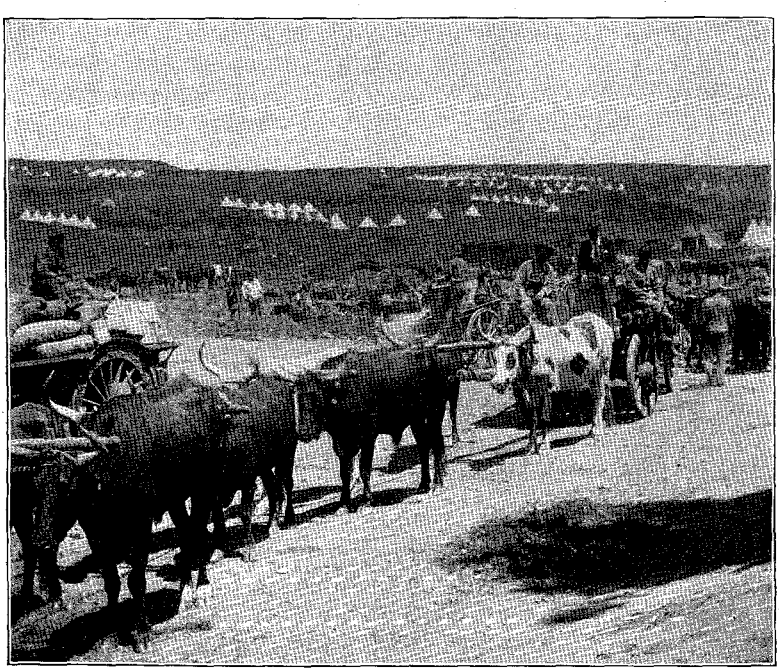
ent but that they will say, "This is a little better than corn-starch and horse-meat, isn't it?" They were saying it a day after the siege was raised—they will still be saying it to their grandchildren. These are the humors of the siege, because the siege has been lifted; the real tragedies of the siege are as real tragedies to-day as they were when the bodies of Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, Lieutenant Egerton of the Powerful, the Earl of Ava, and George W. Steevens were carried each under the Union Jack to the little cemetery by the Klip River. I speak only of these out of the many tragedies, because, perhaps, they were to the public who knew them by their deeds, as well as to the friends who loved them for themselves, the men who will be missed the most and for the longest time. They were all young, able, and brave. Dick-Cunyngham gained the Victoria Cross in Afghanistan and survived his wound at Elangslaate only to be killed at last while riding out at the head of his regiment, by a chance, spent bullet, fired by an unseen enemy, and while he himself was unseen by the hand that fired it. Egerton, whose navy guns saved the day at Lombards Kop, was struck by a shell that entered the embrasure of his own parapet and tore away both his legs. Yet so great was the courage of the young man that when his gunners raised him in their arms he looked down grimly and said, "They've done for my cricket, haven't they?" An hour later, so the officers tell me who were in the hospital when he was carried there, he was still cheerful, and smoking a cigar, and apologizing for the trouble he was giving to the jackies who carried him. An hour later he died.

Lord Ava had already seen war as a soldier in South Africa, though it is not at the mess-table of one regiment alone that he will be missed, but in widely separated parts of the world. He had been with his father in Canada, India, and Europe, and he was as well known in New York and Ottawa as in London and Paris. His was a particularly gay, lovable, manly nature, and he was brave to the edge of recklessness, always volunteering for those actions in which his own regiment was not engaged. When he died of the wounds he received at the Battle of Cæsar's Camp, his body was followed to the grave by Tommies, officers, and civilians, each of



An Army in Being.

Buller's column after the Battle of Colenso at Frere. (From a photograph copyrighted by B. W. Caney.)

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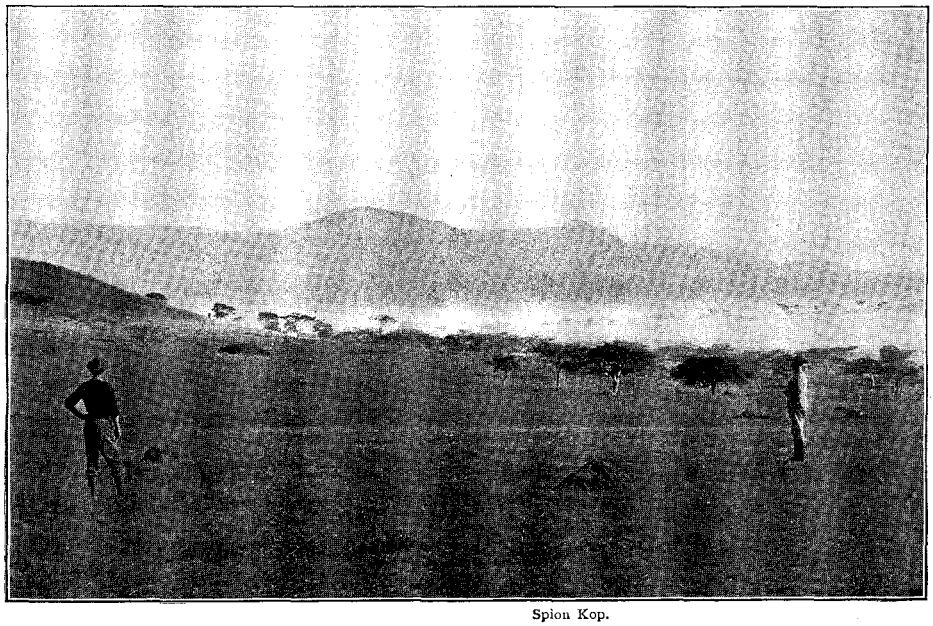

Spion Kop.

Scene of General Buller's Repulse at Spion Kop.

whom mourned him as a personal friend. His father gave the city of Ava and all of Upper Burmah to the British Empire; his son gave it his life. And in return the empire gives him six feet of earth by the muddy waters of the Klip River. It was a fine end, but it is hard to see the meaning of it.

The death of George W. Steevens was as hard and as difficult a problem. He had but only begun a career of brilliant and helpful work. It was work peculiarly his own. He borrowed no one's point of view, but by a marvellous instinct and intuition picked out in all he saw the essential, the dramatic, the human, and the humorous, and expressed it so that others saw it for themselves. His last letter shows how the siege filled him with boredom and *ennui*. In one of them he says: "Come quickly to our relief or we die—not of shells, but of dulness." I do not know that I can make it clear, but it seems in some way to add to the pathos of his end that it should have come to the man who went to Khartoum with Kitchener, to Calcutta with Curzon, and to Rennes with Dreyfus when he was longing to be up and doing—when all of those fine instincts and possibilities of perception and powers of expression were in rebellion at being kept idle, and were starving for the action, and incident, and color of which his hand was the master.

The Battle of Colenso could be heard across the hills beyond Ladysmith, and promised that relief was imminent. For was not Buller coming at last, and were not those his guns forcing back the Boers? Throughout the long hot day of December 3d, the imprisoned people listened with awe and hope to the rolling thunder of the great cannon. They surely proclaimed the end. In a week, in a day Buller would be across the Tugela, the Boers would abandon Bulwana, at any moment might they not see Buller's cavalry galloping across the plain? The people climbed up to the top of Convent Hill for the first view of them. But instead came a story of dismay, the story of Buller's repulse, and then silence, weeks of silence, until it seemed as if the world was going on without thought of them, and they sank back like shipwrecked sailors who watch the parting sail disappearing below the horizon. But they were not in despair; at least, the garrison was not. It was too busy guarding the long line of defences to give way to any such weakness or to abuse its countrymen. Of

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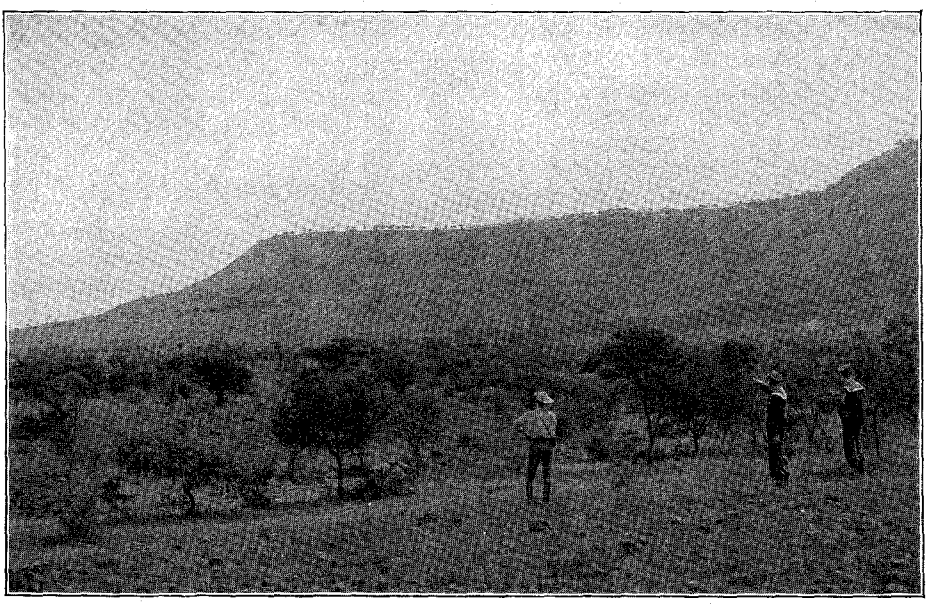

Long Tom.

Bulwana Mountain, Showing the Position of "Long Tom."

course, the civilians were indignant, or some of them were. They whined about their lost property, they vowed if they ever got out that they would be jolly well paid for their lost property—they had no doubt but that the Boers had stolen all their chickens and desecrated their farm-houses, of one-storied brick with a tin roof, by turning them into hospitals for the wounded farmers. Someone must pay the colonial for such outrages, and for their chickens too—the British Government must not think she can turn one of her colonies into a battle-ground and march her troops across it, unless she expects to pay for those chickens. They are an unselfish, loyal people, the Natal colonials. But they are very independent, and for fear you may not notice it by their manner—they tell you so. "We colonials," they say, "we are independent." They are so independent that they charged the Tommies who had come seven thousand miles to fight for them, and who were protecting their dusty, corrugated-zinc town with their lives, a shilling each for slices of bread and molasses.

Ladysmith was not entirely cut off from the world; kaffir boys would for $100 carry messages through to Chieveley, and the heliograph, after losing its way and tapping many Boer wires, and being most scandalously insulted by the Boer mirrors for doing so, finally established communication with Ladysmith and talked to it whenever the sun shone by day, and by night with locomotive head-lights and search-lights. The officer who finally called up Ladysmith, is young Captain Cayser, and the story of his efforts to communicate with the besieged garrison is a most creditable and curious one. For many days he trudged up one high hill after another and flashed his mirror, but without response, except from the Boers in between. And they, when he thought he had "got" Ladysmith on the 'phone, would shock and undeceive him by some such pleasantry as "How do you like our pom-poms?" or "Go to hell." Not discouraged, Captain Cayser continued to climb many hills, until at last the mirror of Ladysmith winked back at him. "Who are you?" Cayser asked. "I am Walker of the Devons," came back the answer. But Captain Cayser had grown suspicious, and in order to make quite sure who it was with whom he was talking he flashed back, "Find Captain Brooks of the Gordons and ask him the name of Captain Cayser's country-place in Scotland." A hurried search

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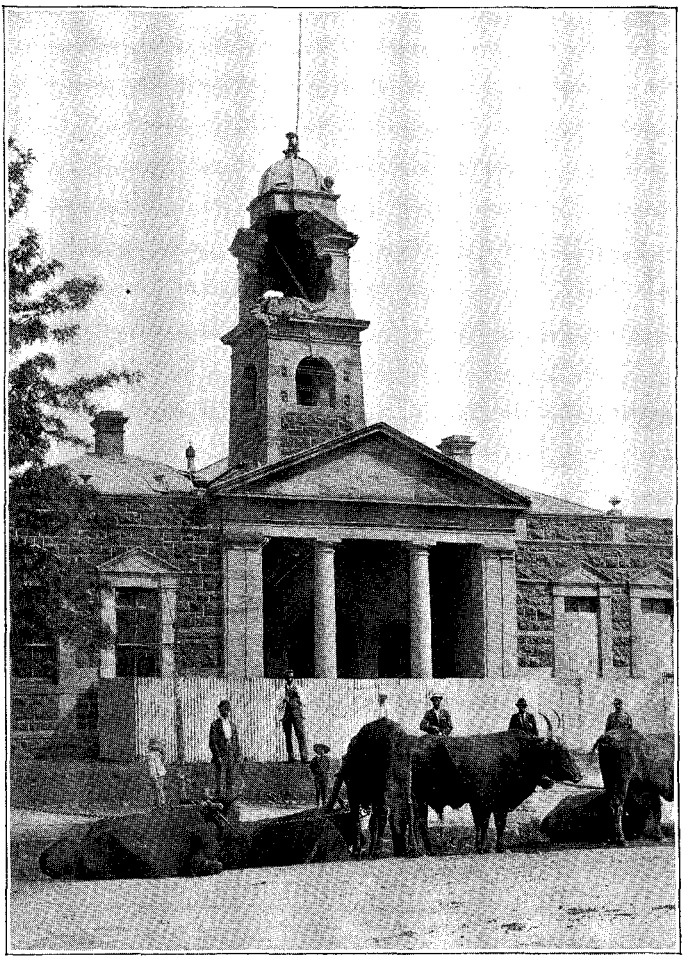
was made for Brooks of the Gordons, and the answer came back: "We are acquainted with the name of your home in Perthshire." "Then use it for the code word," Cayser commanded, and for the remainder of the siege the name of Cayser's country home was used to send every cipher message that passed out of Ladysmith over the heads of the Boers. It is further related that when the signal officers found Brooks of the Gordons and said, "Captain Cayser has just heliographed in to ask you to tell him the name of his country house," that officer remarked, "Well, I always thought Cayser was an ass, but I didn't think he'd forget the name of his own home." The picture of a gentleman heliographing violently into a besieged city to find out where he lived has certainly a humorous side.



Shattered Tower of the Court House at Ladysmith.

Two months and two weeks had passed since the siege was declared before General Buller raised the hopes of the Ladysmith garrison by again resuming his attack. This attack continued for six weeks, the last two weeks being days and nights of unceasing battle. There was hardly an hour during his advance that it was not announced in Ladysmith that General Buller was "coming in." When he was at Spion Kop and his guns seemed almost within range of the city, everyone was rejoicing that the end had come. The troops of the garrison fought with fresh courage, people accepted their biscuit and a half per day with a better grace, feeling that starvation was to last but a few hours longer. And from the hill-tops came the camp rumors of clouds of dust raised by approaching cavalry, of British helmets seen upon the nearest ridges, of the rattle of Maxims coming from not more than three miles distant. Again and again the people flocked into the street or gathered on Convent Hill, and as often returned to their houses or tents disheartened and undeceived. The men of the garrison were becoming hopelessly weak. They could not march two miles, and eight of every thirteen soldiers had been or still were on the hospital list. Had the Boers attacked again as they did on the famous 6th of January, when men lay for

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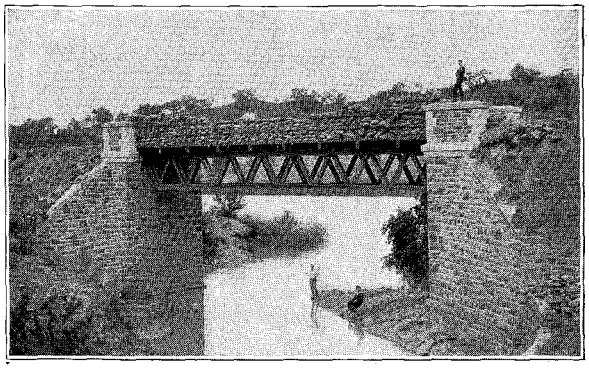
hours within forty feet of each other each behind a rock and each waiting for the other to show even a foot or a finger, it is almost certain that the garrison would not have had the physical strength to resist, and Ladysmith would have fallen.

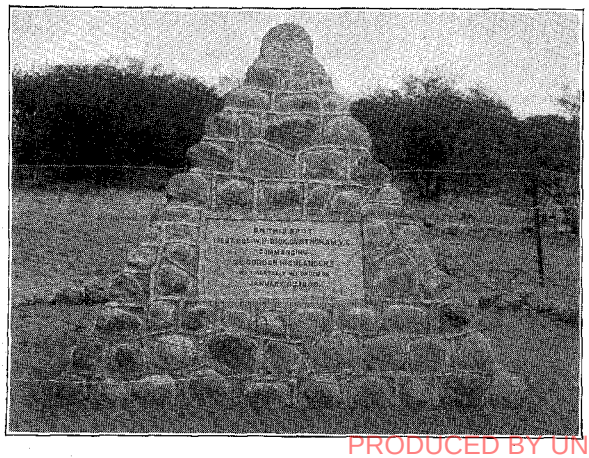
In the meanwhile Buller's men were fighting desperately. They had abandoned their tents and were living in the open, sleeping among the rocks and the high grass, on some days drenched for hours by heavy tropical showers and sleeping all night in uniforms as wet as sea-weed. Buller fared no better than his men, and slept under the stars, sick officers lay under bushes, and the staff carried on the work of the army under wagons through which the rain poured upon their books and papers. To the man who read of Buller's slow advance in the daily despatches, who measured the distance between Colenso and Ladysmith on the map and found them only twelve miles apart, the delay of the column seemed incomprehensible.



With Buller's Column.

Defense of the bridge across Grobler's Kloof River.

"Twelve miles," he exclaimed: "they've been six weeks going twelve miles. Why, our troops in the Civil War used to march forty miles in one day." It is useless, unless one has seen the country through which Buller was forced to pass, to attempt to understand the task which lay before him. A general in his report who emphasizes difficulties is classed with the workman who makes his bad tools an excuse for bad work, and the public at home grow impatient. And, in consequence, much that might have been said in explanation was left unreported, and the people in Ladysmith who blamed the column and those outside of Ladysmith who could not comprehend its tardy progress would have been more tolerant could they have seen the mountains, hills, and ridges which nature had placed at the disposal of the Boers. Bloch, the authority on modern war, believes that with the new weapons a force entrenched and on the defensive is to the attacking force in the proportion of eight men to one, so if this be correct the Boers outnumbered the English in that proportion, and the 25,000 of the latter were opposed to a position equal to 200,000 men on an open plain. As a matter of fact the English outnumbered the Boers on different days from two to one up to four to one. Their chief difficulty was in the country, and also in the fact that General Buller was too slow in following up an advantage. After he had taken a position he would reinforce it so leisurely that he allowed the Boers ample time in which to fortify and enfilade him from another. Also, he had suffered so heavily at Colenso in casualties that he was sensitive of losing more men, and in order to save life attacked with forces so insufficient in numbers that many men were sacrificed for that



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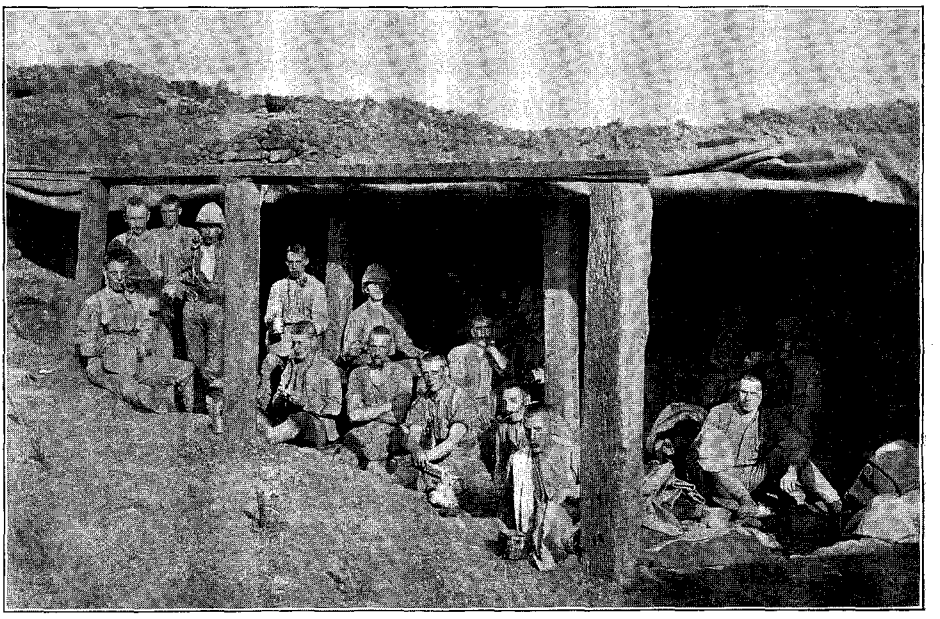
reason. This was notably the case at the fight at Railway Hill, when the Inniskillings and a few Dublins and Connaughts were sent to take a position by frontal attack and lost six hundred; a few days later the same position was attacked on the flank with nine regiments, and as a result the Boers abandoned it, and although there were nearly 8,000 more men engaged the loss was only two hundred. Buller's continuous battles demonstrated one thing very clearly, which is that a fortified position may be shelled for half a day with the best gunners without the enemy being driven so far from it that he cannot return in time to meet a charge of infantry. The time which elapses between that moment when the artillery ceases firing in order to allow the infantry to mount the crest was always sufficiently long to allow the Boers to reoccupy the trenches.

Before the Battle of Pieter's Hill, the West Yorks asked the artillery to continue to play upon the crest they were to storm up to the very last moment. The artillery obliged them in this so enthusiastically that several of the West Yorks were wounded; but still many of the Boers were found in the trenches, and had to be taken by the bayonet.

The Battle of Pieter's Hill ended with the English on the crests, and the Boers firing upon them from unknown positions. This continued until late into the night. The next morning the Boers were silent, and only the great mountain of Bulwana lay, like an iron curtain, between us and Ladysmith. The question was whether the Boers would make a last stand there or abandon the siege. If they had decided upon the former, it meant three weeks more of fighting. If they had drawn off, the road to Ladysmith lay open.

On the day after the Battle of Pieter's Hill, which was fought on Majuba Day, Lord Dundonald settled this question by riding into Ladysmith at sundown, with two hundred men. That was on the 28th of February. It was not the way General Buller had planned that the relief should take place, and as Dundonald's orders were only to reconnoitre and avoid an action, his entering the town in advance of the commanding general was a breach of etiquette, though nothing worse. The question of etiquette did not weigh heavily with the besieged garrison, and they were glad to see anyone come in, with or without orders, and some of them gave the troopers from the great world



"Tommies" Seeking Shelter from "Long Tom" at Ladysmith.

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outside of Ladysmith's "death line" a generous and hearty welcome. Others, so officers tell me, who were in the different camps, looked down upon the figures galloping across the plain in the twilight, and continued making tea. Inside the town there was much cheering, singing of the national anthem, and a speech by Sir George White, who rode down to greet the arriving troopers, and who, as he met them, raised his helmet and ordered three cheers for the Queen. The men having come in and demonstrated that the way was open, rode forth again, and the relief of Ladysmith had taken place. But it is not the people cheering in the dark streets, nor General White breaking down in his speech of welcome, which gives the note to the way the people of Ladysmith received their freedom. It is rather the fact that as the two hundred battle-stained and earth-stained troopers galloped forward, racing to be the first, and rising in their stirrups to cheer, that the men in the hospital camps said, "Well, they're come at last, have they?" and continued fussing over their fourth of a ration of tea. That gives the real picture of how Ladysmith came into her inheritance, and of how she received her rescuers.

An entombed miner cannot be expected to be as demonstrative over his relief as are the men who come to his rescue. He has been living on the ends of candles, and drinking the black water in the crevices of the coal. He is starved, choked with fire-damp, bruised in body, living with his mouth to some fissure for a whiff of free air. The men coming to his release are the picked men of the mine, vigorous, eager, filled with the strength of their purpose, working in desperate half-hour shifts, hacking, crushing, pulling down, cheered as they descend by the crowd at the pit's mouth, cheered again and cared for as they are drawn up in the basket exhausted and breathless. They are inspired by the fact that they are fighting and racing with death, but the man lying imprisoned under the timbers hears the blows of their picks dully, he has ceased to feel or to care. And at last when the pick's point breaks through the wall of his tomb, it is not the man lying exhausted at the bottom of the shaft who rejoices, but the men who have saved him who shout and cheer.

On the morning after Dundonald had ridden in and out of Ladysmith, two other correspondents and myself started to relieve it on our own account. We did not know the way to Ladysmith, and we did not then know whether or not the Boers still occupied Bulwana Mountain. But by following the railroad track, we were sure of a reliable guide, and we argued that the chances of the Boers having raised the siege were so good that it was worth risking their not having done so, and being taken prisoner.

We carried all the tobacco we could pack in our saddle-bags, and enough food for one day. My chief regret was that my government, with true republican simplicity, had given me a passport, typewritten on a modest sheet of note-paper and wofully lacking in impressive seals and coats-of-arms. I fancied it would look to Boer eyes like one I might have forged for myself in the writing-room of the hotel at Cape Town.

We had ridden up Pieter's Hill and scrambled down on its other side before we learned that Dundonald had raised the siege himself. We learned this from long trains of artillery and regiments of infantry which already were moving forward over the great plain which lies between Pieter's and Bulwana. We learned it also from the silence of conscious, dutiful correspondents, who came galloping back as we galloped forward, and who made wide detours at sight of us, or who, when we hailed them, lashed their ponies over the red rocks and pretended not to hear. They were unselfishly turning their backs on Ladysmith in order to send the first news to the paper of the fact that the "Doomed City" was relieved. This would enable one paper to say that it had the news "on the street" five minutes earlier than its hated rivals. We found that the rivalry of our respective papers bored us exceedingly. We condemned it as being childish and weak of them. London, New York, Chicago, were only names, they were places thousands of leagues away: Ladysmith was just across that mountain. If our horses held out at the pace, we would be—after Dundonald—the first men in. We im-

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agined that we would see hysterical women and starving men. They would wring our hands, and say, "God bless you," and we would halt our steaming horses in the Market-place, and distribute the news of the outside world, and tobacco. There would be shattered houses, roofless homes, deep pits in the roadways where the shells had burst and buried themselves. We would see the entombed miner at the moment of his deliverance, we would be among the first from the outer world to break the spell of its silence; the first to receive the brunt of the imprisoned people's gratitude and rejoicings.

Indeed, it was clearly our duty to the papers that employed us that we should not send them news, but that we should be the first to enter Ladysmith. We were surely the best judges of what was best to do. How like them to try to dictate to us from London and New York, when we were on the spot. It was absurd. We shouted this to each other as we raced in and out of the long confused column, lashing viciously with our whips. We stumbled around pieces of artillery, slid in between dripping water-carts, dodged the horns of weary oxen, scattered companies of straggling Tommies, and ducked under protruding tent-poles on the baggage wagons and at last came out together again in advance of the dusty column.

"Besides, we don't know where the press censor is, do we?" No, of course we had no idea where the press censor was, and unless *he* said that Ladysmith was relieved, the fact that 25,000 other soldiers said so counted for idle gossip. Our papers could not expect us to go riding over mountains the day Ladysmith was relieved hunting for a press censor. "That press censor," gasped Hartland, "never—is—where he—ought to be." The words were bumped out of him as he was shot up and down in the saddle. That was it. It was the press censor's fault. Our consciences were clear now. If our papers worried themselves or us because they did not receive the great news until everyone else knew of it, it was all because of that press censor. We smiled again and spurred the horses forward. We abused the press censor roundly—we were extremely indignant with him. It was so like him to go off and lose himself on the day Ladysmith was relieved. "Confound him," we muttered, and grinned guiltily. We felt as we used to feel when we were playing truant from school.

We were nearing Pieter's Station now, and were half way to Ladysmith. But the van of the army was still about us. Was it possible that it stretched already into the beleaguered city? Were we after all to be cheated of the first and freshest impressions? The tall lancers turned at the sound of the horses' hoofs and started, infantry officers on foot smiled up at us sadly, they were dirty and dusty and sweating, they carried rifles and cross belts like the Tommies, and they knew that we outsiders who were not under orders would see the chosen city before them. Some of them shouted to us, but we only nodded and galloped on. We wanted to get rid of them all, but they were interminable. When we thought we had shaken them off, and that we were at last in advance, we would come upon a group of them resting on the same ground their shells had torn up during the battle the day before.

We passed Boer laagers marked by empty cans and broken saddles and black cold camp-fires. At Pieter's Station the blood was still fresh on the grass where two hours before some of the South African Light Horse had been wounded and their horses stampeded.

The Boers were still on Bulwana then? Perhaps, after all, we had better turn back and try to find that press censor. But we rode on and saw Pieter's Station, as we passed it, and as an absurd relic of bygone days when bridges were intact and trains ran on schedule time. One door seen over the shoulder as we galloped past read "Station Master's Office—Private," and in contempt of that stern injunction, which would make even the first-class passenger hesitate, one of our shells had knocked away the half of the door and made its privacy a mockery. We had only to follow the track now and we would arrive in time—unless the Boers were still on Bulwana. We had shaken off the army, and we were two miles in front of it, when six men came galloping toward us in an unfamiliar uniform.

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They passed us far to the right regardless of the trail, and galloping through the high grass. We pulled up when we saw them, for they had green facings to their gray uniforms, and no one with Buller's column wore green facings.

We gave a yell in chorus. "Are you from Ladysmith?" we shouted. The men, before they answered, wheeled and cheered, and came toward us laughing and jubilant. "We're the first men out," cried the officer, and we rode in among them shaking hands and offering our good wishes. "We're glad to see you," we said. "We're glad to see *you*," they said. It was not an original greeting, but it seemed sufficient to all of us. "Are the Boers on Bulwana?" we asked. "No, they've trekked off up Dundee way. They took Long Tom down yesterday. You can go right in."

We parted at the word and started to go right in. We found the culverts along the railroad cut away and the bridges down, and that galloping ponies over the roadbed of a railroad is a difficult feat at the best, even when the road is in working order.

Some men, cleanly dressed and rather pale looking, met us and said: "Good-morning." "Are you from Ladysmith?" we called. "No, we're from the neutral camp," they answered. We were the first men from outside they had seen in four months, and that was the extent of their interest or information. They had put on their best clothes, and were walking along the track to Colenso to catch a train south to Durban or to Maritzburg, to any place out of the neutral camp. They might have been somnambulists for all they saw of us, or of the Boer trenches and the battle-field before them. But we found them of greatest interest, especially their clean clothes. Our column had not seen clean linen for six weeks, and the sight of these civilians in white duck and straw hats, and carrying walking-sticks, coming toward us over the railroad ties, made one think it was Sunday at home, and these were excursionists to the suburbs.

We came under the shadow of Bulwana with a certain sense of awe at its mere name. Even though abandoned it seemed to possess the terrors of a fortress, deserted, but still grim and menacing. Its base was an eruption of trenches, a ploughed field in which each furrow ran at a tangent. Below these trenches swept the Klip River, a swift khaki-colored stream, which at the base of Bulwana was thrown sharply from its course by hundreds of fat sacks of earth, packed tightly and built up solidly into a mammoth dam. Work on this dam had been given up at an instant's warning. Thousands of the empty sacks lay on the bank in carefully arranged heaps. Others, already half filled, were standing in rows along the track, and the spades which had been used to fill them still stuck upright in the earth. The place looked as though the noonday whistle had just sounded, and the workmen had betaken themselves and their dinner-pails to the shade of the nearest trees.

We had been riding through a roofless tunnel with the mountain and the great dam on one side, and the high wall of the railway cutting on the other, but now just ahead of us lay the open country, and the exit of the tunnel barricaded by twisted rails and heaped-up ties and bags of earth. It was our last obstacle, for as we rode around it into the river-bushes we came out into the plain and left Bulwana behind us. For eight miles it had shut out the sight of our goal, but now, directly in front of us, was spread a great city of dirty tents and grass huts and Red Cross flags—the neutral camp—and beyond that, four miles away, shimmering and twinkling sleepily in the sun, the white walls and zinc roofs of Ladysmith.

We gave a gasp of recognition and galloped into and through the neutral camp. Natives of India in great turbans, Indian women, in gay shawls and nose-rings, and black kaffirs in discarded khaki looked up at us dully from the earth floors of their huts, and when we shouted "Which way?" and "Where is the bridge?" only stared, or pointed vaguely, still staring.

After all, we thought, they are poor creatures, incapable of emotion. Perhaps they do not know how glad we are that they have been rescued. They do not understand that we want to shake hands with everybody and offer our congratula-

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tions. Wait until we meet our own people, we said, they will understand! It was such a pleasant prospect that we whipped the unhappy ponies into greater bursts of speed, not because they needed it, but because we were too excited and impatient to sit motionless. For the last two hours they had known that something extraordinary was going forward, else why had they been led across open trellis-work bridges, and jumped down ravines, and kept at a gallop, while the rest of the army was crawling on at a walk? They, who at other times had to be beaten out of a walk, now scorned to trot; a gallop had become their natural gait.

In our haste we lost our way among innumerable little trees; we disagreed as to which one of the many cross-trails led home to the bridge. We slipped out of our stirrups to drag the ponies over one steep place, and to haul them up another, and at last the right road lay before us, and a hundred yards ahead a short iron bridge and a Gordon Highlander waited to welcome us, to receive our first greetings and an assorted collection of cigarettes. Hartland was riding a thoroughbred polo pony and passed the gallant defender of Ladysmith without a kind look or word, but Blackwood and I galloped up more decorously, smiling at him with good-will. The soldier, who had not seen a friend from the outside world in four months, leaped in front of us and presented a heavy gun and a burnished bayonet.

"Halt, there," he cried. "Where's your pass?"

Of course it showed excellent discipline—we admired it immensely. We even overlooked the fact that he should think Boer spies would enter the town by way of the main bridge and at a gallop. We liked his vigilance, we admired his discipline, but in spite of that his reception chilled us. We had brought several things with us that we thought they might possibly want in Ladysmith, but we had entirely forgotten a pass. Indeed I do not believe one of the 25,000 men who had been fighting for six weeks to relieve Ladysmith had supplied themselves with one. The night before, when the Ladysmith sentries had tried to halt Dundonald's troopers in the same way and demanded a pass from them, there was not one in the squadron.

We crossed the bridge soberly and entered Ladysmith at a walk. Even the ponies looked disconcerted and crestfallen. After the high grass and the mountains of red rock, where there was not even a tent to remind one of a roof-tree, the stone cottages and shop windows and chapels and well-ordered hedges of the main street of Ladysmith made it seem a wealthy and attractive suburb. When we entered, a Sabbath-like calm hung upon the town; officers in the smartest khaki and glistening Stowassers observed us askance, little girls in white pinafores passed us with eyes cast down, a man on a bicycle looked up, and then, in terror lest we might speak to him, glued his eyes to the wheel and "scorched" rapidly. We trotted forward and halted at each street crossing, looking to the right and left in the hope that someone might nod to us. From the opposite end of the town General Buller and his staff came toward us slowly—the housetops did not seem to sway—it was not "roses, roses all the way." The German army marching into Paris received as hearty a welcome. "Why didn't you people cheer General Buller when he came in?" we asked later. "Oh, was that General Buller?" they inquired, "We didn't recognize him." "But you knew he was a general officer, you knew he was the first of the relieving column?" "Ye-es, but we didn't know who he was."

I decided that the bare fact of the relief of Ladysmith was all I would be able to wire to my neglected paper, and with remorse started to find the Ladysmith censor. Two officers, with whom I ventured to break the hush that hung upon the town by asking my way, said they were going in the direction of the censor. We rode for some distance in guarded silence. Finally one of them, with an inward struggle, brought himself to ask, "Are you from the outside?"

I was forced to admit that I was. I felt we had taken an unwarrantable liberty in intruding on a besieged garrison. I wanted to say that I had lost my way and had ridden into the town by mistake and begged to be allowed to withdraw

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with apologies. The other officer woke up suddenly and handed me a printed list of the prices which had been paid during the siege for food and tobacco.

	£.	s.	d.
14 lbs. Oatmeal	2	19	6
Condensed Milk, per tin	0	10	0
1 lb. Beef Fat	0	11	0
1 lb. Tin Coffee	0	17	0
2 lb. Tin Tongue	1	6	0
1 Sucking Pig	1	17	0
Eggs, per dozen	2	8	0
Fowls, each	0	18	6
4 Small Cucumbers	0	15	6
Green Mealies, each	0	3	8
Small plate Grapes	1	5	0
1 Small plate Apples	0	12	6
1 Plate Tomatoes	0	18	0
1 Vegetable Marrow	1	8	0
1 Plate Eschalots	0	11	0
1 Plate Potatoes	0	19	0
3 Small bunches Carrots	0	9	0
1 Glass Jelly	0	18	0
1 lb. Bottle Jam	1	11	0
1 lb. Tin Marmalade	1	1	0
1 dozen Matches	0	13	6
1 pkt. Cigarettes	1	5	0
50 Cigars	9	5	0
¼-lb Cake "Fair Maid" Tobacco ...	2	5	0
½-lb. Cake "Fair Maid"	3	5	0
1 lb. Sailors Tobacco	2	3	0
¼-lb. tin "Capstan" Navy Cut Tobacco	3	0	0

Fac-simile of Scale of Highest Prices Paid at Public Auction in Ladysmith.

He seemed to offer it as being in some way an official apology for his starved appearance. The price of cigars struck me as specially pathetic, and I commented on it. The first officer gazed mournfully at the blazing sunshine before him; "I have not smoked a cigar in two months," he said. My surging sympathy, and my terror at again offending the haughty garrison, combated so fiercely that it was only with a great effort that I produced a handful. "Will you have these?" I say. The other officer started in his saddle so violently that I thought his horse had stumbled, but he also kept his eyes straight in front. "Thank you, I will take one if I may—just one," said the first officer. "Are you sure I am not robbing you?" They each took one, but they refused to put the rest of the cigars in their pockets. As the printed list stated that a dozen matches sold for $1.75, I handed them a box of matches. Then a beautiful thing happened. They lit the cigars and at the first taste of the smoke—and they were not good cigars—an almost human expression of peace and good-will and utter abandonment of joy spread over their yellow skins and cracked lips and fever-lit eyes. The first man dropped his reins and put his hands on his hips and threw back his head and shoulders and closed his eyelids. I felt that I had intruded at a moment which should have been left sacred.

Another boy officer in stainless khaki and beautifully turned out, polished and burnished and varnished, but with the same yellow skin and sharpened cheek-bones and protruding teeth, a skeleton on horse-back, rode slowly toward us down the hill. As he reached us he glanced up and then swayed in his saddle, gazing at my companions fearfully. "Good God," he cried. His brother officers seemed to understand, but made no answer, except to jerk their heads toward me. They were too occupied to speak. I handed the skeleton a cigar, and he took it in great embarrassment, laughing and stammering and blushing. Then I began to understand; I began to appreciate the heroic self-sacrifice of the first two, who when they had been given the chance had refused to fill their pockets. I knew then that it was an effort worthy of the V. C.

The censor was at his post, and a few minutes later a signal officer on Convent Hill heliographed my cable to Bulwana, where, six hours after the Boers had abandoned it Buller's own helios had begun to dance, and they speeded the cable on its long journey to the newspaper office on the Thames Embankment. When one descended to the streets again—there are only two streets which run the full length of the town—and looked for signs of the siege, one found them not in the shattered houses, of which there seemed surprisingly few, but in the starved and fever-shaken look of the people. The town itself did not arouse one's sympathies. It straggles for a mile on either side of a wide dusty street. It consists of stone and corrugated-zinc shops of one story, a bare parade ground, a court-house with a shattered bell-tower, and houses, also of one story

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and balanced by broad verandas, set back in gardens yellow with dust. It is an unlovely, unhomelike place, set when it rains in a swamp of mud, and when the sun shines smothered in a plague of dust. The dust is so deep that a wind is not needed to raise a cloud, a team of oxen can do that, a column of marching men. When several teams of oxen are kicking up the dust at the same time, it is not safe to ride faster than a walk for fear of bumping into some unseen obstacle. For a whole morning at a time, when the wind sweeps down the street, Ladysmith's main avenue is a choking yellow fog, through which you can see but twenty feet about you. And when the dust is settled, all that you see is so practical, hard, and ugly that one almost wishes for the curtain of dust to rise again and hide it. On one side of the main street the shops run almost continually, so that it is possible to walk for over half a mile under the shelter of their iron awnings, and this was the promenade and meeting-place of the besieged people. Here the Tommies on leave from the camps walked and talked—here the Indian coolies sat crouched on their haunches—here the civilian colonials met to gossip and to abuse the relieving column and the British Parliament. For Tommy and the civilian, but for the excitement of the shells, it must have been a terrible and awful experience. The town offered them no relief, no green and pleasant spot of retreat, nothing that was fresh, pretty, or restful. Its muddy Klip River ran between high bare banks, tunnelled with caves and bomb-proofs. Its streets offered mud or driving dust, its shops were barred and shuttered, public-houses showed mockingly unpolished bars and rows of emptied bottles, the plain outside was within the zone of fire, the encircling mountains suggested only comrades killed or comrades killing, or the stronghold of the enemy.

That first day in Ladysmith gave us a faint experience as to what the siege meant. The correspondents had disposed of all their tobacco, and within an hour saw starvation staring them in the face, and raced through the town to rob fellow-correspondents who had just arrived. Within an hour the new-comers in their turn had distributed all they owned, and came tearing back to beg one of their own cigarettes. We tried to buy grass for our ponies, and were met with pitying contempt; we tried to buy food for ourselves, and were met with open scorn. I went to the only hotel which was open in the place, and offered large sums for a cup of tea.

"Put up your money," said the Scotchman in charge, sharply. "What's the good of your money? Can your horse eat money? can you eat money? Very well, then, put it away." The arrangements at this hotel were that each lodger drew his own rations from the military, and the hotel people cooked and served them. It was an interminable time before the food arrived, and on the second day my rations were four biscuits and an ounce of tea. The other lodgers proudly boasted of having lived on but one and a quarter biscuit a day, so the arrivals from the outside could not complain. On the third day some condensed milk arrived, and one man succeeded in obtaining a can of it. We watched it trickle out into his watery tea as though it were molten gold. A ration of "bully" beef, which was too tough to eat, was served to everyone, but sugar and soft bread were considered the greatest luxuries, and the most to be desired. The fortunate ones who got these used to convey them to the table in their hands, and, when they had finished, carried away the little brown paper cones which held the brown sugar, and the broken crusts of bread. In the lack of vegetables we drank the vinegar out of the cruets. On the fifth day they brought in some flour and served out the first soft bread the soldiers had eaten in three months. The biscuit which is given the English soldier as a substitute for bread does not compare with the hard-tack served to our army. I found it exceedingly like dog-biscuit. On the fourth day a civilian appeared with a bottle of whiskey. He danced into the hotel with this, and all the other civilians who had lodged there during the siege charged upon him, and exhibited the first signs of enthusiasm they had shown. The man who had brought in the bottle was most generous, and gave us all a drink, but before he tasted his own he said, apologetically: "I am going to drink this to

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my mother. I promised my mother that if Ladysmith was relieved and we were all alive, I'd drink my first drink of whiskey to her. So you'll excuse me, please, gentlemen, if I don't drink this to the Queen." We were naturally shocked at his disloyalty, but as he had been so generous some of us forgave him. A week later, when the real food did begin to come in, many of the officers and men who were just out of hospital, recovering from enteric fever, ate so much and so hurriedly that I was told of as many as sixty who died from indigestion.

The great dramatic moment after the raising of the siege was the entrance into Ladysmith of the relieving column. It was a magnificent, manly, and moving spectacle. Sometimes it is difficult to cheer the result of a battle, for the victory that crowns the battle has carried with it death to many men, and worse to the women, whom it has sought out and struck through the heart as far away as Pretoria and London. As one of our navy commanders said when he sank the Spanish battle-ship, "Don't cheer, boys, they are drowning." But one can cheer without hesitation the rescue of men, women, and children from starvation and fever and death, and still have a cheer left for those who risked their lives to save them.

The arrival of the great column was the beginning of a love-feast of good feeling and thanksgiving which was celebrated in the main street of Ladysmith, and continued uproariously and gloriously for three hours. Nothing was lacking but the feast.

At the start it moved haltingly, the townspeople lacking the initiative, and for ten minutes the column marched past in as respectful a silence as would have greeted a funeral. General Buller alone received a welcoming cheer. The rest of the men, "lance, foot, and dragoon," passed between the lines of the garrison and the townspeople to no other accompaniment than the music of the Gordons' bagpipes and the whirr of the American biograph. This was not due so much to lack of feeling as to bad stage-management. Sir George White, who was to review the march past, sat his horse just in front of the shattered court-house, and directly opposite to the bagpipes. The result was that the eyes of the advancing Tommies were either so fascinated by the shell holes in the tower of the court-house which caused them to look up over General White's head, or their ears were so charmed by the bagpipes that they turned their eyes to the left to look at the Highlanders and so passed General White without seeing him. The bagpipes had also a very demoralizing effect upon the horses, so that at the very moment when the officers should have seen General White and given him a sweeping salute, they were so occupied in controlling their startled steeds that they also passed him by without being aware of his presence.

It was Colonel Donald, the Irish colonel of the Irish Fusileers, who was the first to set matters right and to break the polite calm. He saw General White just as he had ridden past him and he saw his mistake at the same instant, and whirled about so suddenly that his horse drove back his own men. His enthusiasm made up for the apathy of the hundreds who had preceded him; his face shone with generous, excited hero-worship. He did not pause to salute. It was as though he thought such a perfunctory tribute from himself alone was inadequate for such an occasion and for such a man as General White.

So he stood up in his stirrups and waved his helmet and called upon his regiment. "Three cheers for General Sir George White!" he shouted, "Hip, hip, hip!" in a brogue as rich as his good-will was generous. And his regiment answered to his call as it had done on many less agreeable moments, and the love-feast began.

You must imagine what followed. You must imagine the dry, burning heat, the fine, yellow dust, the white glare of the sunshine, and in the heat and glare and dust the great interminable column of men in ragged khaki crowding down the main street, 22,000 strong, cheering and shouting, with the sweat running off their red faces and cutting little rivulets in the dust that caked their cheeks. Some of them were so glad that, though in the heaviest marching order, they leaped up and down and stepped out of line to dance to the music of the bagpipes. For hours they crowded past, laughing, joking, and cheering or staring ahead of them with

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lips wide apart, panting in the heat and choking with the dust, but always ready to turn again and wave their helmets at the general.

Every component part of an army is being unrolled before us: the rumbling cannon, like great insects, caked with mud, the drivers saluting with their whips reversed; the lancers with naked spear-points from which the pennons had long since been plucked away; the Indian collies, veterans of many hill-fights in Malakand, guarding the ammunition train and surveying their joyous comrades with unmoved, unelated, almost scornful eyes; the infantry, burdened with musket, pack, ammunition pouches, pots, pans, and precious faggots of kindling wood, but without colonels, commanded by captains, some of them with only five of the twenty-four officers with whom they had started toward Colenso. There were all the other arms of the service and the guns of the sister service on marvellously improvised gun-carriages, drawn by great oxen and surrounded by the "handy men" of the navy no longer in "blue jackets," but in khaki and broad-brimmed, ragged straw hats. There were the ambulances and stretchers of the medical corps, than which there is none better, and even the "body snatchers," the stretcher-bearers, whom the men who had come in from the outside cheered mightily, much to the surprise of the garrison who imagined we were mocking the unkempt, disreputable-looking ununiformed mob. But we knew the mob had followed close on the heels of the firing-line and had caught the wounded Tommy, even as he fell. No men of Buller's column were so greatly ridiculed as were the unhappy refugee stretcher-bearers, and none were more genuinely admired. Each of them had made the red cross on his arm a red badge of courage and honor.

It was a pitiful contrast which the two forces presented. The men of the garrison were in clean khaki, pipe-clayed and brushed and polished, but their tunics hung on them as loosely as the flag around its pole, the skin on their cheek-bones was as tight and as yellow as the belly of a drum, their teeth protruded through parched, cracked lips, and hunger, fever, and suffering stared from out their eyes. They were so ill and so feeble that the mere exercise of standing was too severe for their endurance, and many of them collapsed, falling back to the sidewalk, rising to salute only the first troop of each succeeding regiment. This done they would again sink back and each would sit leaning his head against his musket, or with his forehead resting heavily on his folded arms. In comparison the relieving column looked like giants as they came in with a swinging swagger, their uniforms blackened with mud and sweat and blood-stains, their faces brilliantly crimsoned and blistered and tanned by the dust and sun. They made a picture of strength and health and aggressiveness. Perhaps the contrast was strongest when the battalion of the Devons that had been on foreign service passed the "reserve" battalion which had come from England. The men of the two battalions had parted five years before in India, and they met again in Ladysmith with the men of one battalion lining the streets sick, hungry, and yellow, and the others who had been fighting six weeks to reach it marching toward them robust, red-faced, and cheering mightily. As they met they gave a shout of recognition and the men broke ranks and ran forward calling each other by name, embracing, shaking hands, and punching each other in the back and shoulders. It was a sight that very few men watched unmoved. Indeed the whole three hours was one of the most "brutal assaults upon the feelings" that it has been my lot to endure. One felt he had been entirely lifted out of the politics of the war, and the questions of the rights and wrongs of the Boers and Uitlanders disappeared before a simple proposition of brave men saluting brave men.

There was a fitting sequel to the day. After the 22,000 Tommies had paid their tribute of admiration to General White, that Colonel Newcome of to-day, who when his officers blundered had dared to say, "I alone am to blame," the residents of Ladysmith saluted him in their turn and paid him their own tribute of honor and gratitude. They surrounded him and placed him in a landau and as the day ended General White was drawn through the streets of the city he had defended by the bare hands of the people he had saved.

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HARVARD COLLEGE FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO

By George F. Hoar

I DO not think Harvard College had changed very much when I entered it on my sixteenth birthday in the year 1842, in manners, character of students or teachers, or the course of instruction, for nearly a century. There were some elementary lectures and recitations in astronomy and mechanics. There was a short course of lectures on chemistry, accompanied by a few experiments. But the students had no opportunity for laboratory work. There was a delightful course of instruction from Dr. Walker in ethics and metaphysics. The college had rejected the old Calvinistic creed of New England and substituted in its stead the strict Unitarianism of Dr. Ware and Andrews Norton—a creed in its substance hardly more tolerant or liberal than that which it had supplanted. There was also some instruction in modern languages — German, French, and Italian—all of very slight value. But the substance of the instruction consisted in learning to translate rather easy Latin and Greek, writing Latin, and courses in algebra and geometry not very far advanced.

The conditions of admission were quite easy. They were such as a boy of fourteen of good capacity, who could read and write the English language and had gone through some simple book of arithmetic, could easily master in two years. There were three or four schools where the boys were pretty well trained, so that they could translate Cicero and Virgil, Nepos and Sallust and Cæsar, and Xenophon and Homer. The Boston Latin School, the Roxbury Latin School, Phillips Exeter Academy, Phillips Academy at Andover, and Mrs. Ripley's School at Waltham were the best schools for this purpose. The boys from the Boston Latin School generally took their places at the head of the class when they entered. Next came the best scholars from the other schools I have named. But the bulk of the pupils were very poorly fitted.

There was, as it seems to me in looking back, little instruction of much value. The good scholars and the bad went to the recitation together. The good ones lost the hour, and the poor scholars got the benefit of hearing the good ones recite. Their mistakes were corrected by the professor. They handed in written exercises in Latin and Greek which were examined by the instructor and returned with their faults corrected. There were, during the last three years, declamations once a month, where the boy recited some piece of prose or poetry in the presence of the class, but got very little instruction or criticism from the professor. Then, in the last three years, English themes were required. The subjects were given out by Professor Channing himself, a most accomplished and admirable scholar in his line. He seemed to choose his subjects with a view of taxing the ingenuity of the boy to find anything to say about them, instead of taking something which the boy knew about so that the pupil could devote himself to the improvement of his English style in expressing his thought. Channing was an admirable critic. His published lectures on rhetoric and oratory, now almost forgotten, remind one of Matthew Arnold in their delicate and discriminating touch. He had a face and figure something like that of Punch in the frontispiece of that publication. His method was to take the themes which the boys handed in one week, look them over himself, then, a week after, meet the class, call the boys in succession to sit down in a chair by the side of his table, read out passages from the theme, and ridicule them before the others. It was a terrible ordeal for a bashful and awkward boy. Those of a more robust nature, or whose performance had nothing ridiculous in it, profited by the discipline. But it cer-

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tainly took all the starch and courage out of me. I never sat down to write my theme without fancying that grinning and scornful countenance looking at my work. So I used to write as few sentences as I thought would answer, so that I should not be punished for failure to bring in any theme at all, and never attempted to do my best.

But the faculty themselves were certainly an assemblage of very strong men. Making all allowance for the point of view, and that I was then a youth looking at my elders who had become famous, and that I am now looking as an old man at young men, and without expressing an opinion as to the superiority in the particular function of instructing youth, there can be no comparison between the college administrators of fifty years ago and those of to-day. It was then the policy of the college to call into its service great men who had achieved eminent distinction in the world without. It has more lately been its policy to select for its service promising youth, in the hope that they will become great. Perhaps the last method is the best where it succeeds. But the effect of failure is most mischievous. Indeed it seems that they have gone back to the old way. I have just seen that President Eliot says in his annual report for 1896–97 that Professor Lane was "the last surviving example of a kind of appointment now no longer made; an appointment to a full professorship of a young man who had passed through no probation as a teacher either at Harvard or elsewhere." Presidents Quincy, Everett, Walker, and Sparks administered in succession the office of President during my connection with the Academic Department and the Law School, although Dr. Walker's inauguration was not until later. Each of them in his own way was among the great men of his time. Quincy had been an eminent statesman, a famous orator, and a most successful mayor of Boston. Edward Everett had been in his early youth one of the most famous pulpit orators of the country, afterward a distinguished Member of Congress, Governor of the Commonwealth, Minister to England, and Senator of the United States. He was a consummate orator, on whose lips thousands and thousands of his countrymen had hung entranced. He was, what is less generally remembered now, perhaps the ablest and most accomplished diplomatist ever in the public service of the United States. Jared Sparks was a profound student of history, somewhat dull as a narrator, but of admirable and unerring historic judgment. I suppose he would be placed by all our writers of history with great unanimity at the head of American historic investigators. James Walker was a great preacher and a profound thinker. In the judgment of his hearers, young and old, he was deemed nearly or quite the foremost of American preachers.

Among their associates in the faculty were Felton, professor of Greek, afterward President; Henry W. Longfellow, Dr. Charles Beck, and Benjamin Peirce, who dwelt without a companion in the lofty domain of the higher mathematics.

A primacy of glorious light is thine.

Dr. Charles Beck was a German by birth and the only Latin scholar in the country of his time who had the advantage of possessing a profound German classical scholarship. All these men were great men in their way, and famous throughout the world.

A like policy prevailed in those days in the choice of instructors in the Law School. Judge Story, the senior professor, died just before I was graduated from the College. His fame as a jurist was known throughout Europe. He was undoubtedly the most learned judge in the United States. Chief Justice Marshall and Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, doubtless excelled him in intellectual vigor. Chancellor Kent rivalled him as a writer upon law. But he had no other rival among judges or commentators in this country—few anywhere. He was, at the time of his death, the most famous teacher of law in the civilized world. His associate professor, Greenleaf, was an admirable lawyer who, before he went to Harvard, had a great practice in Maine, and made some famous arguments in the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Story was succeeded by Chief Justice Joel Parker, of New Hampshire, a very eminent jurist, who was saturated with the old learning

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of special pleading and real property. He would have been a fit associate for Coke or Saunders, and would have held his own anywhere with either.

There was nothing in the teaching of Latin or Greek to inspire the student with any love of Greek or Latin literature. The professor never pointed out its beauties or illustrated the text in any way. The students, in succession, were called upon to construe a few lines, reading one or two Greek words and then giving their English equivalents. The time of the good scholar was, as I have said before, very largely wasted. There were four or five persons in my class who became afterward eminent classical scholars. I do not believe that when we were graduated there were more than four men in the class who could write a decent Latin sentence without the laborious use of grammar and dictionary. I doubt whether there were more than one, certainly there were not more than three, who could do the same thing in Greek. I do not suppose there was a man in the class who could speak either language with ease.

Yet, somehow, the graduates of Harvard got a good intellectual training from the University. The rough country-boy, if he had it in him, came out at the end of his senior year, a gentleman in behavior and in character. He was able to take hold of life with great vigor. The average age of graduation, I suppose, was twenty. Not more than three years were spent in studying a profession. In some few cases, the youth got a little money after leaving college by teaching for a year. But the men from Harvard College and Harvard Law School were apt to take quite rapidly the high places of the professions. That was true then much more than it is now.

There were a great many persons who were graduated before my time, or shortly afterward, whose great place in the public life of the Commonwealth and of the country was assured before they were thirty years old. Edward Everett was called to the pulpit of Brattle Street Church at the age of nineteen. He succeeded in that pulpit Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who was himself settled over that important parish at the age of twenty-one, and was a great pulpit orator. Edward Everett preached a sermon when he was twenty-four years old, before a large audience in the Representatives Chamber at Washington, which was heard with breathless silence. Rufus King said it was the best sermon he ever heard, and Harrison Gray Otis was affected to tears. Benjamin R. Curtis was admitted to the bar in Boston when he was twenty-two years old, and shortly after was retained in a very important case. It is said that an old deputy-sheriff, who had just heard Curtis's opening argument, was met in the street and asked if anything was going on in court. "Going on?" was the reply. "There's a young chap named Curtis up there has just opened a case so all hell can't close it." I suppose Edward Everett Hale and James Freeman Clarke were almost as famous in the pulpit before they were thirty years old as they ever were afterward. I might extend the catalogue indefinitely. Where is there to be found to-day at the New England bar or in the New England pulpit a man under thirty of whom it can be said that his place among the great men of his profession is assured? It will not do to say in answer to this that it takes a greater man in this generation to fill a great place than it took in other days. That is not true. The men of those generations have left their work behind them. It does not suffer by comparison with that of their successors. There was something in the college training of that day, imperfect as were its instruments, and slender as were its resources, from which greater intellectual strength in the pupil was begotten than there is in the college training of the present generation. I will not undertake to account for it. But I think it was due in large part to the personal quality of the instructors. A boy who contemplated with a near and intimate knowledge the great manhood of Josiah Quincy; who listened to the eloquence of James Walker, or heard his expositions of the great systems of ethics or metaphysics; or who sat at the feet of Judge Story, as he poured forth the lessons of jurisprudence in a clear and inexhaustible stream, caught an inspiration which transfigured his very soul.

Josiah Quincy, "old Quin" as we loved to call him, was a very simple and a very high character. He was born in Boston February 4, 1772, just before the Revolu-

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tionary War. It was said, I have no doubt truly, that the nurse who attended his mother at his birth went from that house to the wife of Copley, the painter, when her famous son, Lord Lyndhurst, was born. Copley was a Tory, though a patriot and an ardent lover of his country. His departure from Boston made Lord Lyndhurst an Englishman. Quincy entered public life early. He was a candidate for Congress in the last century before he was twenty-five years old. I heard him say once that the Democrats called for a cradle to rock the Federal candidate. He was a good type of the old Massachusetts Federalist—brave, manly, sincere, of a broad and courageous statesmanship, but distrustful of the people and not understanding their temper. He made some very powerful speeches in the House of Representatives, attacking the greed and office-seeking of that time. His eloquence was something of the style of the famous Irish orators. One of his passages describing the office-seekers tumbling over one another like pigs to a trough will be long remembered. He hated Jefferson and moved his impeachment in the House of Representatives—a motion for which he got no vote but his own. He retired disgusted from national public life, became Mayor of Boston, an office which he filled with great distinction, and then was called to the Presidency of Harvard, mainly because of his great business capacity. The finances of the University were then in a sad condition. He put them on an excellent footing. He was very fond of the boys and they of him, although he was somewhat rough and hasty in his manner. While I was in college (although I happened to be at home that day and did not see the affair), some of the boys got into serious rows in Boston one Saturday. They had undertaken to wear the Oxford cap and gown. They were much ridiculed by the populace in Boston, and a good many fights were the consequence. They were driven from the streets, and in the afternoon a lot of roughs took hold of a long rope, as if they belonged to an engine company, ran out to Cambridge across the bridge, and proposed to attack the college buildings. Old Quin gathered the students together at the gate and told the boys to keep within the yard and not to attack anybody unless they were attacked, but to permit none of those men to come within the gate. The old fellow was ready to head the students and a great fight was expected. But the police gathered, and finally the Boston roughs were persuaded to depart in peace.

The old gentleman's heart always warmed to the son of an old Federalist. I had to visit his study a good many times, I regret to say, to receive some well-deserved admonitions. But the interview always ended in an inquiry after my father and some jolly or at least kindly utterance about myself. One of my classmates gave an account in rhyme of one of these interviews which I wish I could repeat. I can only remember two lines:

> Quin deigned a grin, perforce,
> And Hoar a roar, of course.

He died in 1864 at the age of ninety-two, preserving to the last his mental vigor and his ardent interest in public affairs. During the darkest period of the war he never lost his hope or faith. He fell on the ice and broke his hip a little while before his death. He was treated by the somewhat savage method of the surgery of that day. Dr. George E. Ellis, from whom I had the story, went to see him one day at his house on Park Street and found the old man lying on his bed with a weight hanging from his foot, which projected over the bed, to keep the bones in their place and the muscles from contracting. He said to Mr. Quincy's daughter, "You have been shut up here a long time. Now go and take a walk round the Common and let me stay with your father." Miss Quincy went out and the old man kept Dr. Ellis so full of interest by his cheerful and lively talk that he never once thought to ask him how he was getting along. When Miss Quincy returned, he took his leave and had got downstairs when the omission occurred to him. He went back to the chamber and said to Mr. Quincy, "I forgot to ask you how your leg is." The old fellow brought his hand down with a slap upon the limb and said, "Damn the leg. I want to see this business settled."

When Felton was inaugurated as President, Governor Banks in performing his

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part of the ceremony, that of presenting the charter and the keys to the new officer, alluded in his somewhat grandiloquent way to four of Felton's predecessors, Everett, Sparks, Walker, and Quincy, who were upon the stage. Speaking of Quincy he said, "He would be reckoned among honorable men, though their number were reduced to that of the mouths of the Nile or the gates of Thebes."

Felton, the Greek professor, was the heartiest and jolliest of men. He was certainly one of the best examples of a fully rounded scholarship which this country or perhaps any country ever produced. He gave before the Lowell Institute a course of lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern, into which is compressed learning enough to fill a large encyclopædia. He also published two or three Greek plays and the Iliad of Homer with excellent notes of his own. These editions were extensively used as text-books in this country and abroad.

Professor Felton was a very impulsive man, though of great dignity and propriety in his general bearing. He had some theories of his own as to the matter of pure and correct English, and was very much disgusted if anybody transgressed them. His brother, John Felton, of the class of 1847, afterward the foremost lawyer on the Pacific Coast, was altogether the best and most brilliant scholar in his class. He was reported to the faculty just before his graduation for the offence of swearing in the college yard, an offence which commonly was punished by what was called a public admonition. This involved a considerable loss of rank and a letter to the parent or guardian of the offender. The faculty, in consideration of John Felton's excellent scholarship, instead of the ordinary punishment directed that Professor Felton should admonish his brother of his fault in private. The professor was some eighteen or twenty years the elder and was respected by his brother rather as a father than as a brother. He sent for John to his study and told him the nature of the complaint, and proceeded, "I cannot express to you how mortified I am that my brother, in whose character and scholarship I had taken so much pride, who stood so high in his class, should have been reported to the faculty for this vulgar and wicked offence." John said, with much contrition, "I am exceedingly sorry. It was under circumstances of great provocation. I have never been guilty of such a thing before. I never in my life have been addicted to profanity." "Damnation! John," interposed the professor, "how often have I told you the word is profaneness and not profanity?" It is needless to say that the sermon ended at that point.

But the most interesting single figure in the Harvard faculty in my day was James Walker. He was a man of quiet dignity and of modest bearing. He appeared rather awkward when he walked, as if there were some want of strength in the feet or ankles. He heard the classes in my time in Jouffroy and Cousin and in Butler's Analogy. His method was to require the boy to get into his mind some account of a system or special course of reasoning of the author and to state it at considerable length in his own language. I think all that I got out of college that was of much use to me came from this training in James Walker's recitation-room, except that I think I got some capacity for cross-examining witnesses, which was very useful to me afterward, from reading Plato's dialogues and getting familiar with Socrates's method of reducing a sophist *ad absurdum*. But the pulpit of the college chapel was Dr. Walker's throne. He used to preach four Sundays in each of the two terms. He had a beautiful head, a deep but clear voice, a deliberate manner and a power of emphasizing his weighty thoughts which I have never known surpassed by any orator. He had a small and beautiful hand of which it was said, though such a thing is hard to believe of him, he was somewhat vain. His only gesture, and that very infrequent, was to bring the back of his hand down upon the cushion of the pulpit before him. The ticking of the clock in the college chapel was inaudible when the chapel was empty. But it ticked out clear and loud upon the strained ears of the auditors who were waiting in the pauses of his sentences. I can remember now his sermons. They are admirable to read, although, like other eloquence, their life and spirit are lost without the effect of speech. There was one on the text, "Thou shalt say no," which no hearer, I venture to say,

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ever forgot to the day of his death. There was another on the control of the thoughts, from the text, "Leading into captivity every thought." This made a deep impression on the students. I seem to hear the tones of his voice now. The doctor described, with a terrific effect, the thinking over in imagination of the scenes of vice by the youth who seemed to the world outside to fall suddenly from virtue. He said there was no such thing as a sudden fall from virtue. The scene had been enacted in thought and the man had become rotten before the time of the outward act.

"Sometimes the novice in crime thinks himself ready to act when he is not; as appears from his hesitancy and reluctance when the moment for action arrives. If, however, this unexpected recoil of his nature does not induce him to change his purpose altogether, he knows but too well how to supply the defect in his training for sin. If we could look into his heart, we should find him at his accursed rehearsals again. A few more lessons, and the blush and the shudder will pass away, never to return."

This is tame enough in the recital. But I dare say there are old men who will read these pages to whom it will bring back the never-forgotten scenes of more than fifty years ago. The doctor had a gift of sententious speech, not only in his written discourses, but in his ordinary conversation and his instruction from the professor's chair. He was speaking one day of Combe and of some disrespectful thing he had said about the English metaphysicians. "What does Mr. Combe mean?" said the doctor. "I am no apologist for the English metaphysicians. They have made their mistakes. They have their shortcomings. But they are surely entitled to the common privilege of Englishmen —to be judged by their peers." He was speaking one day of some rulers who had tried to check the rising tide of some reform by persecuting its leaders. "Fools!" said the doctor. "They thought if they could but wring the neck of the crowing cock it would never be day." I may, perhaps, be pardoned for putting on record one of the doctor's sentences relating to my father, who by a powerful speech in the Massachusetts House of Representatives had caused that body to reconsider and to defeat a measure which it had passed taking from the corporation of the College the choice of their associates and vesting that power in the Legislature. This was a very dangerous proposition. The corporation were Whigs and were Unitarians. They were very unpopular with the body of the people for both reasons. One of the corporation had just voted for the Fugitive Slave Law. This plan for reorganizing the College was advocated by Henry Wilson, by Governor Boutwell, by Erastus Hopkins and most of the leaders of both parties in the House of Representatives. The proposition was probably unconstitutional. But there was a strong argument to the effect that the College was a creature of the State, and that the principle of Dartmouth College *vs.* Woodward did not apply. It was a political measure and the Supreme Court of the United States was then Democratic. So it was of immense importance to the College to defeat the bill in the Legislature. Mr. Samuel Hoar made a powerful speech which changed the mind of the body and defeated the bill. Dr. Walker said of this speech, "Other men have served the college; Samuel Hoar saved it."

One of the delightful characters and humorists connected with Harvard was Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, tutor in Greek. He was a native of Thessaly, born near Mount Pelion, and educated in the convent of the Greek Church on Mount Sinai. It is said, although such instances are rare, that he was of the purest Greek blood. At any rate, his face and head were of the Greek type. He was a man of wonderful learning—I dare say the best Greek scholar of his generation, whether in Europe or America. He was a very simple-hearted person in dealing with ordinary affairs. But his conversation and his instruction in the class-room were full of wit and sense. He used to tell a story, whether of his father or his grandfather I am not sure, that one night very late he was sitting in his warehouse alone when two men entered and told him they were come to kill him. He asked them why they wished to kill him, and they told him, that they had been hired by an enemy of his, whom they named.

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"Well," said the old man, "what are you to be paid?" They told him the sum. He said, "I will give you twice as much to kill him." Accordingly they accepted the offer and went away leaving the old fellow alive, kept their bargain with him and killed his enemy.

Sophocles had a great love of little children and a curious love of chickens, which he treated as pets. He liked to tame them and to play with them, squatting down on the ground among them, as if he were a rooster himself. It is said that during his last sickness, the doctor directed that he should have chicken-broth. He indignantly rejected it, and declared he would not eat a creature that he loved.

In what I have said of the greatness of the old College professors I do not wish to be understood to disparage or undervalue their successors of the present day. I have no doubt that some of them are the equals of their predecessors in intellectual ability and far their superiors in learning, as must be the case from the advantages of modern instrumentalities. But they have grown to what they are now in the college itself. They came to their offices in early youth, instead of being called from a great place in the world outside, which had been gained already. The recent system is the best one if no mistakes be made in choosing the instructor. But the consequences of mistakes are very serious.

In what I have said about Professor Channing I describe him and his method of instruction as they seemed to me at the time. It is quite possible I may be wrong. I am sure that many better scholars and many youths who were his pupils and who were much better in every way than I was at that time of my life, will dissent from my opinion and be shocked at what I say. So it is quite likely that I am in fault and not he. I have lately read again his book on rhetoric and oratory since what I said above was dictated. I wish to reaffirm my high opinion of the book. For fresh, racy, and correct style, for clear perception and exquisite literary taste, it is one of the best books on the subject, as it is one of the best books on any subject ever written by an American. His mistake was, in large measure, the prevalent mistake of the college in his time—the use of ridicule instead of sympathy as a means of correcting the faults incident to youth. It was the fault of the college, both of instructors and of the students. Dr. Walker, in one of his public addresses, speaks with commendation of "the storm of merciless ridicule" which overwhelms young men who are addicted to certain errors which he is criticising.

The Latin professor was Charles Beck, Ph.D. He was a native of Heidelberg. He had been compelled to leave Prussia because of his love of liberty. He had studied theology, and had published a treatise on gymnastics, in which he was accomplished. We read with him Terence and Plautus, the "Medea" of Seneca, Horace, Brutus, and probably some other Latin prose, which I have forgotten. He was a very learned Latin scholar. I do not know whether he cared anything about poetry or eloquence or the philosophy of the Roman authors or no. Certainly he did nothing to indicate to us that he had any such interest, or to stimulate any such interest in his pupils. He was strict to harshness in dealing with his class. The only evidence of enthusiasm I ever witnessed in Dr. Beck was this: He brought into the classroom one day an old fat German with very dirty hands and a dirty shirt. He had a low forehead and a large head, with coarse curling hair, which looked as if it had not felt a comb or brush for a quarter of a century. We looked with amazement at this figure. He went out before the recitation was over. Dr. Beck said to us: "This is Dr. ——, gentlemen. He is a most admiwable scholar." (This was the doctor's pronunciation of the *r*.) "He has wead Cicewo thwough every year for nearly fifty years for the sake of settling some important questions. He has discovered that while *necesse est* may be used indifferently either with the accusative and infinitive, or with *ut* with the subjunctive, *necesse ewat* can only be used before *ut* with the subjunctive. I should think to have made that discovewy well worth living for."

I suppose we all thought that Dr. Beck was a man of harsh and cold nature. But I got acquainted with him later in life and found him one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men. He was a member of the Legislature. He was a Free Soiler

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and an Abolitionist, liberally contributing to the Sanitary Commission, and to all agencies for the benefit of the soldiers and the successful prosecution of the war for the Union.

He came vigorously to the support of Horace Mann in his famous controversy with Mr. Webster. Mann had savagely attacked Webster, and Webster in return had spoken of Mann as one of that class of persons known among the Romans as Captatores Verborum, which he supposed to mean those nice persons who catch up other person's words for the sake of small criticism and fault-finding. Mr. Mann replied that Webster was wrong in his Latin, and the words Captatores Verborum meant toad-eaters, or men who hang on the words of great men to praise and flatter them, of which he found some conspicuous modern examples among Webster's supporters. Professor Felton, the Greek professor, who was a stanch friend of Webster, attacked Mann and charged him with ignorance of Latin. But Dr. Beck came to the rescue, and his authority as a Latin scholar was generally conceded to outweigh that of Webster and Felton put together.

One of the most brilliant men among the faculty was Professor Benjamin Peirce. Undoubtedly he was the foremost American mathematician of his time. He was afterward the head of the Coast Survey. He had little respect for pupils who had not a genius for mathematics, and paid little attention to them. He got out an edition of his algebra while I was in college. He distributed the sheets among the students and would accept, instead of a successful recitation, the discovery of a misprint on its pages. The boys generally sadly neglected his department, which was made elective, I think, after the sophomore year. At the examinations, which were held by committees appointed by the Board of Overseers, he always gave to the pupil the same problem that had been given to him in the last preceding recitation. So the boys were prepared to make a decent appearance. He used to dress in a very peculiar fashion, wearing a queer little sack and striped trousers which made him look sometimes as if he were a salesman in a Jew clothing-store. He had a remarkably clear and piercing black eye. One night one of the students got into the belfry and attached a slender thread to the tongue of the bell, contrived to lock the door which led to the tower and carry off the key, then went to his room in the fourth story of Massachusetts and began to toll the bell. The students and the faculty and proctors gathered, but nobody could explain the mysterious ringing of the bell until Peirce came upon the scene. His sharp eye detected the slender line and it was traced to the room where the roguish fellow who was doing the mischief thought himself secure. He was caught and punished.

Peirce gained great fame in the scientific world by his controversy with Leverrier. Leverrier, as is well known, discovered some perturbations in the movement of the planet Herschel which were not accounted for by known conditions. From that he reasoned that there must be another planet in the neighborhood, and, on turning his glass to the point where his calculations told him the disturbing body must be, he discovered the planet sometimes called by his name and sometimes called Neptune. This discovery created a great sensation and a burst of admiration for the fortunate discoverer. Peirce maintained the astounding proposition that there was an error in Leverrier's calculations, and that the discovery was a fortunate accident. I believe that astronomers finally came to his conclusion. I remember once going into Boston in the omnibus when Peirce got in with a letter in his hand that he had just got from abroad, and said with great exultation to Professor Felton, who happened to be there, "Gauss says I am right."

I got well acquainted with Professor Peirce after I left college. He used to come to Washington after I came into public life. I found him one of the most delightful of men. His treatise, "Ideality in the Physical Sciences," and one or two treatises of a religious character which he published, are full of a lofty and glowing eloquence. He gave a few lectures in mathematics to the class, which, I believe, were totally incomprehensible to every one of his listeners, with the possible exception of Child. He wore a little black velveteen sack and curious checked trousers looking like a

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Port rowdy. He would take the chalk in his hand and begin in his shrill voice, "If we take," then he would write an equation in algebraic characters, "then we have," following it by another equation or formula. By the time he had got his blackboard half covered, he would get into an enthusiasm of delight. He would rub the legs of his pantaloons with his chalky hands and proceed on his lofty pathway, apparently unconscious of his auditors. What has become of all those wonderful results of genius I do not know.

He was invited to a banquet by the Harvard Alumni in New York, where he was the guest of honor. Mr. Choate expressed a grave doubt whether the Professor could dine comfortably without a blackboard.

John W. Webster gave lectures to the boys on chemistry and geology, which they were compelled to attend. I think these lectures were the most tedious human compositions to which I ever listened. The doctor seemed a kind-hearted, fussy person. He was known to the students by the sobriquet of Sky-rocket Jack, because of his great interest in having some fireworks at the illumination when President Everett was inaugurated. There was no person among the faculty at Cambridge who seemed less likely to commit so bloody and cruel a crime as that for which he was executed. The only thing that I know which indicated insensibility was that when he was lecturing one day, in chemistry, he told us that in performing the experiment which he was then showing us, a year or two before, with some highly explosive gas, a copper vessel had burst and a part of it had been thrown with great violence into the back of the bench where a row of students were sitting, but fortunately the student who sat in that place was absent that day and nobody was hurt. He added, dryly, "The president sent for me and told me I must be more careful. He said I should feel very badly indeed if I had killed one of the students. And I should."

There was nothing in my time equivalent to what used to be called a rebellion in the older days, and I believe no such event has occurred for the last fifty years. The nearest to it was a case which arose in the senior class when I was a freshman. One of the seniors, who was a rather dull-witted but well-meaning youth, concluded that it was his duty to inform the faculty of offences committed by his classmates, a proceeding, it is needless to say, contrary to all the boys' sentiments as to honorable conduct. His windows and some others had been broken. He informed the faculty who had broken them, and the offender was rusticated for a short time as a punishment. The next day being Saturday, this informer was dressed up in his best and going into Boston, when he was seized by six of his classmates and held under the college pump until he received a sound ducking. He seized the finger of one of them with his teeth and bit it severely, though it was protected by a ring. He complained of five of the six, who were forthwith suspended until the next commencement, losing, of course, their rank in the class and their chances for taking part in the commencement exercises. One of them, of whom he omitted to tell, was much disturbed by the omission and demanded of the informer why he left him out. He said that he had rather a pity for him as he had already been suspended once and he supposed the new offence would lead to his being expelled. Whereupon he said: "I will give you some reason to tell of me," and proceeded to administer a sound caning. That was at once reported to the faculty, the offender was then expelled, and criminal proceedings were taken against him which resulted in a fine.

We had some delightful lectures from Longfellow on the literature of the Middle Ages. He read us some of his own original poems and some beautiful translations. All the substance of these lectures I think is to be found in his book entitled "The Poets and Poetry of the Middle Ages." I do not see that we gained anything of solid instruction by having them read to us that we could not have got as well by reading them. We had also a course of lectures from Jared Sparks on American history. They were generally dull and heavy, but occasionally made intensely interesting when he described some stirring event of the Revolutionary War. We hung breathless on his account of the treason of Arnold and its detection, and the class burst out into applause when he ended—

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a thing the like of which never happened in my time in college. There was a little smattering of instruction in modern languages, but it was of not much value. We had a Frenchman named V., whom the boys tormented unmercifully. He spoke English very imperfectly, and his ludicrous mistakes in English destroyed all his dignity and rendered it impossible to maintain any discipline in the class. He would break out occasionally in despair, "Young shentlemen, you do not respect me and I have not given you any reason to." A usual punishment for misconduct in those days was to deduct a certain number of the marks which determined rank from the scale of the offending students. Monsieur V. used to hold over us this threat, which I believe he never executed, "Young shentlemen, I shall be obliged to deduce from you."

He was followed by the Comte de la Porte, a gentleman in bearing and of a good deal of dignity. The Count was asked one day by Nat Perry, a member of the class from New Hampshire, who was very proud of his native State and always boasting of the exploits in war and peace of the people of New Hampshire, what sort of a French scholar Mr. V., his predecessor, was. The Count replied: "He was not a fit teacher for young gentlemen. He was an ignorant person from the provinces, not having the Parisian accent. He did not know the French language in its purity. It would be as if somebody were to undertake to teach English who came from New Hampshire or some such place." The Count said this in entire innocence. It was received with a roar of laughter by the class, and the indignation and wrath of Perry may be well imagined.

My class was not one of the very famous classes of the college. Certainly it does not equal the class of 1802 or the class of 1829. But I think it was, on the whole, very considerably above the average. In it were several persons who became famous scholars and teachers, and some who have been eminent in other walks of life. I think, on the whole, its two most distinguished members, entitled to hold a greater place than any others in the memory of future generations, were Dr. Calvin Ellis, dean of the medical faculty of Harvard, who died in 1883, and Judge Nathan Webb, still living, of the United States District Court of Maine. Neither of these had very high rank in the class. The first half of the class used to have parts assigned at commencement in those days. Ellis's part was very nearly the lowest of the first half. Webb's was higher. Webb entered college very young. He was quite small in stature and was known all through college as "little Webb." He grew to his present height, which must be about six feet, after he got out of college. He did, I believe, some very hard work indeed in his senior year. Although universally liked and respected by his classmates, he was not regarded as among the eminent scholars. Ellis performed all his duties in college very fairly, but did not seem to care much for rank or for scholarship until, in the senior year, some lectures on anatomy were delivered by old Dr. John C. Warren. Ellis was filled with enthusiasm, as were some of the other members of the class. He and I got a skull somewhere and studied processes, bones, and sutures, both meaning to be physicians. My zeal lasted but a few weeks; Ellis's never abated until his death. He was at the head of his profession in the country in his own department, became dean of the Harvard Medical School, and was loved and revered by his numerous pupils as well as by the members of his profession. He was one of the most simple-hearted, affectionate, spotless, and lovable of men. He died of a lingering and painful disease, never losing his courage and patience, or his devoted interest in science. Webb has been exceedingly fond of his home, not being very ambitious of higher office, but content to discharge, ably and faithfully, and to the universal satisfaction of the profession and the public, the duty of the important place he holds. I have seen a good many public men from Maine of both parties. They all unite in this estimate of Judge Webb. There is no doubt that if he had been willing he would long ago have been made judge of the Circuit Court, and then if the seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States held by Mr. Justice Gray of the New England Circuit had unhappily become vacant, I suppose he would have been called from the Circuit Bench to that court by almost universal consent.

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Three persons, Child, Lane, and Short, all very distinguished scholars in after life, took their place at the head of the class when they entered. Two of them held the same place when they graduated. Short was outstripped by Edwin Moses Bigelow, who is now living, a lawyer, in Boston. He entered college from the country not so well fitted as most of the class. But he made his way by an indefatigable diligence until he was graduated, with great distinction, the third scholar, going a little above Short.

Child was a man of great genius. He seems to me now, as I look back upon him, to have been as great a man at seventeen when he entered college as he was when he died. He was the best writer, the best speaker, the best mathematician, the most accomplished person in his knowledge of general literature in the class—indeed, I suppose, in college—in his day. He was probably equalled, and I dare say, more lately, surpassed, by Lane as a Latin scholar and by Short as a Greek scholar. He was a great favorite with the class. He delivered a very beautiful class oration at the end of the Senior year. He spent his life in the service of the college. He was tutor for a short time and soon succeeded Channing as professor of rhetoric and oratory. He became one of the most eminent scholars in the country in early English literature and language. He edited Little & Brown's edition of the British poets, and was a thorough student of Shakespeare and Chaucer. To the elucidation of the text of Chaucer he made some admirable contributions. He was shy and diffident, full of kindness toward persons whom he knew and to children, and full of sympathy with persons who were in sorrow, but whimsical, grotesque, and apt to take strong prejudices against persons whom he did not know. I suppose some of the best of our American men of letters of late years would have submitted their productions to the criticism of Child as to a master.

Next to him stood Lane, the admirable Latin scholar. I do not believe that anybody ever went through Harvard College who performed four years of such constant and strenuous labor. What he did in his vacations I do not know, but there was no minute lost in the term time. It is said that he never missed attendance on morning and evening prayers but once. The class were determined that Lane should not go through college without missing prayers once. So one night a cord was fastened to the handle of his door and attached to the rail of the staircase. But Lane succeeded in wrenching open the door and got to morning prayers in time. He was the monitor, whose duty it was to mark the names of the students who were absent from prayers, and who were punished by a deduction from their rank, and, if the absences were frequent enough, by a more severe penalty. The next time the measures were more effective. Lane's chum, Ellis, was in the conspiracy. The students bored holes carefully into the door and into the jamb by the side and took a number of hinges and screwed them carefully on to the door and the jamb. When Lane got ready to start for prayers in the morning, he found it impossible to open the door. As soon as he discovered what was the matter, he seized his hatchet and undertook to cut his way out. His chum Ellis, who had remained quietly in bed, sprang out of bed and placed his back against the door and declared that the door of his room should not be hewn down in that manner. Lane was obliged to desist. He, however, took his monitor's book, marked the absence of himself and his chum and submitted. There were a good many such pranks played by the boys in those days, in the spirit of a harmless and good-natured mischief. I do not know whether the college has changed in that particular or no. I do not think anybody in my day would have defaced the statue of John Harvard.

Charles Short, the third of the three whom I named as standing at the head of the class, became one of the most distinguished classical scholars in the country. He was president of Kenyon College and afterward professor of Latin in Columbia College. He was one of the committee to prepare the Revised Version of the Scriptures, and contributed largely to the Harpers' excellent Latin dictionary.

Another of our best scholars was Fitz Edward Hall, now living in England. He was a very respectable scholar in the

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ordinary college studies, but he attained no special distinction in them as compared with the others whom I have mentioned. He, however, quite early became interested in Arabic and other Oriental languages, a study which he pursued, I think, without the help of an instructor. He has had a very remarkable career. After graduation, he sailed for the East Indies, with a view to pursue there the study of the Oriental languages and literature. He took with him letters of introduction to influential persons in Calcutta, and, of course, a sufficient supply of money. But the vessel on which he was a passenger was wrecked as it approached the shore. He got ashore with difficulty, drenched with sea-water, having lost his letters of introduction and of credit, and with no resources but a few coins which happened to be in his pockets. He did not know a person in Calcutta. He disliked very much to present himself in that sorry plight to the persons to whom he had been commended by his friends in America, with the possibility that he might be suspected of being an impostor. Accordingly, he determined that he would take care of himself. He walked about the street to see what he could find to do. As he went along, he saw the sign of the *Oriental Quarterly Review*. He went in and inquired for the editor and asked him if he would accept an article. The editor said that he would consider it if it were brought in. Hall then went out and found a book-store. Going in he spied a copy of Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America." With a pencil and some sheets of paper, he wrote an article on American literature, filled up with pretty copious extracts. He took it to the editor of the *Review*, who paid him for it, I think, five pounds, and told him that he should be happy to have him make other contributions. Hall supported himself by writing for that review and some other periodicals published by the same concern, until he could write home, get new letters of introduction and credit, and support himself as a gentleman. He spent three years in Calcutta, studying Hindostanee and Persian, and afterward Bengalee and Sanscrit. Later he removed to Benares, where he was appointed to a tutorship in the Government College. Then he became professor and afterward Inspector of Schools for various districts. He was in a besieged fort for seven months during the Indian Mutiny. He received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1860. He went to London afterward to promote the election of Max Müller as professor at Oxford. While there he was himself made professor of Sanscrit and of Indian jurisprudence in London University. I saw him in England, I think in 1871, when he was librarian of the great library of the East India Company, having in charge not only a vast library, but the archives of the Company, going back beyond the time of Cromwell. He showed me many interesting letters and documents in manuscript of Cromwell, Nelson, and other famous persons. Professor Edward B. Whitney once told me that with the exception of Max Müller he considered Hall the foremost Oriental scholar in the world. I suppose Hall would have said the same thing of Professor Whitney.

Next in rank to Child, Lane, Bigelow, and Short was Judge Soule. Next to him came George Cheyne Shattuck Choate, one of the well-known family of that name, sons of a Salem physician. Choate became a physician himself. He was at the head of the Massachusetts Institution for the Insane at Taunton. He afterward had an establishment of his own, near New York, where Horace Greeley was under his care. I saw little of him after we left college. But he was nearly or quite at the head of his department in the country. It is said that his testimony in court involving questions of medical jurisprudence was wonderful for its beauty, its precision, and its profound analysis.

But I am inclined to think that the one member of our class whose fame will last to remote posterity, a fame which he will owe to a single poem, is Walter Mitchell. He was a very bright and accomplished person in college and a great favorite with his friends. He studied law, but afterward determined to become a clergyman, and took orders in the Episcopal Church. I have never heard him preach, but I have no doubt from his distinction as a writer and scholar in college that he is an excellent preacher. But his poem of the sea, entitled "Tacking Ship off Fire Island," is one of the most spirited and perfect of

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its kind in literature. You can hear the wind blow and feel the salt in your hair as you read it. I once heard it read by Richard H. Dana to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, and again by that most accomplished elocutionist E. Harlow Russell. I never read it or hear it read without a renewed admiration.

But the brightest, raciest, wittiest, liveliest, pluckiest of all the youths was Daniel Sargent Curtis, one of the race of that name so well known in Boston for excellence in various departments. Curtis was the son, I believe, of Thomas B. Curtis, the merchant, a nephew of Charles P. Curtis, the eminent lawyer, and a cousin of Judge Benjamin R. Curtis. I do not know what he would have made of himself if he had cultivated his great literary capacity. Certainly if he had performed the promise of his boyhood he would have been one of the foremost men in American literature. He studied law, but later became a banker. Afterward he took up his residence in Italy, where I suppose he is living now. He produced some serious poetry which he read to some college societies. I hope, for the credit of the class and for the country and his name, he may have done something in later years which will be given to the world. It is said, I know not how truly, that he was for many years a near neighbor and intimate friend of Browning. When he was in college and in the law school the boys used to enliven all social gatherings by repeating his good jests, as, in later years, the lawyers did those of Rufus Choate, or the people in public life in Washington still later those of Evarts. Such things lose nine-tenths of their flavor in the repetition, and nine parts of the other tenth when they are put in writing. Curtis was quite small in stature. But he was plucky as a game-cock, and a little dandyish in his dress. It is said that when he was a freshman, the boys at the Cambridge High School, a good many of whom were much bigger than he was, undertook to throw snowballs at him one day as he went by. Whereupon Curtis marched up to the biggest boy and told him if another snowball were thrown at him he should thrash him and he might pass it over to the boy who did it. The result was that Curtis was not troubled again.

You could not attack or rally him without some bright reply. Horace Gray, afterward the judge, went shooting one day and met Curtis as he was coming back with his gun over West Boston Bridge. Curtis asked him if he had shot anything. Gray said, "No, nothing, but a hawk I shot in Watertown. I stopped at the museum as I came by, and gave it to Agassiz." "I suppose Agassiz said 'Accipiter,'" said Curtis.

When Professor Greenleaf resigned his place at the Dane Law School, much to the regret of the students, it was proposed to secure a likeness of him for the lecture-room. There was some discussion whether it should be a bust or a picture, and if a bust what should be the material. Curtis said, "Better make it Verd Antique. That means Old Green."

Dr. Beck once required each of his class to bring a Latin epigram. Dan Curtis, who was not very fond of work unless it was in the line of his own tastes, presented the following :

> Fugiunt. Qui fugiunt? Galli; tunc moriar contentus.

"What is that, Curtis?" said the doctor. "Dying words of Wolfe, sir," replied Curtis. "Ah," said the doctor, with great satisfaction. He thought it was Wolf, the famous Greek scholar, and thought the epigram highly to Curtis's credit.

I do not of course undertake to give sketches of all my classmates, either living or dead, or those who have attained distinction as useful and honorable members of society. So far as I know their career since they left college, there is none of them of whom the class or the college need be ashamed.

The boys generally boarded in the College Commons, where they could board for $2.25 a week on one side, and on the other, called "starvation commons," for $1.75 a week. In the latter they had meat only every other day. A few of the sons of the wealthier families boarded in private houses, where the rate of board varied from $3 to $3.50 a week. The rooms were furnished very simply, almost always without carpets, though in rare instances the floors would be covered with

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a cheap carpet, which did not last very well under the wear and tear of boyish occupation. The students generally made their own fires and blacked their own boots and drew water for themselves. But there was a family of negroes, named Lewis, who performed those services for such boys as desired, at a compensation of $5 or $6 a term. The patriarch of this race was a very interesting old character. He was said to be one hundred years old. He must have been that or very near it. One morning, shortly after six o'clock, just as we were coming from prayers, old Mr. Lewis drove by with a horse, which he was said to have bought for $5, and a wagon of about the same value. He had a load of all sorts of vegetables which he had raised in his little garden up near the Arsenal and was carrying into Boston to market. One of his old wheels broke and the wagon came down, spilling the old fellow himself and his load of vegetables. He lay there flat on his back, unable to get up, surrounded by turnips and squashes and onions and potatoes, etc. As he lay with his black face and his white, grizzled poll, he was a most ludicrous spectacle. One of us asked him, "Why, Mr. Lewis, what is the matter?" "Wall," he said, with a mournful tone, "I laid eaout to go into Boston."

I suppose there was more turbulence and what would be called rowdyism in my day than now. At any rate I do not hear of such things very often nowadays. But it was usually of a harmless character. There were very few instances, indeed, of what would be called dissipation, still fewer of actual vice. The only game which was much in vogue was football. There was a little attempt to start the English game of cricket, and occasionally, in the spring, the old-fashioned, simple game of baseball was played. But the chief game was football, which was played from the beginning of the September term until the cold weather set in, and sometimes, I believe, in the spring. It was very unlike the game as at present carried on. After evening prayers, which were over about five or ten minutes after six, the boys repaired to the football ground and ranged themselves on sides nearly equal in number. If one side thought they were not fairly matched they would shout, "More, more!" until enough went over to them from the other side to make it about equal. Then one of the best kickers gave the ball a kick toward the other side of the field, and there was a rush and an attempt to get it past the goal. Nobody was allowed to pick up the football, or to run with it in his hand. A fast runner and good kicker who could get the ball a little outside of the line of his antagonists could often make a great progress with it across the field before he was intercepted. It was allowable to trip up one of the other side by thrusting the foot before him. But touching an opponent with the hand would have been resented as an assault and insult. The best football players were, commonly, not the strongest men, but the swiftest runners.

The practice of hazing freshmen during the few weeks after their entering, was carried on sometimes under circumstances of a good deal of cruelty. One boy in my class was visited by a party of sophomores, treated with much indignity, and his feelings extremely outraged. He was attacked by a fever shortly afterward, of which he died. During his last hours, in his delirium, he was repeating the scenes of this visit to his room. His father thought that the indignity hastened his death. Another was taken out from his room in his night-clothes, tied in a chair, and left on the public common in the cold. It was a long time before he was discovered and rescued. A heavy cold and a fit of sickness were the consequence.

There was an entertaining custom of giving out what were called mock parts, when the real parts for the exhibitions or commencement were announced. They were read out from a second-story window to an assemblage of students in the yard, and after the real parts had been given some mock parts were read. Usually some peculiarity of the person to whom they were assigned was made the object of good-natured ridicule in the selection of the subject. For example, one boy, who was rather famous for smoking other fellows' cigars and never having any of his own, had assigned to him as a subject, "The Friendships of this Life all Smoke."

When the parts were assigned for commencement, which were given usually to

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the first half of the class, there was a procession of what was called the Navy Club, and an assignment of honors which were in order of excellence the reverse of that observed in the regular parts. The Lord High Admiral was supposed to be the worst scholar in the class, if possible one who had been rusticated twice during the college course. The laziest man in the class was Rear Admiral. Then there was a Powder Monkey and a Coxswain, and other naval officers, who were generally famous for what used to be called demerits. The members of the class to whom parts were assigned were called "digs" and marched in the procession, each with a spade on his shoulder, the first scholar, who in our class was Child, as the "dig of digs," having a spade of huge dimensions. I believe James Russell Lowell was the Lord High Admiral in his class. The Rear Admiral in mine was borne about on a couch or litter, supported by four men, having another one marching by his side to carry his pipe, which he was supposed to be too lazy to put into his mouth or take out of his mouth himself. The procession had banners bearing various devices and went around to take leave of the president and the different professors, giving them cheers at their houses. President Everett, who was a serious-minded person, was much offended by the whole proceeding. He sent for some members of the class and remonstrated; told them he had been obliged to apologize to his English servant-girl for such an exhibition. I believe our class was the last one which performed this harmless and highly entertaining ceremony.

One of my classmates, afterward a worthy physician, was a tall man, older considerably than the rest of the class. He used to wear an old-fashioned blue, straight-bodied coat with brass buttons, buff vest, and nankeen pantaloons which were said to have come down as an heirloom in his family from a remote generation. He was addicted to rather a pompous style of speech. He was very fond of playing the bass-viol, of which he was by no means a very skilful master. He had, as a subject for his mock part, "The Base Violation of all Rules of Harmony." One Sunday evening he had a few friends with him who were singing psalm tunes to the accompaniment of his bass-viol. They made a prodigious noise, not at all to the liking of the proctor who had the care of the discipline of that entry, which was in Holworthy. He went to the room from which the noise issued. It was locked and he had some difficulty in getting in. The assembled youths, instead of maintaining their places, betook themselves to hiding-places in the inner rooms. My classmate, however, stood his ground like a Roman, and told the officer that his room was his castle and that he had no right to come in. The matter was reported to the faculty and the musician sent for. Instead of submitting himself, however, he maintained very sturdily that the visit of the official to his room was an outrage which he ought not to be asked to endure. He made quite an oration to the faculty. Thereupon he was sentenced, more for his contumacy than for the original offence, to suspension from the college for two or three months. The class were very indignant and determined to manifest their indignation in a way that should be understood. They got a chariot with six white horses which drove up to his door in Holworthy at midday. Nearly the whole college assembled to see him off. He came out and took his seat in solitary state in the chariot. Some eight or ten of the class on horseback accompanied him as outriders. They drove into Boston to the front door of the Tremont House in great state. It was just at the time the Governor-General of Canada, I think Lord Elgin, was expected in Boston on a great occasion in the history of the city. The waiters and landlord at the Tremont House thought the English nobleman had arrived, and hurried down the steps to open the door and meet him. But he got out of his carriage with his carpet-bag in his hand and disappeared in a humble fashion round the corner. The faculty were very indignant and thought of disciplining severely the members of the class who had got up the burlesque, especially the outriders. Edward Everett then had under consideration the question whether he would accept the presidency of the college. It was thought that if a rebellion occurred then, it would decide

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him against undertaking the responsibility. So they let the whole matter pass. The principal figure in this scene used to be rather a thorn in the flesh of Professor Channing. He used to insert very pompous and magniloquent sentences in his themes, much to Channing's disgust. One day Channing took up a theme and held it up and called out X. X came to the chair by the professor's side, and the professor read, in his shrill voice, "'The sable sons of Afric's burning coast.' You mean negroes, I suppose?" He admitted that he did, and the professor took his pen and drew a line over the sentence he had read and substituted the word "negroes" above the line, much to X's mortification.

The treatment of the students in general by the authorities and the college was stern, austere, and distant. The students, except such of them as had relatives in Cambridge, had little social intercourse with the families of the professors. The professors did nothing to encourage familiarity, or even to encourage any request for help in the difficulties of study. Indeed a boy who did that fell into disfavor with his companions, and was called a fish.

But still, notwithstanding all I have said about the college as to the narrowness of its curriculum in those days and the want of a sympathetic guidance on the part of the instructors, somehow or other the debt of the pupil of those times to dear old Harvard is an incalculable debt. He was transformed and transfigured. The difference in the capacity of a college graduate to deal with any matter requiring intellectual power, and that of men who had not got that education, was marked and unmistakable. I do not know how to account for or to reason about it. But Alma Mater brought up her boys to be better boys and to be better men, to serve the state better in war and in peace, to be better citizens and better soldiers than could be found elsewhere.

THE VAIN SHADOW

[BEING AN EXCERPT FROM THE MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL OF ARCHIBALD MUIR, CLERK OF THE HONOURABLE THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY AT NEPIGON HOUSE IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1815.]

By Duncan Campbell Scott

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY MCCARTER

Monday, January Ninth 1815.

NOW that Murchison has gone daft or near it, nothing remains for me but to shut myself up within myself and resort to what resources I have in my own heart to eke out the days. The longing for a homely life and ordinary sweet converse with one's fellows must be put away, and I must, to keep my own brain sweet and sound, take an interest in the dead world about me.

The day has been a wild one. Last night I heard the wind begin in the trees; at first I thought it was Donald, who has a constant way of moving about at night, speering out at the door, pacing to and fro in the darkness, and behaving generally in a manner calculated to set any well-ordered body thinking that he was tormented by an evil spirit or an evil conscience, which, I opine, is much the same thing. But it was not Murchison; he was asleep, as quiet as if he was dead, and I heard the wind give another stir back on the hill. The snow must have fallen from that on, and now all the marks and evidences of the landscape are gone, being concealed in the mass of the storm which blows everywhere.

There has been nothing to be done all day. If I had been so minded I could have added the columns of my ledger for

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the fiftieth time, but every slight mark in the paper being now as familiar as every figure on the page I forbore. If Donald had been so minded I could have read another number of the *Glasgow Herald*, but if I even looked upon the desk in which he keeps it he began to growl and shift himself in his seat, or to glare up from the bunk where he was lying. Yesterday he called me "a puir feckless fule," but if I was fule enough to invent such a diabolical manner of reading the good papers full of news which come out to us in the packets I would "steik" my mouth, as he would say, about "fules." Here he has the good *Glasgow Herald*, mark you, a christian paper if ever there was one, and will not read it for to enjoy it as a christian should, by reading it day and night till all the copies are done and then reading it over and over to his heart's content. But, no, he says; "twice every week, on the Monday and Friday, we will have our paper, and so will pass the winter and have none of your daft performances," says he.

Last Friday I read the news of April Eighth, in the year of our Lord 1814, and I am compelled to await the pleasure of my master to read the news of April Eleventh. He will not let me have a look at the paper, and sits glowering into the fire or uprising like a man who has resolved to save his country, and then, dropping back into his chair as if he had no more life than a baby. O! if I had the great arrangements of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company I would make an alteration in the Nepigon House Post.

Donald was always a nervous sort of a body, and no more to be depended on than the wind; up and down with his temper and his tongue, but what started him off to-day? What Devil is riding him now? I was eating my brose this morning and I was watching him open the paper thinking to myself, maybe about noon you'll be finished with that. Well, he kept on reading without thinking at all of his bowl, and it was getting cold. He had his face close up to the window, for the light was little by reason of the storm and his eye was jumping about on the paper, but very quickly he seemed all turned to stone and stared like an ox hit with a poll axe. Then he gave a sort of groan and let his hand fall down and the paper rustled against his knees. His face turned all wan and pinched together, and a more dreeful figure I never saw. But he was all up again in a minute, I saw he expected to meet my eye, but I was looking into my bowl. "Hoot!" he said, "young donkey, you'd be letting yon brose get as cold as a puddock and not askin' Alec to put them by the fire." With that he sat down, but never a mouthful did he eat.

Speering out at the door.—Page 72.

I went over as if to take up the paper. "Houd," says he, "dinna touch it!" "Um!" says I, maybe in a mocking tone. "None o' your snash," says he, as sharp as a trap. I thought better to let it go at that, so I put a log on the fire and by and by up he gets, whips out his keys, unlocks his private box and just fairly puts the paper away.

So, in default of anything else to do, I must abuse him for

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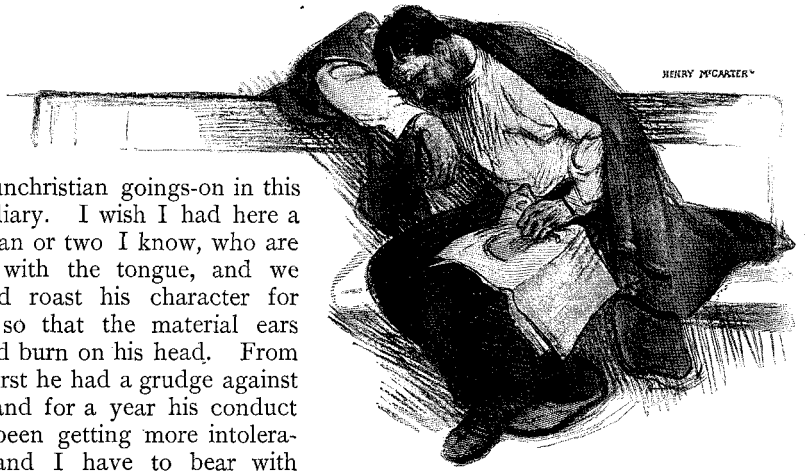

A more dreeful figure I never saw.—Page 73.

his unchristian goings-on in this my diary. I wish I had here a woman or two I know, who are glib with the tongue, and we would roast his character for him so that the material ears would burn on his head. From the first he had a grudge against me, and for a year his conduct has been getting more intolerable and I have to bear with him and not be half so impudent as his action calls for. Now he has begun to provoke me by withholding the paper.

January Tenth.

Reading what I last wrote puts me out of conceit of myself for being so impatient with a poor body who maybe has more cause to be provoked with me than I have to be put about by him. It is almost a fearsome thing, when you consider it, to be here so many miles away from home in a land burdened with snow and deep cold, just the three of us—Donald, myself, and the boy. And for the past few months, as I look back, I realize we have not had a pleasant time of it. Donald has been that freakish there has been no living with him, and I have a temper of my own, and sometimes there is nothing left for the boy Alec to do but to go out with the dogs. We should be forbearing, and I pray God to make me lenient of Donald Murchison's faults.

I was sitting writing, with just enough light from the fire to see by, when Donald came in, stirring about in an uneasy way. "Muir," he says. I thought he was going to speak in the temper he had been in all day, so I went on writing. "Archie, boy," he says in his winning way, which when he puts on I would go the round of the world for him.

"What is it?" answered I, looking up.

"Have ye any breath in your body at all?"

"I have."

"Then why don't you blow it into the pipes?"

I was glad enough to do that, so I took them out of my box and I played my best, and many of the things I knew he liked, but when I struck into "Braw, braw, lads" (which is his prime favorite for some reason unknown to me who always think it a scritchy bit of a tune) he held up his hand, not vicious at all, but as not wanting me to go on, so I put them by. Then as he was in such a good humor I slipped away and got the boy Alec, and between us, while he sat looking into the fire and pulling at his beard, we made something savory and got it upon the table without burning or slopping. I was glad to see him eat with gusto, and as I looked upon him, as we had our faces over the table, I began to observe how he was all fallen away and shrunken to half his natural size.

It is strange that when a person has anything upon the mind he will not eat, but will go about as if the trouble was meat and drink to him. So it is with Murchison. He has always seemed to me a lonely body, never getting any letters from home, or speaking about his folk, a man without comfortable recollections, and that is a poor way to be in this land, where nothing happens but storms and the endeavor of the fur-trade.

I had a sort of pang for Donald as I saw him looking so wasted, and I vowed to be more patient with him. He did not speak much, and mostly to the boy, but after supper, as I put on fresh wood, he began to get restless and in a moment or two to glance at me and at his box. Then he went over and unlocked it and threw the newspaper

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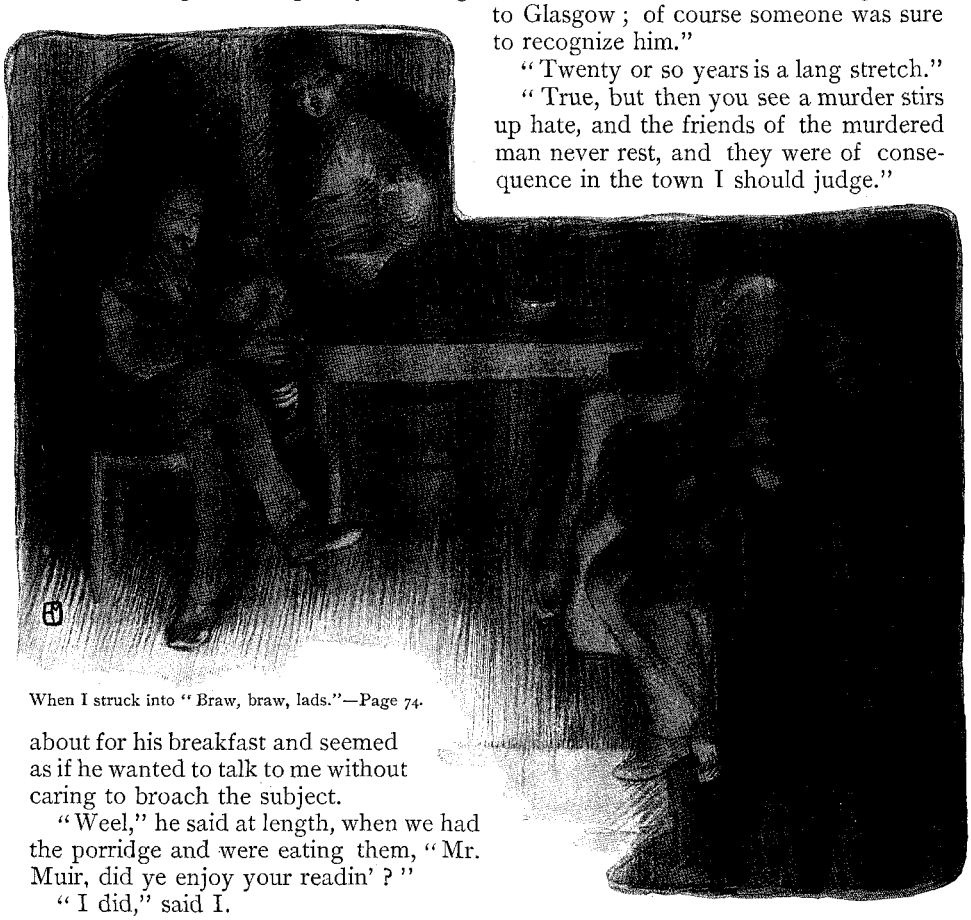
back over his shoulder at me. "There," he said, "tak' it," half crossly, like a child in a pout. I thanked him courteously, and read it over by the fire-light. He sat and watched me for some reason or other, as if he were ready to pounce on me, but I bore him out and in not more than an hour he went off to his bed, when I finished my paper in peace.

This morning he was up early, dancing



When I struck into "Braw, braw, lads."—Page 74.

about for his breakfast and seemed as if he wanted to talk to me without caring to broach the subject.

"Weel," he said at length, when we had the porridge and were eating them, "Mr. Muir, did ye enjoy your readin' ?"

"I did," said I.

"It's a bonny journal, yon *Herald;* ye said ye were never in Glasga ?"

"No," I answered, for the hundredth time.

"Puir body. I ken it weel, though I han'na been there for close twenty-five year."

"There must be changes in the town."

"Aye, more's the pity. Now did ye happen to observe in yesterday's paper the trial for a murder ?" We commonly talked the news over as if it was fresh of the day before, though it was nearly a year old.

"I did; the man called Farquharson ?"

"Aye! it set me to groping back in my mind, and I seem to win back the affair."

"I did not see when they arrested him."

"I did," he remarked, "it was a good many months back; they would have been collecting the evidence against him."

"This fellow was sheer daft to go back to Glasgow; of course someone was sure to recognize him."

"Twenty or so years is a lang stretch."

"True, but then you see a murder stirs up hate, and the friends of the murdered man never rest, and they were of consequence in the town I should judge."

"They were that," said he.

"Well, he's properly hanged by this time," I said, thoughtlessly.

"Bah!" he cried, "canna ye steik your mouth. How can ye tell aught about that. If there's onything I abhor, it's a lad o' your size with a loose lip."

That thoughtless word of mine put him in a bad humor all the rest of the day.

Friday January Thirteenth.

This afternoon, after the storm, I went

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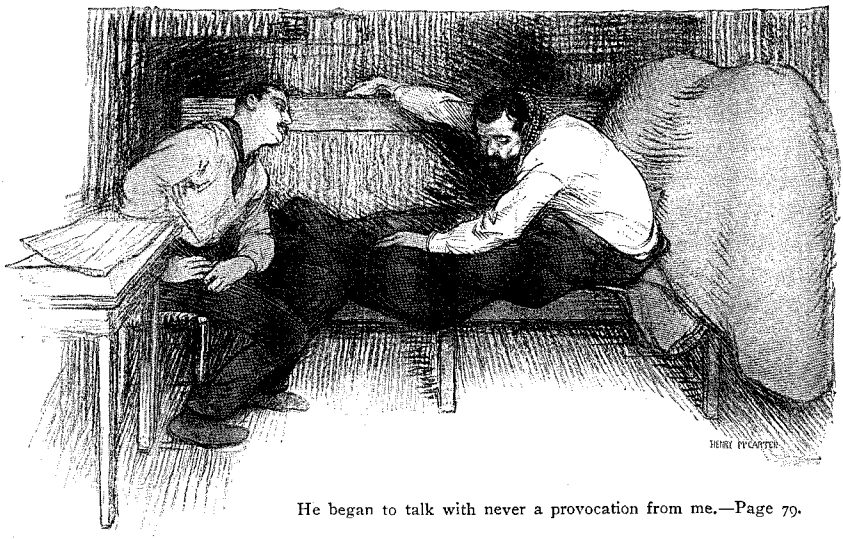

He began to talk with never a provocation from me.—Page 79.

off to dig out some traps I had set on Jack Fish Island. In one I found a silver fox. The sight of it made Donald smile when I brought it in. It is dancing cold after the storm. About an hour after I brought in the fox he threw me over the paper. "There's naething in it about the trial," he said.

"What trial?"

"Farquharson's."

I could see he was angry again with me for having forgotten, and I could see also that he was for some reason or other interested in the trial more than ordinary. He growled in his beard a good deal and would not eat anything, and how he can keep the strength in him is more than I can understand.

January Fourteenth.

Yesterday Donald decided, in a great fuss and hurry, that he would go to Negodina, and away we went with the dogs. It was a beautiful morning, the snow all sparkling in the sun and no wind to disturb the lightest of the crystals. I was enjoying the exhilarating motion on my snowshoes and the sound of my voice in the clear air calling to the dogs. We had barely gone five miles when Donald tumbled over in the snow and could not get up. "This is what comes of eating no breakfast," I said, "and trying to walk a matter of twenty-five miles on a glass of grog." He looked at me pitifully out of the weariness of his eyes and said nothing. That is the thing I do not understand about the man, if I get the first word at him he will not so much as answer me back, but if he begins to rate me he will bluster me down if it takes all day.

When I got him back to the Post he was cold, and with some hot broth I got the warmth into him, stretching him on the bench before the fire with his rabbit-skin robe well over him. Now I began to remember, what with petulance I had overlooked, that for a long time he had not eaten enough to keep life in a bird, and had been drinking his allowance. Now sympathy opened my eyes and I saw he had no flesh and no strength.

Toward evening he said, in his best winning voice, "Read us the paper, laddie." So I read yesterday's paper through, and several times I thought he had gone to sleep, but when I had finished he said, with a weary sigh, "There's no word about the trial." "Not a word," I answered. A few moments later he fell asleep, and as I am writing he still sleeps.

The Sabbath, January Fifteenth.

Donald is not much better to-day. Last night I heard him astir and rising myself I saw him with a candle groping over old papers in the box, but did not disturb him and warn him back to bed as I should have done, for fear of his displeasure.

Wednesday January Eighteenth.

There has been nothing worthy to write about until to-day. Donald lay all day

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yesterday and spoke seldom, and that crossly when he did speak and cuffed at Alec with his blanket, which is a thing I never saw him do before. He would do everything for himself and would read the paper and Mr. James Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," but flung the book away, calling the writer "a doited body!" "a clavering Idiot!"

But to-day he is up and about as blithe as a bird, and nothing that will account for it but some notes about this trial; but why the probability of a guilty man being hanged through lack of evidence should make anybody joyful is to me inexplicable. But he goes about whistling, "Braw, braw lads," and snapping his fingers, and once when he was working at the parchment in the window he broke out with a laugh and a quoting out of the newspaper "Insufficiency of evidence." But the laugh sounded hollow.

"You think they won't hang this Farquharson?"

"Na! man; they'd be clean daft to hang the body on any evidence they can find," and he chuckled over the words.

"You seem glad," I remarked.

"Aye!" he said, dryly.

"They may hang him yet," I said.

"You are supposing he's the right man."

"He has been identified."

"Aye!" said he, chuckling again.

What sense is there in this, says I to myself. He clearly wants Farquharson to get free. But, to tell truth I am of that mind also, for the poor body denies so hotly that he is Farquharson. But at the same time he will not say who he is in truth, or where he came from, and he has against his word all these rich and powerful personages who swear that he is Farquharson, and so, unless he can open his mouth and find him some friends, it will go hardly with him.

In the evening we brewed punch and we had too much of it and, God forgive me, I do not remember what happened, but this morning Alec's ear, that was above his blanket, was bitten by the frost, as the fire had gone out.

January Twenty-fourth.

I have been so busy with Donald that I have had no time to write in this Journal, and now there is nothing to write about, saving him and his vagaries about this trial, which is like a maggot in his brain. From the news that we read regularly it would appear that the evidence is much against Farquharson, though it provokes me to think that he is long ago cold in his grave, or alive and free somewhere, while we are bothering our brains about him here for no good reason, so far as I can see. When I was a bairn at home, when my poor mother used to read aloud to us, we would cry out if she read on with her eye and remained silent in the enthralling parts of the story. But dearly would I love to read on now. A flip or two of these old papers and I would end all this suspense, but Donald will not hear to it.

There is no keeping his mind from off the topic, and unless I can divert him he will be mad with it. Last night he came to me about midnight and shook me awake. He held the light in his hand and his face was resolute. I saw he was dressed for the road and had his dog-whip in his hand.

"Muir," he said, "I leave you in charge of the Post. I'm awa'."

"Whereto?" I asked, half asleep.

"To Glasga." It made my bones crumble to hear him

"Glasgow, man! Do you know we're in the Nepigon, a thousand and a thousand and a thousand miles from Glasgow, and as good as a year's travel."

"I'm going," he said, "be you good to Alec."

I saw he was fixed, so, to gain time, I humored him.

"If you are going," I said, "I have a bit of a parcel I'd like you to take to my mother."

"Aye," said he, "that I will do gladly; wrap it up, and be quick about it." I took the light from him and went to my box. As I stooped over it I said:

"Are you going to attend Farquharson's trial?"

"I am."

"You forget that what we were reading is a matter of a year old." It was cruel hard to say it. He pondered it; then he let the whip drop, threw up both his hands and reeled down on my bed. After awhile he let me take off his capot and moccasins. Then he began to cry

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like a little boy. "You're good to me, Archie, lad; you're good to me."

"Man!" I said, "you're all unnerved."

"I got to thinking o'er much, and I thought if either Mary or me could reach there we might save him."

"You had best talk to me about it," I said, "and not kill yourself with thinking. You don't eat your food, Donald, man, and there's nothing so destroying as this furious thinking on an empty stomach."

"I think you're right; you're a sensible laddie. It maybe would be a good plan."

I built up the fire and after a little while I had the satisfaction of seeing him drop off into a sound and peaceful sleep.

Wednesday January Twenty-fifth.

I am so careful now in watching Donald and nursing him and humoring him that I have not time each day to write in this diary. I have tried to act upon the suggestion I made the other night, and have him talk to me about what is in his mind regarding this Farquharson trial with but small success. I deliberately tried him with a question the other morning when he seemed reasonable and coherent.

"You spoke of a Mary the other night?"

"Tut!" he replied, "ye impudent young rascal, what is that to you that I spoke of?"

I was moved to answer him back sharply, but I forbore for that time.

The last journal that we read about the trial said that the evidence was all in, and he was that restless and captious nothing would suit him. We had a quarrel this morning over the small matter of a clean shirt I wanted to put upon him. But he would have none of my help and ordered me away, as if he had been a prince and I a scullion. "I'll have none of your paltering and officious interference," he says, "de ye think I can no put on my own shirt. Tak' yersel off!" But so weak was he that he had sore work with it and had in the end to ask Alec to do the throat buttons for him.

The only food he will take now is a little broth made from the breasts of the geese we have put down last fall. I make it savory and heat it myself and keep Alec's finger out of the pot, so that nothing is burnt or ill-flavored. To-day, when he was supping something, he said:

"They think they have the right man and are keeping her out of the way."

"Who?"

"Miss Mary Fraser."

"O!" said I, "she wouldn't be a good witness if he were the right man, eh?"

"Never!" he says.

"Well, that's odd that a woman would not see justice done."

"They're bound to hang him," he said, grimly, "and they couldn't if she were about. If it was Farquharson there, before her, she'd say it was no him and give him a chance for his life, or I never knew her."

Friday January Twenty-seventh.

Hugh Farquharson is found guilty, and is to be hanged on the Thirtieth of June, Eighteen and Fourteen.

January Thirtieth.

I have had a mighty trial with Donald, and have been through deep waters with him, but now I think he will be gradually getting better if I can keep his mind off the hanging matter. After I read out the last news to him he became like stone, oblivious, as it seemed to me, of his surroundings. Seeing him so quiet I went about my work with an easy mind, and on Thursday evening I said to myself, I will play him a little on the pipes. But the drones had hardly taken the breath when he was upon me, and he abused me so soundly and so well that my tongue could make no answer. There was somewhat droll about it and tragical at the same time. There was not much flame to the fire and very little light in the room, and out of the gloom of the corner where his bunk is I could see him flourish his blanket as his voice descended upon me.

It is strange that a thing he esteems so greatly as the pipes should have set him into this humor. I recollect many evenings during the summer that I would play, walking up and down the green in front of the door. When the echo from the chanter would come clamoring back from the hill on the island he would say to me, his face all beaming with satisfaction, "Do ye hear that, Archie boy? It sounds like a lot o' tykes yowlin' over

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there." To what a pass he has brought himself when he cannot abide the sound of the pipes, and them in the same room with him !

Wednesday February First.

A wild storm yesterday. I visited the traps at Jack Fish Island. Ogemah-gah-bow came in from Negodina and says the rabbits are scarce. I gave him a bag of flour and a small keg of rum. Donald is quiet, but no better.

February Fourth.

To-day has been one of misfortune. The boy, Alec, began this morning by burning the porridge, and they were vile. Then one of the windows blew in with the storm and the fire got out of the hearth. Then when the fish was ready for supper the boy stumbled with it and fell along the floor. Donald was moved to laughter and roared like a bull-moose. It was droll, the figure of Alec sprawling, trying to save himself and the supper at the same time. His felt cap, that he persists in wearing in the house, sprang off his head and went into the fire, where it was finely singed. It was good to hear Donald laugh after so many days of silence. But it had an untoward effect upon him for in a few minutes his flesh was wringing with sweat and cold at that. The man was crazy, that he would not allow me to help him out of his shirt.

I have some decent pleasure now in reading the *Herald*, although Donald's eye is fearsome at times and glares, as if he expected to see the real execution in it. If he would but let me go forward a few months and see how the matter was ended!

The Sabbath, February Fifth.

The fit of laughter that Donald had yesterday at supper-time seems to have cleared the air, and to-day he is quite sunny with that uncommon winning way he has which when he adopts it makes him the best companion in the world, even for me who am maybe half as old. After dinner I had him propped up on the bench before the fire, his wool bonnet on his head, his rabbit-skin robe across his knees, when he began to talk with never a provocation from me, which I will write down to the best of my recollection, using his very words when I can recall them.

That Mary Fraser was a bonnie lass; ye mind I used to live in Glasga ; a bonnie, bonnie lass. I was a young thing then in her father's counting-house, a matter of twenty or twenty-two, and she was maybe eighteen or twenty, maybe, they gar their ages weel the lassies. I had a great comrade in those days, he was over the self-same desk, Hugh Farquharson by name. Aye ! Ye start ; I knew the lad weel. He was a sort of cousin to Mary Fraser, ye ken ; his mother and her father were second cousins, close enough in Scotland. Weel he was a rantin' bit of a boy. Ye remind me of him some, ye have the same up-and-down capricious temper and a good deal of the same sort of nonsense about ye. That maybe makes me tolerate ye.

Weel old Hugh Fraser used to ask him out to the house occasionally to have a bit and sup, and sometimes Miss Mary would run in to vex her father at the office, and so they met at whiles. There was anither lad who lived at the big house who was not as much relation as was Hugh. Old Fraser was good to his relatives and his only chick and child was Miss Mary. Weel, this fellow's name was Purvis. Aye ! ye start: I'm telling you how it happened. A mean, hang-dog, pale-eyed puppy he was ; but there he was in the house, mind ye, and he was older than us boys; looking back I weel realize we were nathing but boys. What old Fraser could see in this disjasket, speldering nobody I could never make out, but nevertheless he was as much bound to match him with Miss Mary as the idiot was himself.

I didn't much wonder at Hugh falling in love with Miss Mary, she was that cantie, with her bonnie red hair, and her blue eyen, and her arms and waist as round as a ring. And perhaps ye could na blame her for loving the lad, but I was never the judge of beauty in a man. He was as strong as steel and as straight as a rush, that I will say. Well, he told me about it, for we were on open terms.

"Tak' care what ye do," said I, "and just keep your eye on Mr. Purvis."

"Why ?" said he.

"Because he's just the very deevil !"

"Pooh !" answered he, "I could crush him with my thumb."

"Ye could that," said I, "but he has a deal of low cunning in that head of his,

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and ye run counter to his plans, for he wants Miss Mary for himself." I thought Hugh would choke when I said that.

Well, for a whole winter they went on with their love nonsense, and nobody observed them. For to be sure they hadn't o'er much of a chance for it. At kirk it was a mere feasting of the eye; and otherwhiles a bit of a note exchanged or a lock of hair as like as not; or a word that meant more than it sounded when some dull body's back was turned. Hugh got a sailor in port to tattoo on his breast, over his heart, a true lover's knot, with the initials above and below: M. F., that was Mary Fraser, and H. F., that was Hugh Farquharson, and like as not he told her of his foolishness.

I don't know that there was any end to the secret lover's nonsense they carried on, and when it came spring they used to meet in the evenings. There was a little old garden door in the wall, fairly smothered up in ivy, and when Miss Mary could slip away from her women folk she would come out and talk to Hugh under a thorn-tree, where he had piled a heap of stones for a seat, and I have no manner of doubt but that the burn looked fine to them as it went by in the star-light.

One night as I was reading in my room Hugh came on tiptoe in to me, his face ghostly white.

"I've killed him!" he whispered.

"Purvis?" I asked, under my breath.

"Yes," said he.

Then he put his mouth up to my ear and whispered me the story. It appears they were cuddled up there in the moonlight in Hughie's plaidie, when Purvis came through the gate and found them. Instead of talking to Hugh like a man, he began to abuse Miss Mary, and in the midst of his gab he called her a vile name. It was hardly out of his mouth when Hugh was upon him. Miss Mary, frightened half to death, ran into the garden, as Hugh told her.

"I've killed him," he said, "and I was very quick with him."

"Well!" said I, "let us go and see." Even then I had made up my mind what to do, and I took a bit of a rope with me. We scurried along in the moonlight and when we found him he was dead, stone dead.

"What maun I do now?" asked Hugh, shocked out of his senses.

"You'll do just as I tell you."

So we tied him up with stones and sunk him in a deep pool of the burn. "Now," I said, "the Quebec [she was one of Fraser's ships] weighs anchor to-morrow morning. You go aboard to-night, get McTavish [he was second mate and a chum of ours] to hide you until you are three days out, and goodbye to this part of the world." It was the only thing for him to do. Old Fraser would have hunted him if he had but laid a finger on that booby, for he was a fine hater, and here he had killed him outright, ye see, in the middle of his temper, without ever being able to tell afterward how he had done it. After a while I slipped away myself, for it was sort of uncomfortable after the affair got about, and I had a power of questions asked me, some of which I did not care to answer.

Monday February Sixth.

It was too long a story for Donald to tell, and he has been weaker since and looks woefully bad. When he was listening to the paper to-day which I was reading to him he said, suddenly interrupting me:

"I told ye that story that ye might tell Mary Fraser if anything happens to me that I would have gone to Glasga and saved the man if I could ha' done it."

"If the man is Farquharson how then could you have saved him?" asked I, impudently.

"You will tell her that, Archie, like a dear lad?"

"I will," I replied.

"And tell her too that I knew that if she could have got there and saved him she would have done that. Ye ken she might be away travelling in foreign parts, or they might keep the word of the trial away from her, as they do sometimes from women folk."

"Yes, I'll tell her that."

"That's considerate of you, ye ken I knew them both weel. Ye seem to understand that it is the woefullest of all the fates to have your mind in one spot o' earth and your dull dead body in anither, not to be able to reach folk when they need ye sore, and to feel your soul destroy your body like the wick burns up the candle."

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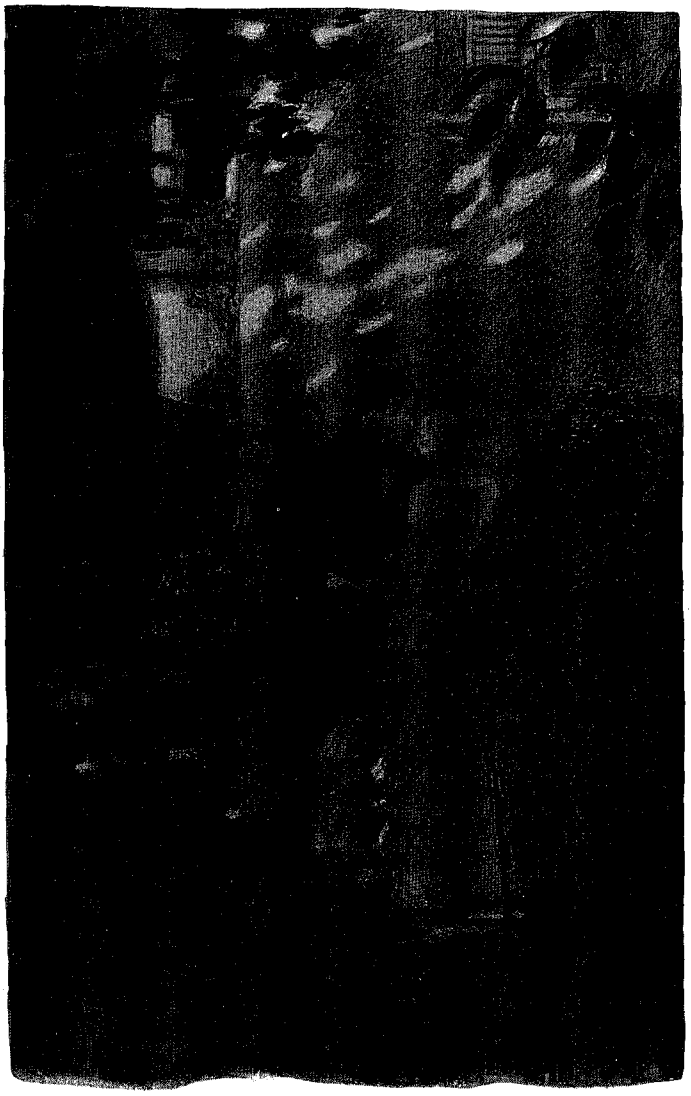
Saturday February Eleventh

Yesterday when I took up the new paper to read to Donald I had a surprise: it was dated June Twenty-fourth, and the last one I had read was dated May Ninth. He saw there was something wrong, so he said, "What is it Archie, man?" I had to tell him; and search high or low I could make nothing of it, six weeks of the papers were missing. "Guid God!" he cried, "do ye ken what this means. Six weeks gone out o' life, and all for the sake of some doited clerk body who doesn't know what is life in these outland parts." I could not get him quieted and in truth I was well put about myself. But search was useless, a whole package of the paper had gone astray. "Just think of it!" he kept murmuring to himself, "six weeks of those bonnie Glasga *Heralds*."

"Well, we can go on with the others and try not to remember it."

"I'm no so sure o' that." Then he said, in a low, musing voice, "If we did that they'd be hangin' him next week."



She would come out and talk to Hugh.—Page 80.

The loss of those twelve papers is a wretched business when you come to consider it. It is not as if you could turn your money in your pocket and have them again. To-day I heard Donald talking to Alec; he thought I was out feeding the dogs. It was pitiful to hear his apologetic tone with the boy whom he had been sharp with a moment before.

"Ye maun na mind me lad, I'm just a bit gyte. Ye ken I've lost six weeks o' my life in those *Heralds* that may be in the bottom of the deep, but which are missent mostlike by some idiot clerk in the office. Man, but it's waeful. Ye see Archie Muir and me were expecting something in the journal about six weeks from now, and I canna let him read on, and there's no way of leading up to it. What'll happen to me before then God kens. Mind ye never make mistakes in your work, laddie, they're sometimes worse than real wickedness."

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The Sabbath, February Twelfth

Donald called me about four o'clock this morning. "Archie, man, I'm a bit cold! will you give me a drink?" I had Alec up in a twinkling, and in a moment we had some hot grog. He sipped a little of it. His hands were very cold. "Go," he says, "Archie, lad, to my box, you'll find a little packet in the corner of the top." He shut it up in his hands. Then he sank back and sighed. It came over me how I had often been angry and fought him. Poor Alec did not understand, and cowered up trembling against me.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Death," I answered.

"Do people die so easily?" he asked.

"Sometimes," I answered.

"I thought it was sleep," he whispered.

"So it is," I said.

Monday February Thirteenth

I have made everything right for poor Donald. We have cleared the snow from the house where we winter the canoes and have opened the door. It is the best place we have for him. On Wednesday morning we will put his body into his own canoe, out of which I have cut the bars, and we will put him there at rest until I can dig a decent grave for him in the spring-time.

I have blamed myself much to-day for not noticing that he was so low. I have been thinking that he might have wished to say something at the last, and I would have liked to have asked him to forgive me if I had been unmannerly and hard to live with. But it is all over now, and he lies there on the bier that we have made him out of the only two planks we have in the Post, with his hands clasped over the little package he had me bring him from his box. The boy will not believe he is dead. Twice he has come to me with the word, "I'm certain I saw him move, Mr. Muir."

Tuesday February Fourteenth

It is late at night now. I got wrought upon by waiting and thinking what I should do now I have charge of the Post. I remembered that I had promised to write to Miss Mary Fraser. Then I thought I would know if they hanged that poor body Farquharson; so I glanced at the *Heralds*.

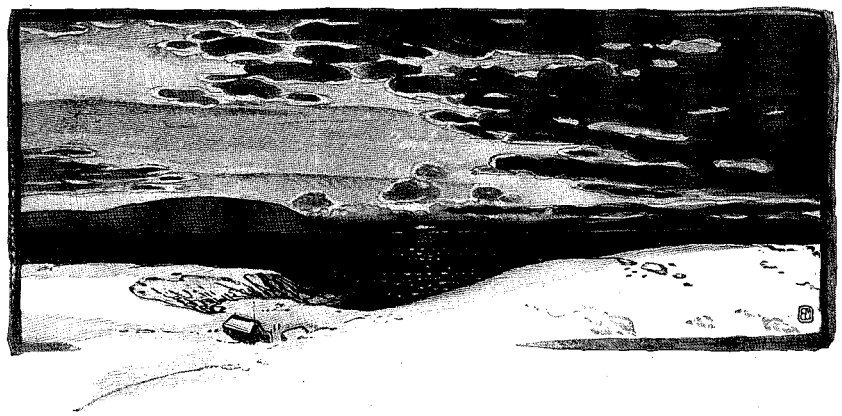
I found what I looked for, but not what I expected. They had not hanged him, for he was not Farquharson. Miss Mary Fraser, who seems to have been kept away, as I read it, proved that beyond peradventure. He had not the marks over his heart of which she had been told. Then the poor fool was heartened to tell who he really was, and that he was a deserter from the army lately in Spain, which fact had closed his mouth. His uncommon and unfortunate resemblance to Farquharson had nearly cost him his life. Oh! I thought as I looked down upon Donald, lying there so still and solemn. Oh! if you could only have known. Then I remembered that I would write it all to Mary Fraser. Upon that a thought came into my head that made my voice tremble as I said to Alec, "Hold the light, boy."

"What may be the matter, sir?" He held the light high over the quiet form on the bier. I turned back the coat and the shirt.

Over his heart were the initials M F and H F above, and below a true-lover's knot.

"Is that all?" said Alec; his voice wavered.

"Aye, that is all."



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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ATTEMPT TO CARRY ELSPETH BY NUMBERS

THAT was one of Grizel's beautiful days, but there were others to follow, as sweet, if not so exciting; she could travel back, through the long length of them, without coming once to a moment when she had held her breath in sudden fear, and this was so delicious that she sometimes thought these were the best days of all.

Of course she had little anxieties, but they were nearly all about David. He was often at Aaron's house now, and what exercised her was this, that she could not be certain that he was approaching Elspeth in the right way. The masterful Grizel seemed to have come to life again, for evidently she was convinced that she alone knew the right way.

"Oh, David, I would not have said that to her!" she told him, when he reported progress; and now she would warn him, "You are too humble," and again, "You were over-bold." The doctor, to his bewilderment, frequently discovered, on laying results before her, that what he had looked upon as encouraging signs were really bad, and that, on the other hand, he had often left the cottage disconsolately when he ought to have been strutting. The issue was, that he lost all faith in his own judgment, and if Grizel said that he was getting on well his face became foolishly triumphant, but if she frowned, it cried, "All is over!"

Of the proposal Tommy did not know; it seemed to her that she had no right to tell even him of that, but the rest she did tell him; that David, by his own confession, was in love with Elspeth, and so pleased was Tommy that his delight made another day for her to cherish.

So now, everything depended on Elspeth. "Oh, if she only would!" Grizel cried, and for her sake Tommy tried to look bright, but his head shook in spite of him.

"Do you mean that we should discourage David?" she asked, dolefully, but he said no, to that.

"I was afraid," she confessed, "that as you are so hopeless, you might think it your duty to discourage him, so as to save him the pain of a refusal."

"Not at all," Tommy said, with some hastiness.

"Then you do really have a tiny bit of hope?"

"While there is life there is hope," he answered.

She said, "I have been thinking it over, for it is so important to us, and I see various ways in which you could help David, if you would."

"What would I not do, Grizel! You have only to name them."

"Well, for instance, you might show her that you have a very high opinion of him."

"Agreed. But she knows that already."

"Then, David is an only child. Don't you think you could say that men who have never had a sister are peculiarly gentle and considerate to women?"

"Oh, Grizel! But I think I can say that."

"And—and that having been so long accustomed to doing everything for themselves, they don't need managing wives as men brought up among women need them."

"Yes, but how cunning you are, Grizel! Who would have believed it!"

"And then—" she hesitated.

"Go on. I see by your manner that this is to be a big one."

"It would be such a help," she said, eagerly, "if you could be just a little less attentive to her. I know you do ever so

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Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

They told Aaron something.—Page 92.

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much of the housework because she is not fond of it, and if she has a headache you sit with her all day, and you beg her to play and sing to you, though you really dislike music. Oh, there are scores of things you do for her, and if you were to do them a little less willingly, in such a way as to show her that they interrupt your work and are a slight trial to you, I —I am sure that would help!"

"She would see through me, Grizel. Elspeth is sharper than you think her."

"Not if you did it very skilfully."

"Then she would believe I had grown cold to her, and it would break her heart."

"One of your failings," replied Grizel, giving him her hand for a moment, as recompense for what she was about to say, "is that you think women's hearts break so easily. If at the slightest sign that she notices any change in you, you think her heart is breaking and seize her in your arms, crying, 'Elspeth, dear little Elspeth—' and that is what your first impulse would be——"

"How well you know me, Grizel!" groaned Sentimental Tommy.

"If that would be the result," she went on, "better not do it at all. But if you were to restrain yourself, then she could not but reflect that many of the things you did for her with a sigh, David did for pleasure, and she would compare him and you——"

"To my disadvantage!" Tommy exclaimed, with sad incredulity. "Do you really think she could, Grizel?"

"Give her the chance," Grizel continued, "and if you find it hard, you must remember that what you are doing is for her good."

"And for ours," Tommy cried, fervently. Every promise he made her at this time he fulfilled and more; he was hopeless, but all a man could do to make Elspeth love David he did.

The Doctor was quite unaware of it. "Fortunately her brother had a headache yesterday and was lying down," he told Grizel, with calm brutality, "so I saw her alone for a few minutes."

"The fibs I have to invent" said Tommy, to the same confidant, "to get myself out of their way!"

"Luckily he does not care for music," David said, "so when she is at the piano he sometimes remains in the kitchen talking to Aaron."

Tommy and Aaron left together! Tommy described those scenes with much good-humor. "I was amazed, at first," he said to Grizel, "to find Aaron determinedly enduring me, but now I understand. He wants what we want. He says not a word about it, but he is watching those two courting, like a born matchmaker. Aaron has several reasons for hoping that Elspeth will get our friend (as he would express it), one, that this would keep her in Thrums; another, that to be the wife of a doctor is second only in worldly grandeur to marrying the manse; and thirdly and lastly, because he is convinced that it would be such a staggerer to me. For he thinks I have not a notion of what is going on, and that, if I had, I would whisk her away to London."

He gave Grizel the most graphic, solemn pictures of those evenings in the cottage. "Conceive the four of us, gathered round the kitchen fire, three men and a maid; the three men yearning to know what is in the maid's mind, and each concealing his anxiety from the others. Elspeth gives the doctor a look, which may mean much or nothing, and he glares at me as if I were in the way, and I glance at Aaron, and he is on tenterhooks lest I have noticed anything. Next minute, perhaps, David gives utterance to a plaintive sigh, and Aaron and I pounce upon Elspeth (with our eyes) to observe its effect on her, and Elspeth wonders why Aaron is staring, and he looks apprehensively at me, and I am gazing absent-mindedly at the fender.

"You may smile, Grizel," Tommy would say, "and now that I think of it, I can smile myself, but we are an eerie quartette at the time. When the strain becomes unendurable, one of us rises and mends the fire with his foot, and then I think the rest of us could say, thank you. We talk desperately for a little after that, but soon again the awful pall creeps down."

"If I were there," cried Grizel, "I would not have the parlor standing empty all this time."

"We are coming to the parlor," Tommy replies, impressively. "The parlor, Grizel, now begins to stir. Elspeth has disappeared from the kitchen, we three

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men know not whither: we did not notice her go; we don't even observe that she has gone. We are too busy looking at the fire. By and by the tremulous tinkling of an aged piano reaches us from an adjoining chamber, and Aaron looks at me through his fingers, and I take a lightning glance at Mr. David, and he uncrosses his legs, and rises and sits down again. Aaron, in the most unconcerned way, proceeds to cut tobacco and rub it between his fingers, and I stretch out my legs and contemplate them with passionate approval. While we are thus occupied David has risen, and he is so thoroughly at his ease that he has begun to hum. He strolls round the kitchen, looking with sudden interest at the mantel-piece ornaments; he reads, for the hundredth time, the sampler on the wall; next the clock engages his attention; it is ticking, and that seems to impress him as novel and curious; by this time he has reached the door, it opens to his touch, and in a fit of abstraction he leaves the room."

"You don't follow him into the parlor?" asks Grizel, anxiously.

"Follow whom?" Tommy replies, severely. "I don't even know that he has gone to the parlor; now that I think of it, I have not even noticed that he has left the kitchen. Nor has Aaron noticed it. Aaron and I are not in a condition to notice such things; we are conscious only that at last we have the opportunity for the quiet social chat we so much enjoy in each other's company. That, at least, is Aaron's way of looking at it, and he keeps me there with talk of the most varied and absorbing character, one topic down, another up; when very hard put to it he even questions me about my next book, as if he would like to read the proof-sheets, and when I seem to be listening, a little restively, for sounds from the parlor (the piano has stopped), he has the face of one who would bar the door rather than lose my society. Aaron appreciates me at my true value at last, Grizel. I had begun almost to despair of ever bringing him under my charm."

"I should be very angry with you," Grizel said, warningly, "if I thought you teased the poor old man."

"Tease him! The consideration I show that poor old man, Grizel, while all the time I know he is plotting to diddle me! You should see me, when it is he who is fidgeting to know why the piano has stopped. He stretches his head to listen, and does something to his ear that sends it another inch nearer the door; he chuckles and groans on the sly, and I—I notice nothing. Oh, he is becoming quite fond of me. He thinks me an idiot."

"Why not tell him that you want it as much as he?"

"He would not believe me. Aaron is firmly convinced that I am too jealous of Elspeth's affection to give away a thimbleful of it. He blames me for preventing her caring much even for him."

"At any rate," said Grizel, "he is on our side, and it is because he sees it would be so much the best thing for her."

"And at the same time such a shock to me. That poor old man, Grizel! I have seen him rubbing his hands together with glee, and looking quite leery as he thought of what was coming to me."

But Grizel could not laugh now. When Tommy saw so well through Aaron and David, through everyone he came in contact with, indeed, what hope could there be that he was deceived in Elspeth?

"And yet she knows what takes him there, she must know it," she cried.

"A woman," Tommy said, "is never sure that a man is in love with her, until he proposes. She may fancy—but it is never safe to fancy, as so many have discovered."

"She has no right," declared Grizel, "to wait until she is sure, if she does not care for him. If she fears that he is falling in love with her, she knows how to discourage him; there are surely a hundred easy kind ways of doing that."

"Fears he is falling in love with her!" Tommy repeated. "Is any woman ever afraid of that?"

He really bewildered her. "No woman would like it;" Grizel answered promptly for them all, because she would not have liked it. "She must see that it would result only in pain to him."

"Still——" said Tommy.

"Oh, but how dense you are," she said, in surprise. "Don't you understand that she would stop him, though it were for no better reasons than selfish ones. Consider her shame if, in thinking it over afterward,

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she saw that she might have stopped him sooner ! Why," she cried, with a sudden smile, "it is in your book ! You say 'Every maiden carries secretly in her heart an idea of love so pure and sacred that, if by any act she is once false to that conception, her punishment is that she never dares to look at it again.' And this is one of the acts you mean."

"I had not thought of it, though," he said, humbly. He was never prouder of Grizel than at that moment. "If Elspeth's outlook," he went on, "is different——"

"It can't be different."

"If it is, the fault is mine; yes, though I wrote the passage that you interpret so nobly, Grizel. Shall I tell you," he said, gently, "what I believe is Elspeth's outlook exactly, just now? She knows that the doctor is attracted by her, and it gives her little thrills of exultation, but that it can be love—she puts that question in such a low voice, as if to prevent herself hearing it. And yet she listens, Grizel, like one who would like to know! Elspeth is pitifully distrustful of anyone's really loving her, and she will never admit to herself that he does until he tells her."

"And then?"

Tommy had to droop his head.

"I see you have still no hope! " she said.

"It would be so easy to pretend I have," he replied, with longing, "in order to cheer you for the moment. Oh, it would even be easy to me to deceive myself, but should I do it?"

"No, no," she said, "anything but that, I can bear anything but that," and she shuddered. "But we seem to be treating David cruelly."

"I don't think so," he assured her. "Men like to have these things to look back to. But if you want it, Grizel, I have to say only a word to Elspeth to bring it to an end. She is as tender as she is innocent and—but it would be a hard task to me," he admitted, his heart suddenly going out to Elspeth; he had never deprived her of any gratification before. "Still, I am willing to do it."

"No," Grizel cried, restraining him with her hand, "I am a coward, I suppose, but I can't help wanting to hope for a little longer, and David won't grudge it to me."

It was but a very little longer that they had to wait. Tommy, returning home one day from a walk with his old school-friend, Gav Dishart (now M. A.), found Aaron suspiciously near the parlor key-hole.

"There's a better fire in the other end," Aaron said, luring him into the kitchen. So desirous was he of keeping Tommy there, fixed down on a stool, that "I'll play you at the dambrod," he said, briskly.

"Anyone with Elspeth?"

"Some womenfolk you dinna like," replied Aaron.

Tommy rose. Aaron, with a subdued snarl, got between him and the door.

"I was wondering merely," Tommy said, pointing pleasantly to something on the dresser, "why one of them wore the doctor's hat."

"I forgot, he's there too," Aaron said, promptly, but he looked at Tommy with misgivings. They sat down to their game.

"You begin," said Tommy, "you're black," and Aaron opened with the Double Corner, but so preoccupied was he that it became a variation of the Ayrshire lassie, without his knowing. His suspicions had to find vent in words. "You dinna speir wha the womenfolk are?"

"No."

"Do you think I'm just pretending they're there?" Aaron asked, apprehensively.

"Not at all," said Tommy, with much politeness, "but I thought you might be mistaken." He could have "blown" Aaron immediately thereafter, but with great consideration forbore. The old man was so troubled that he could not lift a king without its falling in two. His sleeve got in the way of his fingers. At last he sat back in his chair. "Do you ken what is going on, man?" he demanded, "or do you no ken? I can stand this doubt no longer."

A less soft-hearted person might have affected not to understand, but that was not Tommy's way. "I know, Aaron," he admitted. "I have known all the time." It was said in the kindliest manner, but its effect on Aaron was not soothing.

"Curse you," he cried, with extraordinary vehemence, "you have been playing wi' me a' the time, ay, and wi' him and wi' her!"

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What had Aaron been doing with Tommy? But Tommy did not ask that.

"I am sorry you think so badly of me," he said, quietly. "I have known all the time, Aaron, but have I interfered?"

"Because you ken she winna tak him. I see it plain enough now, you ken your power over her; the honest man that thinks he could take her frae you, is to you but a divert."

He took a step nearer Tommy. "Listen," he said. "When you came back he was on the point o' spiering her, I saw it in his face as she was playing the piano, and she saw it, too, for her hands began to trem'le and the tune wouldna play. I daursay you think I was keeking, but if I was I stoppit it when the piano stoppit, it was a hard thing to me to do, and it would hae been an easy thing no to do, but I wouldna spy upon Elspeth in her great hour."

"I like you for that, Aaron," Tommy said, but Aaron waved his likes aside.

"The reason I stood at the door," he continued, "was to keep you out o' that room. I offered to play you at the dambrod to keep you out. Ay, you ken that without my telling you, but do you ken what makes me tell you now? It's to see whether you'll go in and stop him; let's see you do that and I'll hae some hope yet." He waited eagerly.

"You do puzzle me now," Tommy said.

"Ay," replied the old man, bitterly, "you're dull in the uptak when you like! I dinna ken, I suppose, and you dinna ken, that if you had the least dread o' her taking him you would be into that room full bend to stop it, but you're so sure o' her, you're so michty sure that you can sit here and lauch instead."

"Am I laughing, Aaron? If you but knew, Elspeth's marriage would be a far more joyful thing to me than it could ever be to you."

The old warper laughed unpleasantly at that. "And I'se uphaud," he said, "you're none sure but what she'll tak him! You're no as sure she'll refuse him as that there's a sun in the heavens and I'm a broken man."

For a moment, sympathy nigh compelled Tommy to say a hopeful thing, but he mastered himself. "It would be weakness," was what he did say "to pretend that there is any hope."

Aaron gave him an ugly look, and was about to leave the house, but Tommy would not have it. "If one of us must go, Aaron," he said, with much gentleness, "let it be me," and he went out, passing the parlor door softly, so that he might not disturb poor David. The warper sat on by the fire, his head sunk miserably in his shoulders; the vehemence had passed out of him; you would have hesitated to believe that such a listless, shrunken man could have been vehement that same year. It is a hardy proof of his faith in Tommy that he did not even think it worth while to look up, when by and by the parlor door opened and the Doctor came back for his hat. Elspeth was with him.

They told Aaron something.

It lifted him off his feet and bore him out at the door. When he made up on himself he knew he was searching everywhere for Tommy. A terror seized him, lest he should not be the first to convey the news.

Had he been left a fortune? neighbors asked, amazed at this unwonted sight, and he replied, as he ran, "I have, and I want to share it wi' him!"

It was his only joke. People came to their doors to see Aaron Latta laughing.

CHAPTER XXII.

GRIZEL'S GLORIOUS HOUR.

ELSPETH was to be his wife! David had carried the wondrous promise straight to Grizel, and now he was gone, and she was alone again.

Oh, foolish Grizel, are you crying, and I thought it was so hard to you to cry!

"Me crying! Oh, no!"

Put your hand to your cheeks, Grizel. Are they not wet?

"They are wet, and I did not know it! It is hard to me to cry in sorrow, but I can cry for joy. I am crying because it has all come right, and I was so much afraid that it never would."

Ah, Grizel, I think you said you wanted nothing else, so long as you had his love!

"But God has let it all come right, just

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the same, and I am thanking Him. That is why I did not know that I was crying."

She was by the fireplace, on the stool that had always been her favorite seat, and of course she sat very straight. When Grizel walked or stood her strong round figure took a hundred beautiful poses, but when she sat it had but one; the old doctor, in experimenting moods, had sometimes compelled her to recline, and then watched to see her body spring erect the moment he released his hold. "What a dreadful patient I should make!" she said, contritely. "I would chloroform you, miss," said he.

She sat thus for a long time; she had so much for which to thank God, though not with her lips, for how could they keep pace with her heart? Her heart was very full; chiefly, I think, with the tears that rolled down unknown to her.

She thanked God, in the name of the little hunted girl who had not been taught how to pray, and so did it standing. "I do so want to be good, oh, how sweet it would be to be good!" she had said in that long ago; she had said it out loud when she was alone on the chance of His hearing, but she had not addressed Him by name because she was not sure that He was really called God. She had not even known that you should end by saying "Amen," which Tommy afterward told her is the most solemn part of it.

How sweet it would be to be good, but how much sweeter it is to be good! The woman that girl had grown into knew that she was good, and she thanked God for that. She thanked Him for letting her help. If He had said that she had not helped, she would have rocked her arms and replied, almost hotly, "You know I have." And He did know, He had seen her many times in the grip of inherited passions and watched her fighting with them and subduing them; He had seen ugly thoughts stealing upon her, as they crawl toward every child of man; ah, He had seen them leap into the heart of the Painted Lady's daughter, as if a nest already made for them must be there, and still she had driven them away. Grizel had helped. The tears came more quickly now.

She thanked God that she had never worn the ring. But why had she never worn it, when she wanted so much to do so, and it was hers? Why had she watched herself more carefully than ever of late, and forced happiness to her face when it was not in her heart, and denied herself, at fierce moments, the luxuries of grief and despair and even of rebellion? For she had carried about with her the capacity to rebel, but she had hidden it, and the reason was that she thought God was testing her. If she fell He would not give her the thing she coveted. Unworthy reason for being good, as she knew, but God overlooked it, and she thanked Him for that.

Her hands pressed each other impulsively, as if at the shock of a sudden beautiful thought, and then perhaps she was thanking God for making her the one woman who could be the right wife for Tommy. She was so certain that no other woman could help him as she could; none knew his virtues as she knew them. Had it not been for her, his showy parts only would have been loved; the dear, quiet ones would never have heard how dear they were; the showy ones were open to all the world, but the quiet ones were her private garden. His faults as well as his virtues passed before her, and it is strange to know that it was about this time that Grizel ceased to cry and began to smile instead. I know why she smiled; it was because sentimentality was one of the little monsters that came skipping into her view, and Tommy was so confident that he had got rid at last of it! Grizel knew better! But she could look at it and smile. Perhaps she was not sorry that it was still there with the others; it had so long led the procession. I daresay she saw herself taking the leering, distorted thing in hand and making something gallant of it. She thought that she was too practical, too much given to seeing but one side to a question, too lacking in consideration for others, too impatient, too relentlessly just, and she humbly thanked God for all these faults, because Tommy's excesses were in the opposite direction, and she could thus restore the balance. She was full of humility while she saw how useful she could be to him, but her face did not show this; she had forgotten her face, and elation had spread over it, without her knowing. Perhaps God accepted the elation as part of the thanks.

She thanked God for giving Tommy

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what he wanted so much—herself. Ah, she had thanked Him for that before, but she did it again. And then she went on her knees by her dear doctor's chair, and prayed that she might be a good wife to Tommy.

When she rose the blood was not surging through her veins. Instead of a passion of joy it was a beautiful calm that possessed her, and on noticing this she regarded herself with sudden suspicion, as we put our ear to a watch to see if it has stopped. She found that she was still going, but no longer either fast or slow, and she saw what had happened—her old serene self had come back to her. I think she thanked God for that, most of all.

And then she caught sight of her face—oh! oh! Her first practical act as an engaged woman was to wash it.

Engaged! But was she? Grizel laughed. It is not usually a laughing matter, but she could not help that. Consider her predicament. She could be engaged at once, if she liked, even before she wiped the water from her face, or she might postpone it, to let Tommy share. The careful reader will have noticed that this problem presented itself to her at an awkward moment; she laughed, in short, while her face was still in the basin, with the very proper result that she had to grope for the towel with her eyes shut.

It was still a cold, damp face (Grizel was always in such a hurry) when she opened her most precious drawer and took from it a certain glove, wrapped in silk paper, but not perhaps quite so conceited as it had been, for, alas and alack, it was now used as a wrapper itself. The ring was inside it. If Grizel wanted to be engaged, absolutely and at once, all she had to do was to slip that ring upon her finger.

It had been hers for a week or more. Tommy had bought it in the nearest town, a place whose merchant princes are so many and have risen splendidly from such small beginnings, that after you have been there a short time you beg to be introduced to some one who has not got on. When you look at them they slap their trouser pockets. When they look at you they are wondering if you know how much they are worth. Tommy, one day, roaming their streets (in which he was worth incredibly little), and thinking sadly of what could never be, saw the modest little garnet ring in a jeweller's window, and attached to it was a pathetic story. No other person could have seen the story, but it was as plain to him as though it had been beautifully written on the tag of paper which really contained the price. With his hand on the door he paused, overcome by that horror of entering shops without a lady to do the talking, which all men of genius feel (it is the one sure test), hurried away, came back, went to and fro shyly, until he saw that he was yielding once more to the indecision he thought he had so completely mastered, whereupon he entered bravely (though it was one of those detestable doors that ring a bell as they open), and sternly ordered the jeweller, who could have bought and sold our Tommy with one slap on the trouser leg, to hand the ring over to him.

He had no intention of giving it to Grizel. That, indeed, was part of its great tragedy, for this is the story Tommy read into the ring: There was once a sorrowful man of twenty-five, and forty, and sixty. Ah, how gray the beard has grown as we speak, how thin the locks, but still we know him for the same by that garnet ring. Since it became his no other eye has seen it, and yet it is her engagement ring; never can he give it to her, but must always carry it about with him as the piteous memory of what had never been. How innocent it looked in his hand, and with an innocence that never wore off, not even when he had reached his three-score years; as it aged it took on another kind of innocence only, it looked pitiable now, for there is but a dishonored age for a lonely little ring which can never see the finger it was made to span.

A hair-shirt! Such it was to him, and he put it on willingly, knowing it could be nothing else; every smart it gave him pleased, even while it pained. If ever his mind roamed again to the world of make-believe, that ring would jerk him back to facts.

Grizel remembered well her finding of it. She had been in his pockets; she loved to rifle them, to pull out his watch herself, instead of asking him for the time; to exclaim Oh! at the many things she found there, when they should have been neatly docketed or in the fire, and from his waist-

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coat pocket she drew the ring. She seemed to understand all about it at once, she was far ahead while he was explaining. It seemed quite strange to her that there had ever been a time when she did not know of her garnet ring.

How her arms rocked! It was delicious to her to remember now with what agony her arms had rocked. She kissed it; she had not been the first to kiss it.

It was "Oh, how I wish I could have saved you this pain!"

"But I love it," she cried, "and I love the pain."

It was "Am I not to see it on your finger once?"

"No, no; we must not."

"Let me, Grizel!"

"Is it right; oh, is it right?"

"Only this once!"

"Very well!"

"I dare not, Grizel, I can't! What are we to do with it now?"

"Give it to me. It is mine. I will keep it, beside my glove."

"Let me keep it, Grizel."

"No, it is mine."

"Shall I fling it away?"

"How can you be so cruel? It is mine."

"Let me bury it."

"It is mine."

And of course she had got her way. Could he resist her in anything? They had never spoken of it since, it was such a sad little ring. Sad! It was not in the least little bit sad. Grizel wondered as she looked at it now how she could ever have thought it sad.

The object with which she put on her hat was to go to Aaron's cottage, to congratulate Elspeth. So she said to herself. Oh, Grizel.

But first she opened two drawers. They were in a great press and full of beautiful linen woven in Thrums, that had come to Dr. McQueen as a "bad debt." "Your marriage portion, young lady," he had said to Grizel, then but a slip of a girl, whereupon, without waiting to lengthen her frock, she rushed rapturously at her work-basket. "Not at all, miss," he cried ferociously; "you are here to look after this house, not to be preparing for another, and until you are respectably bespoken by some rash crittur of a man, into the drawers with your linen and down with those murderous shears." And she had obeyed; no scissors, the most relentless things in nature when in Grizel's hand, had ever cleaved their way through that snowy expanse; never a stitch had she put into her linen except with her eyes, which became horribly like needles as she looked at it.

And now at last she could begin! Oh, but she was anxious to begin; it is almost a fact that, as she looked at those drawers, she grudged the time that must be given to-day to Tommy and his ring.

Do you see her now ready to start? She was wearing her brown jacket, with the fur collar, over which she used to look so searchingly at Tommy. To think there was a time when that serene face had to look searchingly at him! it nearly made her sad again. She paused to bring out the ring and take another exultant look at it. It was attached now to a ribbon round her neck. Sweet ring! She put it to her eyes. That was her way of letting her eyes kiss it. Then she rubbed them and it, in case the one had left a tear upon the other.

And then she went out, joy surging in her heart. For this was Grizel's glorious hour, the end of it.

CHAPTER XXIII

TOMMY LOSES GRIZEL

IT was not Aaron's good fortune to find Tommy. He should have looked for him in the den.

In that haunt of happier lovers than he, Tommy walked slowly, pondering. He scarce noticed that he had the den to himself, or that, since he was last here, autumn had slipped away, leaving all her garments on the ground. By this time, undoubtedly, Elspeth had said her gentle No, but he was not railing against Fate, not even for striking the final blow at him through that innocent medium. He had still too much to do for that—to help others. There were three of them at present, and by some sort of sympathetic jugglery he had an arm for each.

"Lean on me, Grizel—dear sister El-

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speth; you little know the harm you have done—David, old friend, your hand."

Thus loaded, he bravely returned at the fitting time to the cottage. His head was not even bent.

Had you asked Tommy what Elspeth would probably do when she dismissed David, he might have replied that she would go up to his room and lock herself into it, so that no one should disturb her for a time. And this he discovered, on returning home, was actually what had happened. How well he knew her! How distinctly he heard every beat of her tender heart, and how easy to tell why it was beating! He did not go up; he waited for little Elspeth to come to him, all in her own good time. And when she came, looking just as he knew she would look, he had a brave, bright face for her.

She was shaking after her excitement, or perhaps she had ceased to shake and begun again as she came down to him. He pretended not to notice it; he would notice it, the moment he was sure she wanted him to, but perhaps that would not be until she was in bed and he had come to say good-night and put out her light, for, as we know, she often kept her great confidences till then, when she discovered that he already knew them.

"The Doctor has been in."

She began almost at once, and in a quaking voice and from a distance, as if in hope that the bullet might be spent before it reached her brother.

"I am sorry I missed him," he replied, cautiously. "What a fine fellow he is."

"You always liked him," said Elspeth, clinging eagerly to that.

"No one could help liking him, Elspeth, he has such winning ways," said Tommy, perhaps a little in the voice with which at funerals we refer to the departed. She loved his words, but she knew she had a surprise for him this time, and she tried to blurt it out.

"He said something to me. He—oh, what a high opinion he has of you!" (She really thought he had.)

"Was that the something?" Tommy asked, with a smile that helped her, as it was meant to do.

"You understand, don't you?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"Of course I do, Elspeth," he answered, reassuringly, but somehow she still thought he didn't.

"No one could have been more manly and gentle and humble," she said, beseechingly.

"I'm sure of it," said Tommy.

"He thinks nothing of himself," she said.

"We shall always think a great deal of him," replied Tommy.

"Yes, but—." Elspeth found the strangest difficulty in continuing, for, though it would have surprised him to be told so, Tommy was not helping her nearly as much as he imagined.

"I told him," she said, shaking, "that no one could be to me what you were. I told him—" and then timid Elspeth altogether broke down. Tommy drew her to him, as he had so often done since she was the smallest child, and pressed her head against his breast, and waited. So often he had waited thus upon Elspeth.

"There is nothing to cry about, dear," he said, tenderly, when the time to speak came. "You have, instead, the right to be proud that so good a man loves you. I am very proud of it, Elspeth."

"If I could be sure of that!" she gasped.

"Don't you believe me, dear?"

"Yes, but—that is not what makes me cry. Tommy, don't you see?"

"Yes," he assured her, "I see. You are crying because you feel so sorry for him, but I don't feel sorry for him, Elspeth. If I know anything at all it is this: that no man needs pity, who sincerely loves; whether that love be returned or not, he walks in a new and more beautiful world for evermore."

She clutched his hand. "I don't understand how you know those things," she whispered.

Please God, was Tommy's reflection, she should never know. He saw most vividly the pathos of his case, but he did not break down under it; it helped him, rather, to proceed.

"It will be the test of Gemmell," he said, "how he bears this. No man, I am very sure, was ever told that his dream could not come true, more kindly and tenderly than you told it to him." He was in the middle of the next sentence (a fine one) before her distress stopped him.

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"Tommy," she cried, "you don't understand. That is not what I told him at all!"

It was one of the few occasions on which the expression on the face of T. Sandys perceptibly changed.

"What did you tell him?" he asked, almost sharply.

"I accepted him," she said, guiltily, backing away from this alarming face.

"What?"

"If you only knew how manly and gentle and humble he was," she cried, quickly, as if something dire might happen if Tommy were not assured of this at once.

"You—said you would marry him, Elspeth?"

"Yes!"

"And leave me?"

"Oh, oh!" She flung her arms around his neck.

"Yes, but that is what you are prepared to do!" said he, and he held her away from him and stared at her, as if he had never seen Elspeth before. "Were you not afraid?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"I am not the least bit afraid," she answered. "Oh, Tommy, if you knew how manly—" And then she remembered that she had said that already.

"You did not even say that you would—consult me?"

"Oh, oh!"

"Why didn't you, Elspeth?"

"I—I forgot!" she moaned. "Tommy, you are angry!" She hugged him, and he let her do it, but all the time he was looking over her head fixedly, with his mouth open.

"And I was always so sure of you!" were the words that came to him at last, with a hard little laugh at the end of them.

"Can you think it makes me love you less," she sobbed, "because I love him, too! Oh, Tommy, I thought you would be so glad!"

He kissed her; he put his hand fondly upon her head.

"I am glad," he said, with emotion. "When that which you want has come to you, Elspeth, how can I but be glad? But it takes me aback, and if for a moment I felt forlorn, if, when I should have been rejoicing only in your happiness, the selfish thought passed through my mind, 'What is to become of me!' I hope—I pray—" Then he sat down and buried his face in the table.

And he might have been telling her about Grizel! Has the shock stunned you, Tommy? Elspeth thinks it has been a shock of pain. May we lift your head to show her your joyous face?

"I am so proud," she was saying, "that at last, after you have done so much for me, I can do a little thing for you. For it is something to free you, Tommy. You have always pretended, for my sake, that we could not do without each other, but we both knew all the time that it was only I who was unable to do without you. You can't deny it."

He might deny it, but it was true. Ah, Tommy, you bore with her with infinite patience, but did it never strike you that she kept you to the earth? If Elspeth could be happy without me! You were sure she could not, but if she could! had that thought never made you flap your wings?

"I often had a pain at my heart," she told him, "which I kept from you. It was a feeling that your solicitude for me, perhaps, prevented your caring for any other woman. It seemed terrible and unnatural that I should be a bar to that. I felt that I was starving you, and not you only, but an unknown woman as well."

"So long as I had you, Elspeth," he said, reproachfully, "was not that enough?"

"It seemed to be enough," she answered, gravely, "but even while I comforted myself with that, I knew that it should not be enough, and still I feared that if it was, the blame was mine. Now I am no longer in the way, and I hope, so ardently, that you will fall in love, like other people. If you never do, I shall always have the fear that I am the cause—that you lost the capacity in the days when I let you devote yourself too much to me."

Oh, blind Elspeth! Now is the time to tell her, Tommy, and fill her cup of happiness to the brim.

But it is she who is speaking still, almost gayly now, yet with a full heart. "What a time you have had with me, Tommy! I told David all about it, and what he has to look forward to, but he says he is not afraid. And when you find someone you can love," she con-

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tinued, sweetly, though she had a sigh to stifle, "I hope she will be someone quite unlike me, for oh, my dear, good brother, I know you need a change."

Not a word said Tommy.

She said, timidly, that she had begun to hope of late that Grizel might be the woman, and still he did not speak. He drew Elspeth closer to him, that she might not see his face and the horror of himself that surely sat on it. To the very marrow of him he was in such cold misery that I wonder his arms did not chill her.

This poor devil of a Sentimental Tommy! He had wakened up in the world of facts, where he thought he had been dwelling of late, to discover that he had not been here for weeks, except at meal-times. What do you say to pitying, instead of cursing him? It is a sudden idea of mine, and we must be quick, for joyous Grizel is drawing near, and this, you know, is the chapter in which her heart breaks.

It was Elspeth who opened the door to Grizel. "Does she know?" said Elspeth to herself, before either of them spoke.

"Does she know?" It was what Grizel was saying also.

"Oh, Elspeth, I am so glad! David has told me."

"She does know," Elspeth told herself, and she thought it was kind of Grizel to come so quickly. She said so.

"She doesn't know!" thought Grizel, and then these two kissed for the first time. It was a kiss of thanks from each.

"But why does she not know?" Grizel wondered a little as they entered the parlor, where Tommy was—he had been standing with his teeth knit since he heard the knock. As if in answer to the question, Elspeth said, "I have just broken it to Tommy. He has been in a few minutes only, and he is so surprised he can scarcely speak."

Grizel laughed happily, for that explained it. Tommy had not had time to tell her yet. She laughed again, at Elspeth, who had thought she had so much to tell, and did not know half the story.

Elspeth begged Tommy to listen to the beautiful things Grizel was saying about David, but, truth to tell, Grizel scarcely heard them herself. She had given Tommy a shy, rapturous glance. She was wondering when he would begin. What a delicious opening, when he shook hands. Suppose he had kissed her instead! Or, suppose he casually addressed her as darling! He might do it at any moment now! Just for once she would not mind though he did it in public. Perhaps, as soon as this new remark of Elspeth's was finished, he meant to say, "You are not the only engaged person in the room, Miss Elspeth; I think I see another two!" Grizel laughed, as if she had heard him say it. And then she ceased laughing suddenly, for some little duty had called Elspeth into the other room, and as she went out she stopped the movement of the earth.

These two were alone with their great joy.

Elspeth had said that she would be back in two minutes. Was Grizel wasting a moment, when she looked only at him, her eyes filmy with love, the smile upon her face so happy that it could not stand still? Her arms made a slight gesture toward him, her hands were open, she was giving herself to him. She could not see. For a fraction of time the space between them seemed to be annihilated. His arms were closing round her. Then she knew that neither of them had moved.

"Grizel!"

The miserable dog knew that he must be quick, if it was all to be got into two minutes.

"She does not know," he said, in a harsh voice.

"Is anything wrong?" Grizel cried.

"She must not know," he said, "until she is married. Let us be as we are, Grizel, until then." He was entreating her now.

I think the room swam round with her. When it was steady again, "You did not say that, did you?" she asked. She was sure he had not said it; she was smiling again, to show him that he had not said it.

He saw himself exactly as he was, but something as strong as the instinct of self-preservation made him grind the words out. "I don't want to be married," he said, passionately.

A little shiver passed through her, that was all.

"Do you mean that you don't love me?" she said. "You must tell me what you mean."

"That is how others would put it, I

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suppose," he replied, but she had known this for a long time. "I believe they would be wrong. I think I love you in my own way, but I thought I loved you in their way, and it is the only way that counts in this world of theirs. It does not seem to be my world. I was given wings, I think, but I am never to know that I have left the earth until I come flop upon it, with an arrow through them. I crawl and wriggle here, and yet"—he laughed harshly—"I believe I am rather a fine fellow when I am flying!"

She nodded. "You mean you want me to let you off?" she asked. "You must tell me what you mean." And as he did not answer instantly, "Because I think I have some little claim upon you," she said, with a pleasant smile.

"I am as pitiful a puzzle to myself as I can be to you," he replied. "All I know is that I don't want to marry any one. And yet, I am sure I could die for you, Grizel."

It was quite true. A burning house and Grizel among the flames, and he would have been the first on the ladder. But there is no such luck for you, Tommy.

"You are free," was what she said. "Don't look so tragic," she added, again with the pleasant smile. "It must be very distressing to you, but—you will soon fly again." Her lips twitched tremulously, "I can't fly," she said.

She took the ring from her neck; she took it off its ribbon.

"I brought it," she said, "to let you put it on my finger. I thought you would want to do that," she said.

"Grizel," he cried, "can we not be as we have been?"

"No," she answered.

"It would all come right, Grizel; I am sure it would. I don't know why I am as I am, but I shall try to change myself. You have borne with me since we were children. Won't you bear with me for a little longer?"

She shook her head, but did not trust herself to speak.

"I have lost you," he said, and she nodded.

"Then I am lost indeed!" said he, and he knew it, too, but with a gesture of the hand she begged him not to say that.

"Without your love to help me—" he began.

"You shall always have that," she told him with shining eyes, "always, always." And what could he do but look at her, with the wonder and the awe that come to every man who, for one moment in his life, knows a woman well.

"You can love me still, Grizel!" His voice was shaky.

"Just the same," she answered, and I suppose he looked uplifted. "But you should be sorry," she said, gravely, and it was then that Elspeth came back. She had not much exceeded her two minutes.

It was always terrible to Tommy not to have the feelings of a hero. At that moment he could not endure it. In a splendid burst of self-sacrifice he suddenly startled both Grizel and himself by crying, "Elspeth, I love Grizel, and I have just asked her to be my wife."

Yes, the nobility of it amazed himself, but bewitched him, too, and he turned gloriously to Grizel, never doubting but that she would have him still.

He need not have spoken so impulsively, nor looked so grand. She swayed for an instant and then was erect again. "You must forgive me, Elspeth," she said, "but I have refused him," and that was the biggest surprise Tommy ever got in his life.

"You don't care for him!" Elspeth blurted out.

"Not in the way he cares for me," Grizel replied, quietly, and when Elspeth would have said more she begged her to desist. "The only thing for me to do now, Elspeth," she said, smiling, "is to run away, but I want you first to accept a little wedding gift from me. I wish you and David so much happiness, you won't refuse it, will you?"

Elspeth, still astounded, took the gift. It was a little garnet ring.

"It will have to be cut," Grizel said. "It was meant, I think, for a larger finger. I have had it some time, but I never wore it."

Elspeth said she would always treasure her ring, and that it was beautiful.

"I used to think it—rather sweet," Grizel admitted, and then she said good-by to them both and went away.

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CHAPTER XXIV

THE MONSTER

TOMMY'S new character was that of a monster. He always liked the big parts. Concealed, as usual, in the garments that clung so oddly to him, modesty, generosity, indifference to applause, and all the nobler impulses, he could not strip himself of them, try as he would, and so he found, to his scornful amusement, that he still escaped the public fury. In the two months that preceded Elspeth's marriage there was positively scarce a soul in Thrums who did not think rather well of him. "If they knew what I really am," he cried with splendid bitterness, "how they would run from me!"

Even David could no longer withhold the hand of fellowship, for Grizel would tell him nothing, except that, after all, and for reasons sufficient to herself, she had declined to become Mrs. Sandys. He sought in vain to discover how Tommy could be to blame. "And now," Tommy said grimly to Grizel, "our doctor thinks you have used me badly, and that I am a fine fellow to bear no resentment! Elspeth told me that he admires the gentle and manly dignity with which I submit to the blow, and I have no doubt that, as soon as I heard that, I made it more gentle and manly than ever!"

"I have forbidden Elspeth," he told her, "to upbraid you for not accepting me, with the result that she thinks me too good to live! Ha, ha, what do you think, Grizel?"

It became known in the town that she had refused him. Everybody was on Tommy's side. They said she had treated him badly. Even Aaron was staggered at the sight of Tommy accepting his double defeat in such good part. "And all the time I am the greatest cur unhung," says Tommy. "Why don't you laugh, Grizel?"

Never, they said, had there been such a generous brother. The town was astir about this poor man's gifts to the lucky bride. There were rumors that among the articles was a silver coal-scuttle, but it proved to be a sugar-bowl, in that pattern. Three bandboxes came for her to select from, somebody discovered who was on the watch, but may I be struck dead if more than one went back. Yesterday it was bonnets; to-day she is at Tilliedrum again, trying on her going-away dress. And she really was to go away in it, a noticeable thing, for in Thrums society, though they usually get a going-away dress, they are too careful to go away in it. The local shops were not ignored, but the best of the trousseau came from London. "That makes the second box this week, as I'm a living sinner," cries the lady on the watch again. When boxes arrived at the station Corp wheeled them up to Elspeth without so much as looking at the label.

Ah, what a brother! They said it openly to their own brothers, and to Tommy in the way they looked at him.

"There has been nothing like it," he assured Grizel, "since Red Riding Hood and the wolf. Why can't I fling off my disguise and cry, 'The better to eat you with!'"

He always spoke to her now in this vein of magnificent bitterness, but Grizel seldom rewarded him by crying, Oh, oh. She might, however, give him a patient, reproachful glance instead, and it had the irritating effect of making him feel that perhaps he was under life-size, instead of over it.

"I daresay you are right," says Tommy, savagely.

"I said nothing."

"You don't need to say it. What a grand capacity you have for knocking me off my horse, Grizel."

"Are you angry with me for that?"

"No, it is delicious to pick one's self out of the mud, especially when you find it is a baby you are picking up, instead of a brute. Am I a baby only, Grizel?"

"I think it is childish of you," she replied, "to say you are a brute."

"There is not to be even that satisfaction left to me! You are hard on me, Grizel."

"I am trying to help you. How can you be angry with me?"

"The instinct of self-preservation, I suppose. I see myself dwindling so rapidly under your treatment that soon there will be nothing of me left."

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It was said cruelly, for he knew that the one thing Grizel could not bear now was the implication that she saw only his faults. She always went down under that blow, with pitiful surrender, showing the woman suddenly, as if under a physical knouting.

He apologized contritely. "But, after all, it proves my case," he said, "for I could not hurt you in this way, Grizel, if I was not a pretty well-grown specimen of a monster."

"Don't," she said, but she did not seek to help him by drawing him away to other subjects, which would have been his way. "What is there monstrous," she asked, "in your being so good to Elspeth? It is very kind of you to give her all these things."

"Especially, when by rights they are yours, Grizel!"

"No, not when you did not want to give them to me." He dared say nothing to that, there were some matters on which he must not contradict Grizel now.

"It is nice of you," she said, "not to complain, though Elspeth is deserting you. It must have been a blow."

"You and I only know why," he answered. "But for her, Grizel, I might be whining sentiment to you at this moment."

"That," she said, "would be the monstrous thing."

"And it is not monstrous, I suppose, that I should let Gemmell press my hand, under the conviction that, after all, I am a trump."

"You don't pose as one."

"That makes them think the more highly of me! Nothing monstrous, Grizel, in my standing quietly by while you are showing Elspeth how to furnish her house. I, who know why you have the subject at your finger-tips."

For Grizel had given all her sweet ideas to Elspeth. Heigh ho! How she had guarded them once, confiding them half reluctantly, even to Tommy; half reluctantly, that is, at the start, because they were her very own, but once she was embarked on the subject talking with such rapture that every minute or two he had to beg her to be calm. She was the first person in that part of the world to think that old furniture need not be kept in the dark corners, and she knew where there was an oak bedstead that was looked upon as a disgrace, and where to obtain the dearest cupboards, one of them in use as the retiring chamber of a rabbit-hutch, and stately clocks made in the town a hundred years ago, and quaint old-farrant- lamps and cogeys and sand-glasses that apologized if you looked at them, and yet were as willing to be loved again as any old lady in a mutch. You will not buy them easily now, the people will not chuckle at you when you bid for them now. We have become so cute in Thrums that when the fender breaks we think it may have increased in value, and we preserve any old board lest the worms have made it artistic. Grizel, however, was in advance of her time. She could lay her hands on all she wanted, and she did, but it was for Elspeth's house.

"And the table-cloths and the towels and the sheets," said Tommy. "Nothing monstrous in my letting you give Elspeth them?"

The linen, you see, was no longer in Grizel's press.

"I could not help making them," she answered, "they were so longing to be made. I did not mean to give them to her. I think I meant to put them back in the press, but when they were made it was natural that they should want to have something to do. So I gave them to Elspeth."

"With how many tears on them?"

"Not many. But with some kisses."

"All which," says Tommy, "goes to prove that I have nothing with which to reproach myself!"

"No, I never said that," she told him. "You have to reproach yourself with wanting me to love you."

She paused a moment to let him say, if he dared, that he had not done that, when she would have replied, instantly, "You know you did," but he was silent and she went on.

"But that is not what I have been trying to prove. You know as well as I that the cause of this unhappiness has been—what you call your wings."

He was about to thank her for her delicacy in avoiding its real name, when she added, "I mean your sentiment," and he laughed instead.

"I flatter myself that I no longer fly, at all events," he said. "I know what I am at last, Grizel."

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"It is flattery only," she replied, with her old directness. "This thing you are regarding with a morbid satisfaction is not you at all."

He groaned. "Which of them all is me, Grizel?" he asked, gloomily.

"We shall see," she said, "when we have got the wings off."

"They will have to come off, a feather at a time."

"That," she declared, "is what I have been trying to prove."

"It will be a weary task, Grizel."

"I won't weary at it," she said, smiling. Her cheerfulness was a continual surprise to him. "You bear up wonderfully well, yourself," he sometimes said to her, almost reproachfully, and she never replied that, perhaps, that was one of her ways of trying to help him.

She is not so heart-broken, after all, you may be saying, and I had promised to break her heart. But, honestly, I don't know how to do it more thoroughly, and you must remember that we have not seen her alone yet.

She tried to be very little alone. She helped David in his work, more than ever; not a person, for instance, managed to escape the bath because Grizel's heart was broken. You could never say that she was alone when her needle was going, and the linen became sheets and the like, in what was probably record time. Yet they could have been sewn more quickly, for at times the needle stopped and she did not know it. Once, a bed-ridden old woman, with whom she had been sitting up, lay watching her instead of sleeping, and finally said, "What makes you sit staring at a cauld fire, and speaking to yoursel'?" And there was a strange day, when she had been too long in the den. When she started for home she went in the direction of Double Dykes, her old home, instead.

She could bear everything except doubt. She had told him so, when he wondered at her calmness; she often said it to herself. She could tread any path, however drearily it stretched before her, so long as she knew whither it led, but there could be no more doubt. Oh, he must never again disturb her mind with hope. How clearly she showed him that, and yet they had perhaps no more than parted when it seemed impossible to bear for the next hour the desolation she was sentenced to for life; she lay quivering and tossing on the hearth-rug of the parlor, beating it with her fists, rocking her arms and calling to him to give her doubt again, that she might get through the days.

"Let me doubt again!" Here was Grizel starting to beg it of him. More than once she got half way to Aaron's house before she could turn, but she always did turn, with the words unspoken; never did Tommy hear her say them, but always that she was tranquil now. Was it pride that supported her in the trying hour. Oh, no, it was not pride. That is an old garment, which once became Grizel well, but she does not wear it now; she takes it out of the closet, perhaps, at times to look at it. What gave her strength when he was by was her promise to help him. It was not by asking for leave to dream herself that she should make him dream the less. All done for you, Tommy! It might have helped you to loosen a few of the feathers.

Sometimes she thought it might not be Tommy, but herself, who was so unlike other people; that it was not he who was unable to love, but she who could not be loved. This idea did not agitate her as a terrible thing—she could almost welcome it. But she did not go to him with it. While it might be but a fancy, that was no way to help a man who was over-full of them. It was the bare truth only that she wanted him to see, and so she made elaborate inquiries into herself, to discover whether she was quite unlovable. I suppose it would have been quaint, had she not been quite so much in earnest. She examined herself in the long mirror most conscientiously, and with a determinedly open mind, to see whether she was too ugly for any man to love. Our beautiful Grizel really did.

She had always thought that she was a nice girl, but was she? No one had ever loved her, except the old doctor, and he began when she was so young that perhaps he had been inveigled into it, like a father. Even David had not loved her. Was it because he knew her so well? What was it in women that made men love them? She asked it of David in such a way that he never knew she was putting him to the question. He merely

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thought that he and she were having a pleasant chat about Elspeth, and, as a result, she decided that he loved Elspeth because she was so helpless. His head sat with uncommon pride on his shoulders while he talked of Elspeth's timidity. There was a ring of boastfulness in his voice as he paraded the large number of useful things that Elspeth could not do. And yet David was a sensible and careful man.

Was it helplessness that man loved in woman then? It seemed to be this that had made Tommy such a brother, and how it had always appealed to Aaron! No woman could be less helpless than herself, Grizel knew. She thought back and back, and she could not come to a time when she was not managing somebody. Women, she reflected, fell more or less deeply in love with every baby they see, while men, even the best of them, can look calmly at other people's babies. But when the helplessness of the child is in the woman, then other women are unmoved; but the great heart of man is stirred—woman is his baby. She remembered that the language of love is in two sexes—for the woman superlatives, for the man diminutives. The more she loves the bigger he grows, but in an ecstasy he could put her in his pocket. Had not Tommy taught her this? His little one, his child! Perhaps he really had loved her in the days when they both made believe that she was infantile, but soon she had shown with fatal clearness that she was not. Instead of needing to be taken care of, she had obviously wanted to take care of him; their positions were reversed. Perhaps, said Grizel to herself, I should have been a man.

If this was the true explanation, then, though Tommy, who had tried so hard, could not love her, he might be able to love—what is the phrase?—a more womanly woman, or, more popular phrase still, a very woman. Some other woman might be the right wife for him. She did not shrink from considering this theory, and she considered so long that I, for one, cannot smile at her for deciding ultimately, as she did, that there was nothing in it.

The strong like to be leant upon and the weak to lean, and this irrespective of sex. This was the solution she woke up with one morning, and it seemed to explain not only David's and Elspeth's love, but her own, so clearly, that in her desire to help she put it before Tommy. It implied that she cared for him because he was weak, and he drew a very long face.

"You don't know how the feathers hurt as they come out," he explained.

"But so long as we do get them out!" she said.

"Every other person who knows me thinks that strength is my great characteristic," he maintained, rather querulously.

"But when you know it is not," said Grizel. "You do know, don't you?" she asked, anxiously. "To know the truth about one's self, that is the beginning of being strong."

"You seem determined," he retorted, "to prevent my loving you."

"Why?" she asked.

"You are to make me strong in spite of myself, I understand. But, according to your theory, the strong love only the weak. Are you to grow weak, Grizel, as I grow strong?"

She had not thought of that, and she would have liked to rock her arms. But she was able to reply, "I am not trying to help you, to make you love me; you know, quite well, that all that is over and done with. I am trying only to help you to be what a man should be."

She could say that to him, but to herself? Was she prepared to make a man of him at the cost of his possible love? This faced her when she was alone with her passionate nature, and she fought it, and with her fists clenched she cried: "Yes, yes, yes!"

Do we know all that Grizel had to fight? There were times when Tommy's mind wandered to excuses for himself; he knew what men were, and he shuddered to think of the might have been, had a girl, who could love as Grizel did, loved such a man as her father. He thanked his Maker, did Tommy, that he, who was made as those other men, had avoided raising passions in her. I wonder how he was so sure. Do we know all that Grizel had to fight?

They spoke much during those days of the coming parting, and she always said that she could bear it if she saw him go away more of a man than he had come.

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"Then anything I have suffered or may suffer," she told him, "will have been done to help you, and perhaps in time that will make me proud of my poor little love-story. It would be rather pitiful, would it not, if I have gone through so much for no end at all?"

She spoke, he said, almost reproachfully, as if she thought he might go away on his wings, after all.

"We can't be sure," she murmured, she was so eager to make him watchful.

"Yes," he said, humbly but firmly, "I may be a scoundrel, Grizel, I am a scoundrel, but one thing you may be sure of, I am done with sentiment."

Elspeth's marriage day came round, and I should like to linger in it, and show you Elspeth in her wedding-gown, and Tommy standing behind to catch her if she fainted, and Ailie weeping, and Aaron Latta rubbing his gleeful hands, and a smiling bridesmaid who had once thought she might be a bride. But that was a day in Elspeth's story, not in Tommy's and Grizel's. Only one incident in their story crept into that happy day. There were speeches at the feast, and the Rev. Mr. Dishart referred to Tommy in the kindliest way, called him "my young friend," quoted (inaccurately) from his book, and expressed an opinion, formed, he might say, when Mr. Sandys was a lad at school (cheers), that he had a career before him. Tommy bore it well, all except the quotation, which he was burning to correct, but sighed to find that it had set the dominies on his left talking about precocity. "To produce such a graybeard of a book at two-and-twenty, Mr. Sandys," said Cathro, "is amazing. It partakes, sir, of the nature of the miraculous; its onchancey, by which we mean a deviation from the normal." And so on. To escape this kind of flattery (he had so often heard it said by ladies, who could say it so much better), Tommy turned to his neighbors on the right.

Oddly enough they also were discussing deviations from the normal. On the table was a plant in full flower, and Ailie, who had lent it, was expressing surprise that it should bloom so late in the season.

"So early in its life I should rather say," the Doctor remarked after examining it. "It is a young plant, and in the ordinary course would not have come to flower before next year. But it is afraid that it will never see next year. It is one of those poor little plants that bloom prematurely because they are diseased."

Tommy was a little startled. He had often marvelled over his own precocity, but never guessed that this might be the explanation why he was in flower at twenty-two. "Is that a scientific fact?" he asked.

"It is a law of nature," the Doctor replied, gravely, and if anything more was said on the subject our Tommy did not hear it. What did he hear? He was a child again, in miserable lodgings, and it was some time in the long middle of the night, and what he heard from his bed was his mother coughing away her life in hers. There was an angry knock, knock, knock, from somewhere near, and he crept out of bed to tell his mother that the people through the wall were complaining because she would not die more quietly, but when he reached her bed it was not she he saw lying there, but himself, aged twenty-four, or thereabouts. For Tommy had inherited his mother's cough; he had known it every winter, but he remembered it as if for the first time now.

Did he hear anything else? I think he heard his wings slipping to the floor.

He asked Ailie to give him the plant, and he kept it in his room, very lovingly, though he forgot to water it. He sat for long periods looking at it, and his thoughts were very deep, but all he actually said aloud was, "There are two of us." Aaron sometimes saw them together, and thought they were an odd pair, and perhaps they were.

Tommy did not tell Grizel of the tragedy that was hanging over him. He was determined to save her that pain. He knew that most men in his position would have told her and was glad to find that he could keep it so gallantly to himself. She was brave; perhaps some day she would discover that he had been brave also. When she talked of wings now, what he seemed to see was a green grave. His eyes were moist, but he held his head high. All this did him good.

Ah, well, but the world must jog along though you and I be damned. Elspeth

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was happily married, and there came the day when Tommy and Grizel must say good-by. He was returning to London. His luggage was already in Corp's barrow, all but the insignificant part of it, which yet made a bulky package in its author's pocket, for it was his new manuscript, for which he would have fought a regiment, yes, and beaten them. Little cared Tommy what became of the rest of his luggage so long as that palpitating package was safe.

"And little you care," Grizel said, in a moment of sudden bitterness, "whom you leave behind, so long as you take it with you."

He forgave her, with a sad smile. She did not know, you see, that this manuscript might be his last.

And it was the only bitter thing she said. Even when he looked very sorry for her, she took advantage of his emotion to help him only. "Don't be too sorry for me," she said, calmly; "remember, rather, that there is one episode in a woman's life to which she must always cling in memory, whether it was a pride to her or a shame, and that it rests with you to make mine proud or shameful."

In other words, he was to get rid of his wings. How she harped on that!

He wanted to kiss her on the brow, but she would not have it. He was about to do it, not to gratify any selfish desire, but of a beautiful impulse, that if anything happened, she would have this to remember as the last of him. But she drew back almost angrily. Positively, she was putting it down to sentiment, and he forgave her even that.

But she kissed the manuscript. "Wish it luck," he had begged of her, "you were always so fond of babies, and this is my baby." So Grizel kissed Tommy's baby, and then she turned away her face. Oh, Tommy, Tommy!

(To be continued.)

"THE RIVER PEOPLE"

By Dexter Marshall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

COMPLETELY out of touch with the hurrying world, to which they are physically so near, the thousands of men, women, and children living permanently in floating homes on the great streams of the Mississippi system, make up a segment of this country's population about which less is known by the general mass than of the Indians of Kamchatka.

Yet no one can travel along any of the larger interior waterways, either by steamboat or rail, without catching sight of the water denizens' queer, ark-like habitations. Contemptuous references to them as "shanty-boat folks" are to be seen in the newspapers of all river towns, and heard in the conversation of all river-bank dwellers, and no State watered by the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, or any of their larger branches, is ever clear of them. Steamboat men say they number from 10,000 to 12,000; some of the more intelligent water folk themselves place the total at from 12,000 to 15,000 at least, while all agree that, instead of becoming fewer, they are increasing as the years roll round. This, notwithstanding the adverse ordinances of certain municipalities, and the repressive but entirely inoperative statutes of two or three States. It is forbidden any shanty-boat man to "tie up" within the boundaries of the municipalities referred to, excepting in cases of dire emergency; the States in question prohibit the existence of "shanty-boat folks" at all.

Dry land supports no corresponding class. In truth, they cannot be treated properly as a single class, for they are split up into almost as many subdivisions

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as those who live on shore. Frequently these subdivisions are not sharply defined, however, and, indeed, it would not be easy to draw an exact line, separating river from land dwellers in all cases. But, in some respects, the water folk are as a unit. They return the contempt of the "shore people" with interest. Without exception, they are infatuated with "the river," as they broadly term the entire system, and, no matter how much they may differ among themselves, they hang together when in trouble with outsiders. They call themselves "the river people" and sniff disdainfully when that title is applied to steamboat men, roustabouts, or even the raftsmen who pilot great fields of timber and logs down the mighty streams.

To be considered truly of the river people, you must be lulled to sleep at night, in your own floating home, by the gentle lapping of water, all the year round. You must be capable of living mainly on fish which you have taken from the river's tawny depths. You must cook your food over driftwood fire. You must bear with fortitude the malaria and the rheumatism which curse all who steadily breathe the river vapors. And, above all, you must never say "shanty-boat." Most of the older "river people" call their habitations "cabin-boats," most of the younger ones speak of them as "house-boats," and, to be personally agreeable "on the river," whether resident or visitor, you must use one term or the other. You may deviate more or less from almost every other river rule and still hold your own, but this may not be broken with impunity.

For the rest of it, the river dweller may live his life pretty much as he chooses, without losing favor. He may be white, black, yellow, or copper-colored; Northerner or Southerner; Jew, Christian, or pagan; clean or dirty, ragged or whole. It matters not whether the chicken that fries in his spider and the potatoes that boil in his pot were bought with honest money, or "picked up" on shore; his shirt may have been procured, in the regular way, at a river town store, or "found" at night on a back-yard clothes line. His "woman" may tell fortunes for shore fools; he may run a river show, or keep a river store, or carry on the bumboat business, or manage a floating dance-hall. He may earn a few dollars now and then, by working on solid ground, like one of the shore people, though much regular labor will subject him to some criticism. He and his may listen to the talk of "sky pilots" on the first day of the week; he may even send his children to school, and yet stand well with his fellows. In fact, the new recruit will find in riverdom a nearer approach to freedom, absolute and unimpaired, than exists anywhere else on this planet. Perhaps this is the leading reason why the cabin-boat habit, once contracted, is rarely or never shaken off.

The practiced observer can select one of the river people in a crowd, in almost any circumstances. Not all betray themselves by their peculiarly listless river ways, but ninety-nine in a hundred show a curious similarity of color in the face. The water denizens, themselves, call this "the river complexion." It is apparent alike in the lightest Scandinavian and the darkest native of southern Europe. With a difference, it shows itself in the countenances of the river negroes even. It would not be easy to describe the river complexion. Something approaching it is seen in the faces of poor whites, in some Southern regions. Continuous exposure to river weather is one of its causes, of course, but the excessive consumption of cheap and muddy coffee contributes its share. Made from the turbid liquid on which the cabin-boats float, it is the exclusive non-intoxicating beverage on the stream. It is drunk hot at morning, at noon, and in the evening; it is drunk cold between meals and at night; and, no matter how abjectly poor the water-dweller, he always has a supply of the Arabian berry on hand. He would as willingly be out of quinine as coffee. The clothes of the river people are fully as convincing as their complexion. No matter what its original color or texture, every garment worn long on the river suggests the stream itself in tint. This is as true of the sometimes brilliant and relatively smart attire of the prosperous cabin-boat man's wife or daughter, as of the dingy garb worn by the slouchiest water tramp.

Nearly all the river people are somewhat nomadic, but only a small percentage are true water tramps. The water tramp is much like his land brother, the

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hobo, though undoubtedly on a plane one level higher. The genuine hobo is positively poverty-stricken and aggressively idle; he rarely owns anything except the clothes on his back and a knife, and he is proud to live wholly by stealing and begging. With the water tramp it is otherwise. Of necessity he must own some sort of a floating home, though often only a rowboat in size, and it must be furnished with blankets, to be used for covering while he sleeps. He must also possess fishing tackle, a more or less elaborate cooking outfit, and eating utensils. He generally does own a small oil-stove and a quantity of miscellaneous old gear.

The most confirmed water tramp I know is by no means a vicious fellow, though wofully lacking in stamina. He has been eleven years on the Mississippi, spending the summers invariably on the upper river, most of the autumns floating down the stream, most of the winters on its southern levels, and most of the springs rowing or poling or being towed north again. His present habitation is not a cabin-boat at all, but a strong, skiff-like, double-ended craft, about sixteen feet long, with a keel, and built by himself. There is no deck-house, but instead a muslin canopy supported by a wooden framework. This man calls himself Solomon Smith, which, while almost surely not his own, is as good a name as any other on the river. He says he never has begged and never has been a thief, and adds that he has had several "working fits" every year since he took to the river. Yet, by his own statement, he has lived an idler life than the laziest land tramp in existence. For, whereas, excepting when stealing a railroad ride, the land tramp has to exert himself in walking to get from place to place, the water tramp can always go down stream by simply floating. Moving against the current, he can generally get a lift for little or nothing from a good-natured steamboat or towboat captain; even when it is necessary to pit his own muscle against the stream the effort is generally less strenuous than walking. Perhaps the hobo's willingness to walk when he might float is mainly responsible for Solomon Smith's sentiments toward him; at all events, they are unprintably disdainful.

Like the majority of his fellows, and noteworthily unlike the average hobo, Solomon Smith is decidedly unsociable. Land tramps naturally travel in couples and groups, and thus become well acquainted; water tramps as naturally voyage up and down the big rivers alone. Despite their numbers, the river people, all told, are far less numerous than the land tramps, and the water tramps proper probably do not aggregate more than 2,000 or 2,500. When afloat, days and days may pass before one of them sees another of his kind; then the river's breadth may divide them, and they may not speak. Solomon Smith says he has more than once floated passively down stream for over a week at a stretch, without once approaching another human being. During such periods he ties up o' nights at unfrequented places, and divides his days between smoking, fishing, cooking what he catches, and eating. Sometimes he has a few potatoes or a little bread, besides the fish, but oftener its taste is relieved only by river-water coffee.

In the nature of things, it makes no more difference to Solomon Smith than to the rest of the world, whether he moves rapidly or otherwise up or down the stream, but there are times when he is impelled to desperate haste. Then he does not stop to do his cooking, but prepares his food over an oil-stove aboard the boat. There are other times when he takes no note of the lapse of hours or days or weeks, and then he cooks ashore, using river drift for fuel. When feeling more sociable than usual he ties up in the ice harbor of some river town, and it is generally when thus in contact with shore life that his working fits "come on." As a rule he earns exceptionally good wages, his favorite industry being the cleaning of cisterns, which are especially prevalent in such river towns as are inhabited largely by "wooden shoes," as the river people term the Germans.

Though now a water tramp, and so belonging to the lowest grade of river people not criminals, Solomon Smith has seen much better days. His first down-river voyage from his original Minnesota home, undertaken to avoid the payment of some awkward debts, was made in a cabin-boat which he describes as "gorgeous." It cost $300. Its scow was thirty feet long and twelve or fifteen feet wide, while its

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deck-house had four rooms. Rag carpets covered the floors of all but the kitchen. Pictures hung on the walls. There was a melodeon in the parlor, and next it stood a little bookcase filled with such volumes as subscription agents sell in country districts. There was then a Mrs. Solomon Smith, and two or three children. All the way down stream the boat made protracted stops at river towns, in the course of which Solomon did "carpenter work," in that way earning money enough to buy what supplies the river could not furnish. The first winter he moored in the mouth of a creek, a little below Cairo, Ill., and, until spring, labored on some sort of "works" not far away, while the children went to a near-by school. There are perhaps more than a thousand cabin-boat families now living exactly as the Solomon Smiths did that year, in a perfectly commonplace, entirely respectable, and fairly industrious way.

Solomon Smith's gradual and typical decline, from the grade of a relatively prosperous cabin-boat man to that of a water tramp, was caused by the almost universal river complaint of shiftlessness. It drove Mrs. Solomon back to Minnesota long ago, and her threat to sue for non-support, should he enter that State, add another to the sufficient reasons why he should never again visit his early home. One good look at Solomon Smith, and five minutes' talk with him, show clearly that he has paid too well for his life of river ease. He answers to thirty-eight, but he might be sixty. The shape of his head is not bad, but his face is vacant. Apparently he was muscular and well set-up originally, but now he is bent and hollow-chested, his hands are losing shape from rheumatism, and he has a distressing cough. He thinks he never would have taken to the river "if he had known," and now he is "threatening" continually to leave it, but he never will. The virus of river infatuation is in his veins, and he could no more separate himself from its flat, ague-breeding surface than he could dam its flow.

Every one of the streams belonging to the Mississippi system is infested with water nomads much like Solomon Smith. Some began the life afloat in New York or Pennsylvania, near the sources of the Alleghany, floated down to the Ohio, and there became confirmed in their useless, idle mode of existence. Others reached the Ohio, and through it the Mississippi, from the headwaters of the Monongahela, the Big Sandy, the Cumberland, and other tributaries of the Missouri, and still others were recruited from points along the great rivers themselves. They are of every nationality common in the United States, and the diversity of their antecedents explains the lack of a distinctive river dialect, which seems strange at first. Certain individuals among them are believed by their fellows to have been red-handed fugitives from justice originally, and there is nothing inherently improbable in the belief. Yet not one in ten, probably, has ever been guilty of anything worse than petty thievery when he was hungry, and not one in ten is now an aggressively bad man.

The professional river thief, often confounded with the simon-pure water tramp, is of a radically different type, though the line of demarcation between the two classes is unusually hazy. The water tramp is a nerveless creature, who is almost literally afraid of his own shadow. He is also a dreamer, slow of thought, and sluggish bodily. But, whatever the faults of the professional water thief, he is shrewd and alert, and he does not lack in boldness. The very fact that he is a river man gives him a big advantage over the landsman in the stealing business. The latter can as readily cross the stream from State to State, in evading the law, as the former, but he understands the river's ins and outs; he knows of a hundred snug hiding-places along its shores, to which he may retire when the officers press too close. Once he gets uncaught aboard his floating home, whether it be skiff or cabin-boat, the chances of his capture are hardly worth discussion. The cleverer river thief does nearly all his work away up stream in the warm weather, rarely disposing of his booty till weeks or months later, after he has floated down to the town he calls his home, where he can sell without exciting suspicion. There are stories current among the water tramps, of river thieves who live ashore in winter, South, posing as respectable citizens. Some of these tales may be true, but naturally, they lack confirmation. Unlike

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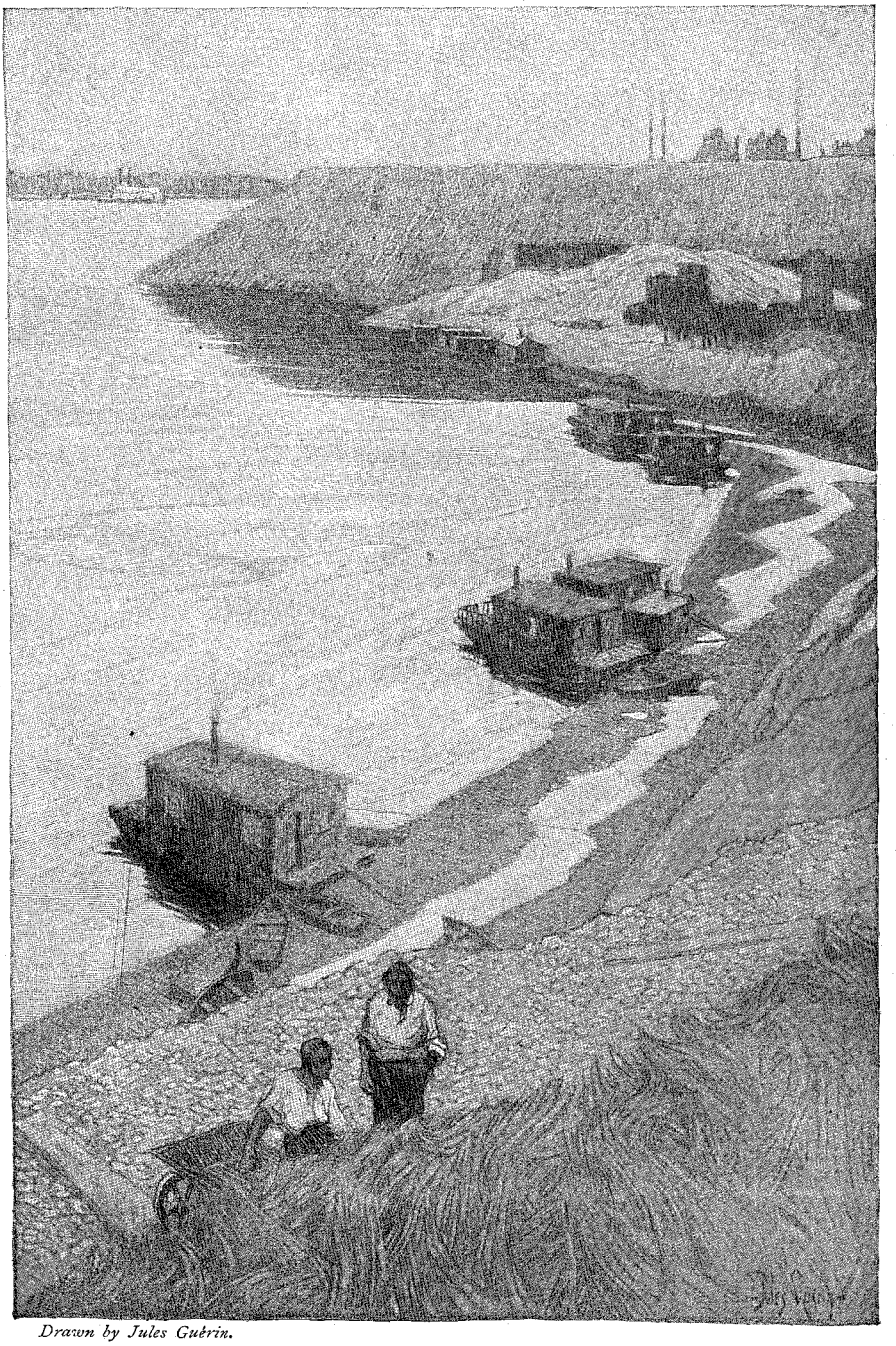

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Cabin-boats Moored Near a City.

In the summer-time such groups of floating homes are to be found moored in the river environs of nearly every considerable town along the great interior waterways. The inhabitants of such boats often work ashore. Some of them never move their boats from year's end to year's end, and these live on the water for no other reason than to save rent and taxes.

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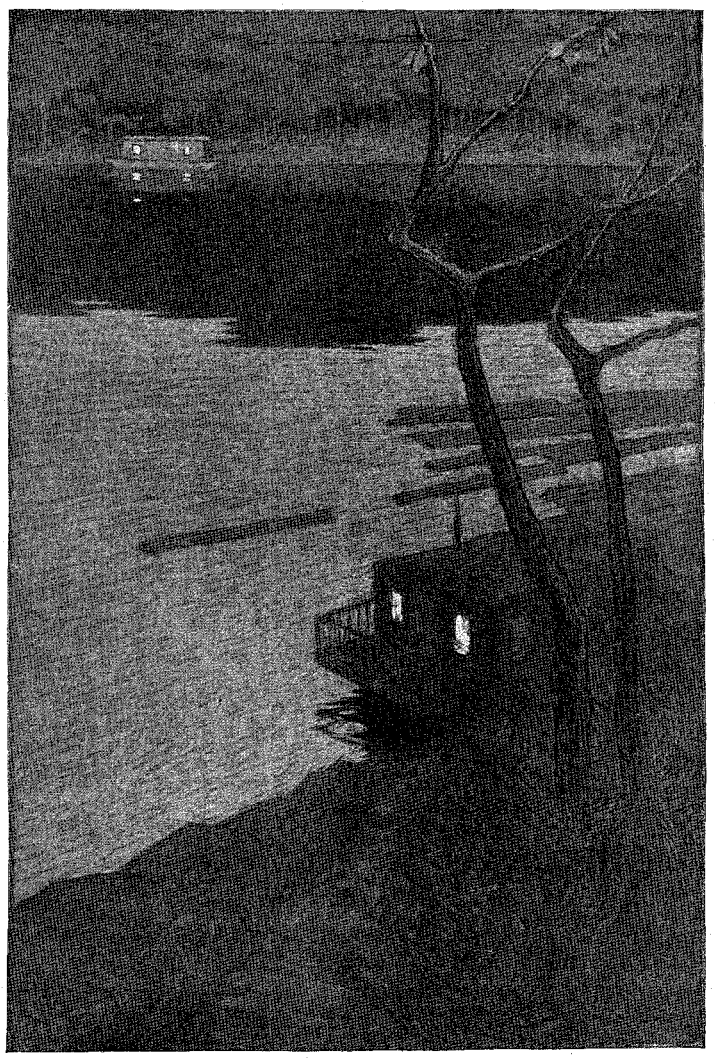

Night on the River.

A river dweller may drift for days in his cabin-boat without seeing a like floating habitation, and when he does the breadth of the stream may divide them.

river tramps, river thieves often, of necessity, travel in pairs.

The bumboat of the interior rivers is vastly different from its prototype in European seaports, being nothing more nor less than an unlicensed floating liquor saloon. Sometimes there is a bar, but oftener not. Bumboating is not so profitable as formerly, and not many bumboats are to be found very far up stream. The bumboat keeper is generally less of a river man in spirit than most of the water dwellers, and, having more money than they, he does not draw so much of his subsistence from the stream. Though they patronize him, they are prone to consider him a parasite, and so he has really cordial relations with the criminally inclined among his fellows only; and, as the shore people look down upon him from ineffable heights, he is about as friendless a creature as you will find on the river. Everywhere he goes the land authorities are after him for violating the excise laws, and he has to keep dodging from shore to shore to avoid arrest. Most bumboat men pay the federal tax without protest, and thus are in fear of local authorities

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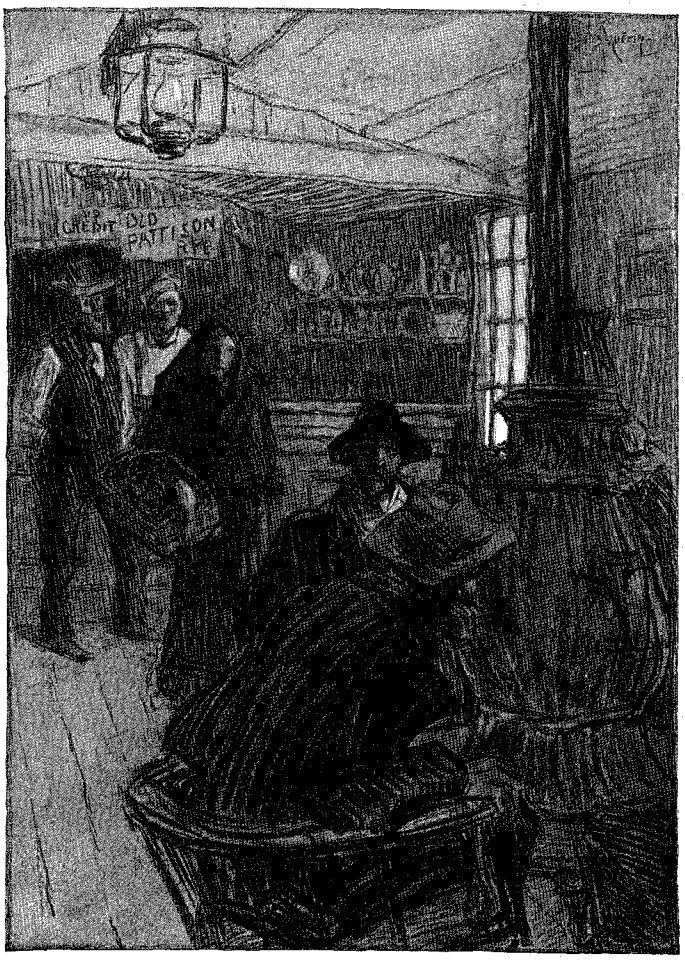
only. Such lead comparatively easy lives, but it is otherwise with those who defy Uncle Sam. Sooner or later they are sure to be run down and punished, though occasionally one leads the internal revenue men a worrying chase. One of this sort, captured on his boat after long pursuit, managed to cut his moorings, with the officer aboard, and the unverified story is that the latter was not set ashore till he had promised to make no trouble. The bumboat man had his wife along, and, armed with a seven-shooter, she stood alternate watch with her husband over the officer, who was made to understand clearly that indiscretion meant sure death, and who was so cut up by the circumstances that he resigned from the service.

River shows and floating dance-halls are not so common as of old. Some of the former were big establishments in the palmy river days, and the entertainments they gave were unobjectionable. Housed in good-sized water theatres, and moved by steam towboats, they stopped only at the larger towns, where they sometimes attracted audiences composed of the "very best people." Time was when the Ohio supported two or three such boats handsomely, but they have long since disappeared. If any river shows are left at all they keep well down the Mississippi and low cheapness is their leading quality.



In a River Store.

The river mercantile establishment is like the typical village store in one thing at least—it is a favorite lounging-place, and in the winter-time its stove is almost invariably surrounded by a circle of chronic "setters" who smoke, chew tobacco, and spin yarns by the hour.

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The degenerate river shows, the river dance-halls which are vile, and certain other floating establishments of even shadier reputation, have contributed most to the low standing of the river people as a whole.

The River Tramp.

Sometimes he ties up at unfrequented places and lets time drift idly away.

Like Solomon Smith, the water tramp, a goodly proportion of the river people migrate Southward in cold weather, and Northward when the weather is warm. Many river men act as professional guides to well-to-do gunners along the lower Mississippi and its branches, in the late fall and winter, spending all but the shooting season on the river, and earning in that season all the money they need for the year. These river men are "well heeled," for water folk, every spring, and do not begrudge the few dollars they have to pay a towboat going North, for giving them a line. Not a few of them moor their boats in summer near river-side resorts, and do a thriving business as curio dealers, dispensers of ice-cream, soft drinks, and the like.

Notwithstanding the general tendency to change quarters with the seasons, there are some river people who never go South, and some who never go North. A few, indeed, do not move their boats at all, from year's end to year's end, being engaged in regular pursuits, the same as if they dwelt on land, and living on the water mainly to save rent and taxes. They have a tendency to be boat-builders and menders and keepers of "boat liveries," according to the river phrase, though they often adopt other occupations. A considerable number of the river people earn the money which they must have to buy their quinine, their coffee, and their miscellaneous supplies, digging clams or river mussels for their shells, which are used in making pearl buttons, so called. Some tie up every summer where they can cultivate unclaimed bottom land, and raise potatoes and other vegetables, for sale and their own use. One river man of the writer's acquaintance has bought a half acre of ground and converted it into a poultry-yard; his sale of chickens keeps him the year round. He hasn't moved his boat for four years, and his pile of river driftwood, gathered for winter use and seasoning on shore, is nearly as big as his floating shanty.

River merchants used to abound up stream as well as below, but nowadays are not often seen on the upper levels. They number more shore than river people

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among their customers, and thrive best along certain extended reaches which boast few towns, and are far removed from lines of rail. It is along these reaches that the gypsy-like river fortune-tellers most abound, and, likewise, the river professional men—floating doctors and dentists, who need no diplomas to allow them to practise. These sparsely settled stretches also support the majority of the river mechanics—carpenters, tinkers, locksmiths, gunsmiths, tinsmiths, and the like. Most of these would never have taken to the water at all had it been possible to keep busy in any one locality. They are more energetic than the run of the water folk, as a matter of course, but the trail of the river's shiftlessness is over them all, and few among them would now give up their life of alternate work and lazy drifting, if the chance were offered.

As to morality on the river, there are as many standards as on land. River men sometimes get raving drunk, and some of them are drunk most of the time, but there is less intoxication than you might suppose, perhaps because it takes money to buy liquor, and money is scarce on the river. There is many a cabin-boat woman who would resent an attempt at flirtation as indignantly as any woman ashore, and perhaps to more purpose, for sometimes,

Last Stage of No. 751.

Abandoned street-car which has been appropriated by a river dweller for use as a cabin-boat.

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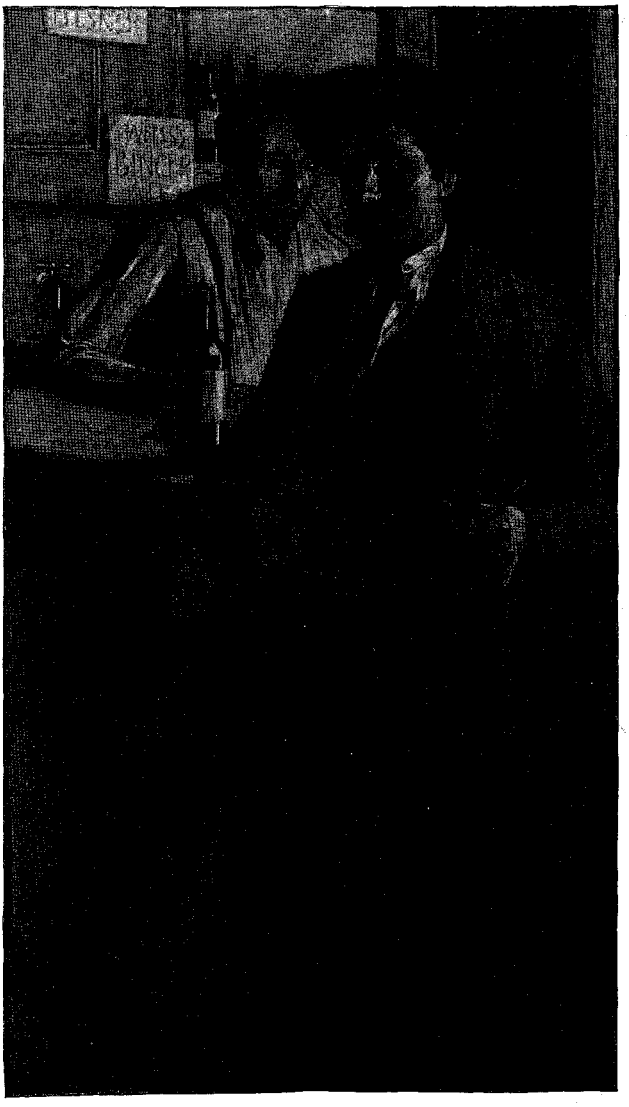
like their husbands, the cabin-boat women are armed for protection from so-called river thugs. These latter are not numerous, but they are an ugly feature of distinctive river life for all that. They are to be found in nearly all river classes, but, like the river thieves and the plain water tramps, are nomads mostly, and they know the ins and outs of all the great streams and their tributaries better than the steamboat pilots.

River children generally are hardy and fresh faced, though they show the river tint early. Some among those sent to school are exceptionally clever and capable, but the majority are listless and stupid. It is possible that an occasional bright river boy has forsworn water life on reaching young manhood, and made a mark in land pursuits, but the writer's diligent inquiry for such a case was not rewarded with success. River children are constantly in danger of falling off the boat when small, but they soon learn to



A Bumboat Interior.

The bumboat is generally a shabby craft inside and out, and its keeper is considered a parasite by the water dwellers, but it is well patronized as a rule, and money is much more plentiful with him than with his fellow river people who buy his liquors.

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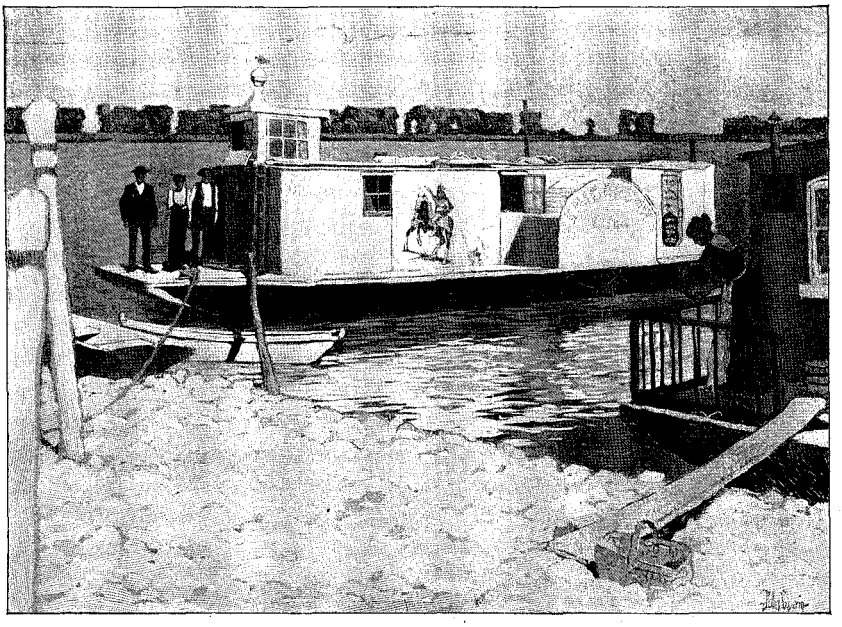

A Prosperous River Establishment.

This "medicine boat" has been known on the lower Mississippi for years. Its specialty is an alleged external remedy for rheumatism, for which there is naturally a steady demand among the river people.

take care of themselves, and child drownings are seldom heard of. Curiously enough, they are not often taught to swim. In fact, not half the river grown-ups can swim, and they seem little more inclined to make use of water for bathing purposes than as a beverage.

It has been intimated that the river people, of all grades, are inclined to be clannish, and so they are, but the aloofness that characterizes the water tramps is not confined to them. Water folk, generally, are shy of one another as well as of shore people, on short acquaintance, and the new-comer on the river is invariably left severely alone for a long time by those he meets. According to the tacitly accepted etiquette of the river, indeed, he would be justified in resenting any other treatment, since it is taken for granted that every recruit to the river people's ranks has his own personal secrets; that he carries his own private skeleton on his cabin-boat, and therefore doesn't care for too much inquisitiveness on the part of anybody, whether of the river or the shore. But let trouble overtake him and his fellows will come to his aid, with intentions as neighborly as ever were displayed in a New England village. Should his cabin-boat be stranded on a sand-bar, he can confidently count on the help of any other cabin-boat man who may be poling or floating by. Should "the shakes" prostrate him, when he is out of quinine, he may be sure the first river man he sees will supply the lack, if possible. Should he be unlucky in fishing, or in picking up potatoes, and therefore hungry, he may ask, unashamed, for supplies from any other water dweller. He may even count on being helped to hide, should officers of the law get after him.

In short, the average river man will stand by another one, through thick and thin, unless the risk be too great, providing the one in trouble has never forgotten the obligations he owes the fraternity, either by failing to be helpful to someone else in time of need, or by "finding" things on a cabin-boat not his own. In this latter contingency he will do well to get away from the river as soon as he can. Otherwise he may find himself floating in the stream some night, and not on its surface, and the great world, which is as heedless of the river people as they are of it, will never miss him for a single moment.

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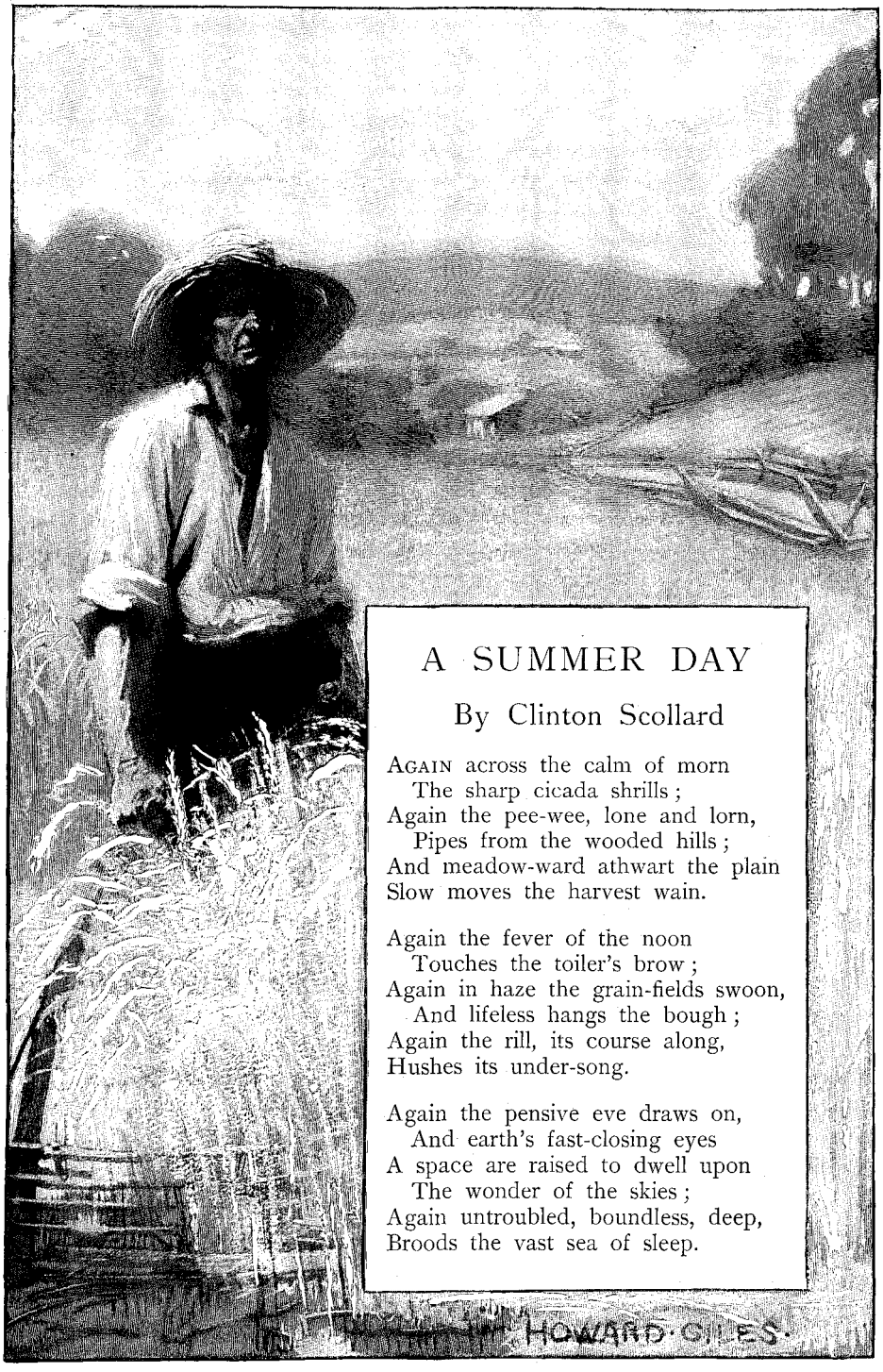

A SUMMER DAY

By Clinton Scollard

AGAIN across the calm of morn
The sharp cicada shrills;
Again the pee-wee, lone and lorn,
Pipes from the wooded hills;
And meadow-ward athwart the plain
Slow moves the harvest wain.

Again the fever of the noon
Touches the toiler's brow;
Again in haze the grain-fields swoon,
And lifeless hangs the bough;
Again the rill, its course along,
Hushes its under-song.

Again the pensive eve draws on,
And earth's fast-closing eyes
A space are raised to dwell upon
The wonder of the skies;
Again untroubled, boundless, deep,
Broods the vast sea of sleep.

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THE BOER AS A SOLDIER*

HIS PECULIARITIES, HIS WEAKNESSES, AND HIS INDEPENDENCE

By Thomas F. Millard

PRETORIA, March 24, 1900.

THE strength of the Boer as a fighting unit has been proved on many bloody and bitterly contested fields. No one need apologize, in the face of his recent deeds, for any lack of military knowledge and qualification that may be scored against the bearded farmer of the veldt. Theoretically, taking into account this utter absence of that training deemed by military experts so indispensable to make an effective soldier, a single regiment of British regulars should be able to rout ten times its number of Boers. Reverse this ratio, and it will approximately represent actual conditions.

Yet the Boer, with all his stubborn courage, his cunning of kopje and veldt and skill with a rifle, which make him so formidable a foe, has his military weaknesses: weaknesses so numerous, so glaring, so calculated to undermine and destroy his elements of effectiveness, that it is little short of miraculous that he has any success at all.

One of the military attachés who accompany the Boer forces for the purpose of observation would probably sum up all these weaknesses in a single phrase—lack of discipline. This comment would be true, and is certainly comprehensive, but it would fall something short of expressing the many shadings of character and point of view that constitute the Boer on commando. The Boer admittedly occupies a unique niche in civilization. His political and social life furnish a broad field for study and conjecture, and constitute a puzzle the Western mind has yet to solve to its satisfaction. If the Boer in civil life is a puzzle, the Boer at war is a being beyond the ken of ordinary mortals.

The Boer detests, hates, loathes war. He will not fight unless driven to it. Before he will take the field he will endure coercion up to any point short of an undisguised assault upon the thing he holds dearest of all things on earth—his political independence. To any man who has watched the Boer in war, any accusation which fastens upon him the responsibility for the commencement of hostilities falls to the ground as absolutely preposterous. There is not a man, from the Commandant-General down, who does not daily pray for peace. There is not a man who is not heartily sick of fighting and the hardship of laager life, and who would not readily purchase the privilege to again enjoy the comfort and quiet of home with any concession that would leave him his liberty.

So it is that the Boer fights under protest. He would prefer not to fight, and freely admits it. He professes no military knowledge or ability. He thinks rather meanly, than otherwise, of himself as a fighting man. He regards fighting as morally wrong except when it cannot possibly be avoided, and holds himself bound not to provoke useless bloodshed. He looks to the Bible for inspiration and guidance, and governs his actions by his own individual interpretation of the Holy Book. Conceive, if you can, this mental attitude, and perhaps you may detect the psychological reasons for the Boer's military weakness. For, as I have said, most of them cannot be adjusted to ordinary standards.

I will not undertake to say which is the principal weakness of the Boer, but they all, in a measure, seem grafted onto a huge bump of insubordination. Bear in mind that the Boers have no regular military organization. Except the Commandant-General, who is elected every five years and who is as apt to be chosen for social as for military qualifications, there is no permanent nucleus. Each district has its field cornet, who is a sort of semi-civil officer and whose chief duty is to administer the commandeering laws when occasion arises. When a commando is formed to take the field, a commandant is elected. The commandants have

* See "With the Boer Army," by the same author, in the June number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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little control over their men, in whom the republican spirit is developed to an inconvenient degree. If the war requires large bodies of troops, vecht-generals are appointed, who are under the Commandant-General and command groups of commandoes.

All Boers are wonderfully jealous of authority. They will tolerate no assumption of superior intelligence or knowledge on the part of their officers. They will never submit to be ordered to fight. If they want to fight they will fight, but if they don't want to fight they won't. They may be coaxed, but never bullied. One of their generals may establish a sort of mental supremacy over them and so gain their confidence that they will obey him with comparative certainty; that is, they will agree to follow his advice. But a general only arrives at this summit of quasi-authority by slow and careful steps; and having reached it he may be dashed down any moment.

Here I see some military man begin to bristle. "Why don't they court-martial and shoot a few of the beggars? That would stop such nonsense," he probably says, mentally.

Why not? A good idea; and one that would quickly be acted upon in an American or European army. But here in the Transvaal we have no American or European discipline. The fighting men of these two little republics are Boers, and the Boer—well, he is a Boer. I can imagine a photograph of the officer who would attempt to enforce such a sentence, a picture of his bullet-riddled corpse rotting on the veldt. In the whole history of these farmer republics no white man has ever been executed under sentence of law. A beginning will not be made now. The Boer only fights as a matter of accommodation to his government, and he will fight in his own way or not at all. If you get him angry he will take his gun, mount his horse and ride away to his farm.

"But," fumes the military gentleman, "you cannot run an army successfully on such a principle as that. Subordination is the corner-stone of military efficiency. No body of men fight successfully without discipline. It's ridiculous, it's——"

Quite right. I agree with you. I am not defending the idiosyncrasies of the fighting Boer. I am merely describing them.

Under the commandeering law, every burgher in the two republics is liable to be called out for military duty. His rifle has been provided by the government (only of late years—he used to provide his own weapon), but he furnishes the necessary horse, saddle and bridle, and provisions for one week. Thus he presents himself before his field cornet, ready for the fray. If he does not so present himself there is a penalty. But it is rarely enforced. After the fall of Bloemfontein more burghers were needed at the front. The field cornet of Pretoria sent summonses to two hundred and fifty men to appear at his office on a certain day, prepared to go on commando. Only fifty appeared. "Of course, the delinquents were prosecuted," says the military gentleman. Not at all. The field cornet did not dare to resort to extreme measures. At great trouble to himself he went around to see the burghers, and, being a man of winning personality and extremely popular, succeeded in coaxing most of them to do their duty. The lot of a field cornet in time of war is not a happy one.

So much for the Boer military system. Now that we have an inkling of his character and idea of discipline, let us follow the burgher into the field and see, from actual contact and observation, how the loosely strung system works out its multitude of blunders, and minimizes, or counteracts altogether, his really splendid natural fighting qualities.

The Boer is not aggressive. This trait is due partly to his Dutch nationality and partly to his religion. A battle is sure to result in loss of human life, which the Boer holds to be a sinful sacrifice. An attack will precipitate a battle. So the Boer will not attack except under extraordinary circumstances. A great majority of the burghers will attack under no circumstances. Opinions may differ when it comes to assign a reason for this. Persons are not lacking who attribute this disinclination to attack to cowardice. There are cowards among the Boers—probably in about the same proportion that cowards exist in other nationalities. The cowards among the Boers shine more brilliantly, for they have not rigid dis-

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cipline to bolster their faint hearts nor the fear of court-martial to chain them to the firing-line. But the cowardice theory cannot account for the refusal of such a large proportion of the Boers to fight upon certain occasions. Another explanation must be found.

In all that terrible fighting around Ladysmith and along the Tugela, not more than one-third of the burghers were ever at any time engaged. Since the total force under General Joubert never exceeded 7,000 men, it will be seen that the real fighting force was ridiculously small. Doubtless many people have wondered why the Boers did not send more men to assault the Platrand; why only a few hundred were compelled to scale Spion Kop unaided; why so few fought and won at Nicholson's Nek, when even a small reinforcement would have resulted in the total destruction of the entire British force; when, during all these engagements, thousands of Boers lay idly inactive near by.

I can answer these questions, but the answers will not satisfy any well-wisher of the Boers; rather will they fret and irritate him.

Six hundred men assaulted the Platrand, took part of the English trenches, secured a foothold on the Kop, but, after suffering a loss of forty per cent., were compelled to retreat because they were not reinforced. This was not the fault of the Boer generals. Another commando of six hundred men had been ordered to cooperate in the assault, but when the commandant ordered the men forward they refused to move. So the assault failed. At Nicholson's Nek the rout of the British force left the way into Ladysmith open, and some of the subordinate Boer generals, notably General Botha, were eager to follow up the success. But no considerable force of burghers could be got to continue the pursuit, and General Joubert ordered a retirement when the full fruits of victory were within his grasp.

Probably General Joubert knows his men, and handles them accordingly. It does seem ridiculous, however, to see, as has repeatedly occurred in this war, the British force, shattered and broken, retreating in one direction, while the Boers calmly retire in the opposite direction, toward their laagers. How often must the English generals give thanks for such tactics on the part of the enemy? No wonder that Colonel Villebois-Mareuil said, as he shrugged his shoulders despairingly at Colenso:

"The British lose; but the Boers do not win."

Yet at Colenso (the first battle) General Botha's strategy was not at fault. He had ordered a strong commando to cross the middle Tugela and fall upon the rear of the British column when it retreated. The burghers of this commando set the orders of their officers at naught and refused to execute the movement. Let the military experts take all the facts into consideration before they criticise the strategy and tactics of the Boer generals (uneducated, as they are, in a military sense) too severely. Think of the material they had at hand to fight their battles with. Inferiority of numbers, lack of artillery, absence of adequate commissary were great handicaps, but not the greatest. Picture the mental ferment of a general, who, beset by alarming odds and difficulties, knows full well that half of his forces won't fight, and that the other half has to be coaxed to fight, and will then only fight much as the men themselves choose. Think of ordering troops to take such and such a position, and to have the men shake their bushy beards and reply:

"Oh, no. That position is too dangerous. We'll go over yonder."

I see my friend, the military gentleman, here getting black in the face and tearing his hair. I have also seen General Botha tear his hair, and curse the day when he ever undertook to defend fifteen miles of tortuous river front, against an enemy ten times his strength and with another powerful foe in his rear, with a couple of thousand burghers, who couldn't be induced to obey orders.

If ever a general got it "hard upon his nob" Sir Charles Warren did at Spion Kop. Yet, on the whole, he escaped fortunately. His disheartened troops, wearied by the exertion of a week of fruitless fighting, could be seen from the heights north of the Tugela, retreating in masses across the flats, and over the pontoon bridges which spanned the River of Blood. The handful of Boers

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that had, in the length of a fiercely-fought day, driven the British from Spion Kop, was too exhausted to pursue. Anticipating this, General Botha had ordered 1,000 men to take the retiring column in flank, and had posted four Krupp guns to shell the pontoons. These admirable dispositions, certain to have played havoc in the ranks of the retreating British, were progressing favorably when an order came from General Joubert that the artillery should not fire and the harassing commando be held back.

"Why?" asks the military gentleman. "Why in the name of Bonaparte, Hannibal, Grant, Von Moltke, and all the other authorities, why?" exclaims that now irate (I am sure) individual.

General Joubert* is (pardon the seeming paradox) a man of peace. No one can have a higher respect for the splendid character and lovable traits of this admirable old patriot than I. Yet I state frankly my opinion that he would be a better general if he had a harder heart, or, as some people might put it, was less of a Christian. General Joubert guards the life of every burgher under his command as if it was his own; yes, far more carefully than he does his own. He also, strange to say, has a deep care for the lives of his enemies. How often have I seen him shake his head mournfully over a report of heavy British losses. Thus he will not pursue the enemy when they have once abandoned the field, or loose his artillery to decimate their demoralized ranks.

This is, I know, a remarkable point of view for a military man. It runs so contrary to accepted ideas of warfare—even civilized, twentieth-century warfare—that I hesitate to set it down, lest it seem exaggeration. Nevertheless, it is true, General Joubert has given numerous illustrations of this unusual tactical policy, to the frequent detriment of the republican cause, and far more creditable to his sense of humanity than to his military attainments. And, unfortunately, perhaps, for his chances of success, the habit of thought of the average Boer (notwithstanding all the malicious libel heaped upon his head) runs much in the same channel. The Boer loves not war, with its sanguinary attendants, and fights, even where he fights his best, with a reluctant spirit.

At the risk of puncturing some of the war bubbles so carefully cherished by the English public, I intend here to state a few facts. It has poulticed British pride, in an adverse hour, to assume, publish, and believe that large numbers, even superior numbers, of Boers have engaged the empire's tried and trained armies in South Africa. Let England believe this if she will, but it will profit the rest of the world nothing to subscribe to such fallacies. I am certain that in no engagement in the war — excepting at Paardeburg, where all the burghers captured with Cronje may be assumed (erroneously, I think) to have taken part in the fighting —have more than 2,000 Boers been engaged, and generally a few hundred have borne the brunt of the struggle. The reasons for this, when thousands more were within cannon shot of the field, I have endeavored to make clear. Yet even the most miserable skulker that ever lay in laager while his comrades were furnishing targets for lyddite shells will fight when cornered, and in this statement the measure of the ultimate cost of British conquest of the two republics can be taken.

There is a mistaken notion abroad that the operations of the Boers have been directed by European and American officers. This widely circulated statement contains scarcely a scintilla of truth. A few European officers and one American (Colonel Blake) are here. They may be men of ability for all I know, and competent to give the Boers excellent advice. Other foreign officers would volunteer if they could get commissions in the republican army. The talent can easily be secured. But how devise a scheme to apply it? The Boers will not obey their own officers, much less foreigners. If General Cronje had taken the advice of Colonel Villebois-Mareuil he would not now be on his way to St. Helena. If General Joubert had listened to Colonel Blake Ladysmith would never have been relieved. Do not catch the impression that the foreign officers here are superior to the Boer leaders. Exactly the opposite is what I wish to impress. The cases I have mentioned are exceptional ones,

* [Written, of course, before his death.]

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illustrating two of the rare occasions when "expert" advice might have been valuable. Under ordinary circumstances, the Boer general is the best judge of what course to pursue. He knows the country and his men. European standards are of little value here.

The Boer must be wheedled into fighting, and none but native officers can do this. If not treated to his notion, he will sulk, and a Chinaman will fight better than a sulky Boer. He is not a soldier, and doesn't pretend to be. The glamour of battle attracts him not, and his pride in victory is so subdued as to seem entirely lacking. The dull routine of the laager oppresses him. He pines for the isolation and ease of his farm, and he frequently insists upon having his wife with him in the laager. Let me tell the truth. The Boer is lazy. He is almost too lazy to go and fight. He is entirely too lazy to scout or do picket duty or dig trenches. He will permit a position to remain easily assailable when a few strokes of pick and shovel would render it impregnable. He makes nothing of sleeping on sentry duty, knowing well that he will not be punished if caught. Environment and climatic influences are responsible for this lack of physical energy. He acknowledges no sequence in rank, and if his own commandant is killed will take orders from no one under the Commandant-General. This leaves endless openings for demoralization and disintegration of the commandoes. If the Boer decides to abandon a position no protest of any officer will prevent his carrying out his design or check his retreat. Take him altogether, he is a very unsatisfactory soldier for trained officers to command.

And yet there are Boer generals who attain a wonderful ascendancy over their men. Paul Kruger is one, General Joubert another, General Cronje another, while the present war has brought forward a fresh crop, of which General Louis Botha is the most striking figure. It will easily be understood that to dominate soldiers like the Boers and compel their respect and obedience requires rare force of character and skill in dealing with men. Botha has risen by sheer strength, until he is to-day probably the most trusted general in the Boer armies. For months after the war began, his youth—he is only thirty-six—was against him.

"General Botha! Who is General Botha?" the old Boers would grunt. "Oh! that boy," disgustedly, when he was pointed out. Now they speak differently. If they will permit any man to order them about, that man is Botha.

It is not the typical Boer of the veldt who has done the best fighting in this war. The tangle-haired, bushy-bearded fellows have shown a decided inclination to remain in the laagers when a battle was progressing. The young men of the present generation have so far done the bulk of the fighting, and have proved more amenable to discipline. These youngsters come mostly from the towns, and have imbibed latter-day ideas. They taunt the elder Boers with lack of courage. The elders gravely reply that the "pen koppes," as they call the youngsters, are foolishly rash. In nearly all the battles the same men have done the bulk of the work. Thus the willing and adventurous are gradually being killed off, while the more prudent burghers remain unscathed.

Perhaps nothing in this war has caused the military experts more astonishment than the failure of the Boers to occupy Kimberley and Mafeking by assault when they could easily have done so with comparatively small loss. Again I must lift the blame from the shoulders of the Boer generals. Time after time have positive orders been sent from Pretoria that Kimberley and Mafeking must be assaulted, and time after time have the burghers positively refused to obey. "Here's a how-d'ye-do," says the military gentleman, if he has not long ago collapsed under these persistent violations of the military proprieties. Yet so it is. The Boer must learn, in the bitter school of experience, the value of subordination and discipline, if he hopes to maintain his independence against the mighty assault of imperialism.

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THE TENDENCY TO HEALTH

By Daniel Gregory Mason

OUR generation seems to find difficulties in keeping itself in condition, that its fathers never dreamed of. We sometimes almost shudder to realize how precarious seems our tenure of health, how bordered with pitfalls our path. We evade a germ to fall prey to a hysteria, or we build up our nervous energy at the expense of our freedom of mind. We read in a magazine article how we must breathe, and in another how we must walk or sit; and while we are practising how to walk or sit we forget about the breathing, and the old Adam in us takes it up and does it all wrong. Life seems so beset with difficulties as to be hardly worth attempting, and we are fairly appalled by the precautions which it is capital to observe.

Nor are these precautions all of the orthodox kind typified by wearing overshoes when it rains or dieting a weak stomach. Such matter-of-course, normal forms of prudence, learned at our mother's knee, are comparatively easy to practise. There is reason for them in chemistry and hygiene, and we can see that they should prevail. But alongside of them, or even drawn up contemptuously against them, are a hundred "methods" and "cures," of all degrees of fantasticality, that flout the human intellect and yet ride our superstitions. Of course there are mind-cure and Christian Science first of all. The Christian Scientist tells you it is as vital that you should hold your mind above wet feet as the doctor thinks it is that you should keep your feet dry. The apostle of mind-cure tells you not to worry, with so portentous a gravity that it is above human nature not to be worried for fear of worrying. You are harangued by two parties, one the students of the body, the other the students of the mind, and what they have in common is that they frighten you out of your wits. One can readily see that if the dangers of existence are to be much more harped upon it will become intolerable. Whether you are an allopath or a mental healer matters little; while you remain so poignantly conscious of possible missteps, life will remain a nightmare. So that a man who gives the matter only a superficial consideration may easily find himself convinced that health can be preserved only by a vigilant exercise of intelligence. What dire fate would overtake him if he should forget to compute the percentage of protein in his dinner? How should he survive a momentary neglect of the principle of repose? When would his constitution regain its tone should he fail, some night, to go to bed at ten? Even our walks nowadays are "constitutionals," and instead of resting we "relax." Our will is to our functions what a fussy nurse is to a family of rash children, and its constant supervision is needed to ward off catastrophe. Think of what might happen if we should forget to take care of ourselves!

Yet I trust we are not, after all, so far gone as these signs might seem to indicate. In spite of the disquieting magazine essays and the lectures on relaxation and other modern intricacies, air and water and sleep continue to refresh us, and food to nourish us, and fire to warm us. Some days our life is so simple and normal that we almost forget all the enemies lying in ambush, and begin to be unconscious again. We soon run into some fanatic, to be sure, who sows the seed of introspection and discomfort, but the mere fact that we can start the day healthily suggests that we might so continue it. Our physical self-consciousness is more acquired than innate; it is a bad habit we have fallen into. We have all been poisoned a little by the hypochondria in the air, but none the less we find our native vitality ever purifying us from the infection. It is then that we observe, to come at once to the point, that potent, deep-seated, inalienable impulse of nature, subsisting through all disease and morbidness, opposed but never nullified, acting with the universality of forces like magnetism or gravitation, and as much to be depended on as they—the tendency to

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health. A force this is which we admire the more as we study it more; not partial nor local, but universal, pervasive; not to be contravened, but only for a moment checked; by nature infallible, since the sources of it lie as deep as those of being itself.

"All life, through whatever aberrations and departures," thus may we formulate our principle, "tends toward a state of health." And as for illustration, it is a principle so widely influential, so universally active, that to trace it is like tracing the sunlight. It is illustrated by the nightly magic of sleep, creating anew the man eager for life and full of strength; for each morning is a kind of birth, as each evening is a death of fatigue and dulled sensibility. It is illustrated by the purity of the air, polluted constantly by noxious gas, yet also constantly renewed by the oxygen released from this very poison; a process so efficient that all the smoke of the largest cities cannot seriously contaminate the atmosphere. Or again, it is illustrated in the persistence of the general health of human beings in the mass. Whatever may be the individual departures from health, they tend to stop with the individual; they do not leap across his frontier. Many causes combine to arrest them. The passivity and seclusion enforced upon the sick in so many ways, their general and specific "unfitnesses," limit the dissemination of their sickness. As the sterility of hybrids guards the integrity of species, so the unfitnesses of the sick supplement and reinforce the powers of the healthy. In this way could one gather examples of the varied manifestations of this tendency to health. One could even carry its application beyond the physical life into the spiritual, and draw from the study a large optimism. For the moment, however, I wish to emphasize a particular and very practical aspect of it. How may it help us in the quandary suggested at the beginning of this paper? How shall we, in the first place, reconcile with it the prevailing invalidism suggested there; and how, in the second place, shall we find in it a fundamental reassurance against all these more superficial sores of our misdirected attention? The answers to such questions should not be without an immediate and humane value to us.

I have just used the word "attention"; it is a fruitful word in the hands of modern psychologists. There is much in their books about the power for good and evil of the faculty of attention. All psychologists, I think, now admit the capital part it plays in the determination of the mental content. Without going into technicalities, I may briefly explain its action. The elements of perception are of two kinds, objective and subjective, the first existent in the thing itself, the second supplied by the perceiving mind. The objective elements are fixed; the subjective partly fixed, partly changeable at will. Take, for example, as an object of perception, a group of nine squares on a checker-board, the corner ones black. Singly, these are objective and fixed; yet the particular form in which they are combined is dependent on the perceiver. If he chooses, he can see the Maltese cross formed by the red squares, with a black one for centre; in this case the corners will be inessential in his percept. And then, Presto! by a change in his way of attending, he can perceive the cross all black, and turned so that its arms are diagonal, the red squares now taking the secondary place and becoming the penumbra, so to speak, of his figure. And yet the nine squares have stayed there without change, fixed as any object can be; it has been the subjective element that has changed, and this in a lightning flash, and by a simple shift of attention. The name given in psychology to this power by which the mind groups its objects, or attends to them in certain self-determined modes, is "apperception." It enters not only into geometrical percepts of the kind we have chosen for perspicuity's sake to illustrate, but into many of our commonest, most everyday mental acts. Its bearing upon the invalidism we are trying to explain may now be shown, the more clearly if we keep in mind the simple and definite mode by which it works in the case of the checker-board.

At the outset it is necessary to distinguish two kinds of ailment or sickness, though the distinction must be made roughly and with the aid, not of any

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medical science, but only of common-sense and observation. There are, then, mental ailments and physical ailments. By this I mean that there are ailments the basis of which is entirely nervous or apprehensive, as sneezing caused by the thought or dread of sneezing, and there are ailments the basis of which is entirely or partly physical, as sneezing caused by inhaling pepper. The distinction is not one of definite limits; it is serviceable rather than philosophical. But we immediately see that it is supported and explained by the analysis of perception we have just made.

For, obviously, mental ailments are those in which the patient's apperception is a determining factor, and physical ailments are those which purely organic conditions establish. The way the man feels who sneezes from apprehension is much more closely connected with his sneezing than is the way the man feels who inhales pepper. The latter would sneeze anyway, as naturally as he would breathe while asleep. But the man who dreads sneezing would not sneeze unless he dreaded it. His sneezing is, at least so far as we have now gone in our demonstration, no less inevitable than that of his pepper-ridden friend, no less beyond his personal control, but it differs from that in one theoretically, and perhaps practically, important particular; namely, that it is the outcome of a perception on the part of the patient in which the subjective element plays a large *rôle*. One step farther and our analysis will be complete. To what extent is the subjective element in perception amenable to the will of the percipient? To what extent can the shift of apperception, illustrated in the case of the checker-board, be applied to our more impressive and poignant perceptions of sickness and health? Can the man who dreads sneezing stop dreading it? In a word, is attention a matter of will?

The answer is perfectly definite, though not quite sweeping. Within certain limits the attention is, without doubt, subject to the will. The man who dreads the sneeze may have become, to be sure, so settled a victim of nervous habit, so inveterate a sneeze-dreader, that he cannot refrain from sternutation any more than his friend who is in the stringent grasp of the physical pepper. But, on the other hand, his hysterical thought may have so little mastered him that, when he once understands that he is to think of something else, he can switch off his attention and cure his weakness. Now, in the vast majority of ills current among us, the mind is not really enslaved, but only temporarily weakened; and if we could once grasp the full significance of this theory of attention, our wills would be wholly equal to the task of substituting a pleasant attitude of mind for the unpleasant one that reinforces our misery so sadly. Nine times out of ten we could accent the enjoyable elements in our perception instead of the wretched ones; we could apperceive our sensations in a different grouping that would change for us their relative values.

Just here a practical word of no little importance falls to be said. *This direction of attention must be a positive, not a negative, process.* Our friend whose imagination is so susceptible to pepper will get little help from a resolution *not to think* about *pepper*. What good will the "not" do so long as the "pepper" is in the sentence? No, he must resolve *to* think about *something else*. Similarly, the man who thinks he is testing our theory by saying, over and over, to himself, "I must not think of my indigestion," is making a fatal error. Does not the very formula keep him keenly aware of his misery? He must make, on the contrary, an active, a positive resolve to think of his wife's becoming new hat, or the game of whist he is playing, or pretty much anything in which he can take a genuine even if short-lived interest. Not by avoiding evil are we saved, but by seeking good. The bicyclist who looks at the stone ahead rides over it: only by looking at another part of the road does he easily and unconsciously pass it by. There are a great many stones on our roads, if we decide to look for them. I doubt whether the hardiest stomach would not reveal dyspeptic feelings to the man who "intended his mind" upon it. His zealous search would doubtless be rewarded by discovery. "Seek and ye shall find" is true of unpleasant as well as of pleasant things. The better way is, not to seek. Happy is the man who forms,

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early in life (or if not early, then late), the habit of taking all the light and warmth and cheer he can get with a fine glow of appreciation, looking, meanwhile, somewhat sidewise at those opposite experiences he cannot escape. Let him squint a little, or look the other way. He will be a happier man, as well as more popular, than the self-appointed devil's advocate who sedulously notes the mugginess of the weather, the feebleness of his pulse, or the fact that he is "tired" (which, God help us, we all are—until we get rested).

He will be a happier man, moreover, for two reasons, and by virtue of two distinct forces that his act of attention enlists in his behalf. In the first place, by removing the constant irritation to his mere body, his viscera and nerves and muscles, that has resulted from his morbid attention, he leaves a clear stage for the benign action of the tendency to health. A man's body is not the normal object of his attention. Just as the normal focus of a sense-organ is an external object (of the eye, a sight; of the ear, a sound), so the normal focus of the mind as a whole is the breathing, colored world outside itself, and particularly the absorbing world of other people. The very insidiousness of sickness is that it tends to seduce the mind from this wholesome outlook, and concentrate it upon inner sensations. The process, once begun, proceeds apace, and soon the healthy activity of the body is still further deranged by the meddling attention, precisely as clearness of execution on the piano, for example, is deranged by particularized notice of fingering or other mechanical processes that should be automatic. Conscious thought always bungles the delicate acts properly cared for by the subconscious mind. The remedy is, in both cases, to direct the attention elsewhere. The pianist must think of his music; the sick man, as I have already suggested, must think of the people about him, of his own effect on their happiness and welfare. He will then leave his cure to the healthy, spontaneous action of his vital processes. The tendency to health will exert itself, and in its turn aid his will. Thus can the mind, by applying its knowledge of the psychological effect of attention, act upon the sick body.

"But," the reader will object, "often the organic disorder is so great, and therefore the 'objective element in perception,' as you call it, so formidable, that this transference of attention will effect nothing. Can the man with a sick-headache help himself by thinking of his friends and relatives?" A tempting answer to this question would be that he could help the friends and relatives, at least. But I will not rest content with that; I will try to show how he can still help himself. To do this, I must point out that second force of which I spoke as being enlisted in behalf of any man who directed his attention wisely. And first I must admit that there are many distresses in human life which the tendency to health is powerless to relieve. Many sorts of disease, of disablement, of weakness and pain, since, so far as we can see at present, they are, despite the flattering generalizations of theorists, not to be avoided, must be simply borne and survived. But if we cannot evade such sad realities by any sort of mental attitude, can we not face them with one which shall modify their relation to us? I have only to put this general question in a specific form to make the answer spring upon the reader's lips. By courage can we not lessen misfortune? Yes! a thousand times yes! Courage turns the ignoble agony into the beautiful tragedy. Its alchemy is universal. Is the stake a misfortune to the martyr? It is his dearest fortune. Is oppression, prejudice, ignorance, a misfortune to the reformer? It is the very material of his reform. Is misunderstanding, injustice, suspicion, or contempt a misfortune to the earnest man or woman anywhere who is trying to guide his life by a more starry trigonometry than petty minds can conceive? Perhaps in one sense they are misfortune, but in another and deeper sense nothing is misfortune that can be faced and known by an unfrighted human spirit. A misfortune bravely met is a fortune, and the world is full of people happy because bravely unhappy.

Why shall we not avail ourselves of these truths of psychology and religion, as gratefully in meeting the disadvantages of bodily condition as in meeting the other sort of disadvantages, to which we attribute more dignity and weight—our "trials," sor-

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rows, and bereavements? Why is it not, in its proportion, as worthy our mettle to bear with sweetness a headache, as a reverse of fortune or the loss of a friend? Yet we are apt to think such every day difficulties too trivial a field for our noble virtues. Many men who would be strong and patient under heavy adversity, spoil with a hundred glooms and irritabilities the ease of friends and family, because forsooth they have a stiff neck or a heartburn. They do not see that, just as the profession of the soldier calls not so much for heroism in the front of battle (which he may never see) as for faithfulness in the unromantic toils of the camp, so the profession of the human being calls not so much for grand valors and dramatic deeds as for kindness and sweetness and gladness, from Monday to Sunday and from January to December. We do not sufficiently realize, I am sure of it, the duty of cheerful behavior. In a sense our moods are the atmosphere of our associates. We have no right to choke them in sulphurous fumes of discontent, or to cold-blanket their joys with our continual fog of joylessness. If I am sullen and lowering, it is in so far a drearier day for the next man: I forward his discouragements, I dissuade his happiness. This is what a woman clear-sighted in these delicate influences meant, who said once, "'Crossness' is dreadful because it makes it impossible for anything beautiful to happen." And so it is not only with "crossness," but with every attitude less actively forwarding than one of quiet cheer. The presence of illness, discomfort, forlornness of any sort in a household makes any beautiful happening, perhaps not impossible, but at least less probable. He who would bring out the best traits in his companions, not only for their sakes but for his own, would best cut down his disease-list to minimum length.

An end of generalization, then. Let me sum up the three chief points of this paper in practical form—in the form of friendly counsel to any reader who sincerely desires to profit by any thoughts that may help him, even if he considers that they are presented with some lack of sympathy, or even with levity. They are not the worse ideas for that; but he is the worse man if he lets his pride deprive him of them.

"Trust more than you have done," I shall say to him, "in the tendency of all nature toward health. Be not too anxious about your symptoms, those little things; think rather of great, enduring, eternal things, the purity of air, the brightness of the sun, the sweetness of human love, the glory of human destiny. Furthermore, enlist your natural interests in this reform. Withdraw your attention from the bad feelings by dwelling on the good ones. Make capital of your pleasures; taste your food with relish, or, if that is impossible, sense as keenly as you can the play of muscles when you walk; if it be so bad that you are bed-ridden, at least be wheeled into the warm sunshine, and thank God for it. Finally, if you are still weary and ill and sore-oppressed, if life is indeed a bitterness to you, then, poor soul, bear it as best you may and take what props you can get; but even then, remember that you must communicate your bitterness as little as possible to others; remember that you can even then wring a happiness from your stern and chivalrous campaign of silence. Learn by heart what Browning has said:

> Knowledge means
> Ever renewed assurance by defeat
> That victory is somehow still to reach,
> But love is victory, the prize itself."

I must end with an example of the kind of courage I have been trying to recommend—for example is the last persuasion. Though there are hosts of examples to be found, I will content myself with one, a remark of an "invalid" who had so large a share of health that he could make remarks like this one as long as breath was in his body. Robert Louis Stevenson was asked how he was getting on. He could not speak, for fear of his friend "Bluidy Jack"—his name for hemorrhage. But he could (and did) write on his slate, "Mr. Dumbley is no better, and be hanged to him."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

AMONG the many reasons for which the achievement of the Dewey Arch was memorable was this :—that it gave certain persons fresh ground for belief that the plastic expression was the most natural expression of the art impulse of Americans.

American "Style."

We do not say that many persons entertained, or do entertain, such a belief. We have heard much of the prospective development of a national American literature, and something of a distinctive future American music. But that an innate feeling for the beauty of plastic form could be attributed to Americans is a thing that has not been advanced with the same insistence. And yet it is more than probable that, deficient though the Teutonic stock be generally in this sense, an exception should be made in favor of the mixed American branch of that stock. To this conclusion one is brought not alone by the power and beauty of the work of later American sculptors, but also by the fact that Americans seem, as a people, to possess the instinct of plastic style in the management—if the word may pass—of their bodies.

To be assured of this it is only needful to watch briefly any ordinary, every-day crowd in the streets or public meeting-places of any American city, and especially the feminine element in it, as the more naturally decorative. And, if this be done, any careful observer must become aware that this is a people which has conspicuously a perception of what the French artists call *galbe*, and an unconscious desire and aspiration so to carry itself physically that this *galbe* shall be good. In the hierarchy of those who know how so to adjust themselves as to extract the largest amount of effect from the means given to them by nature and circumstance, all conditions of little American girls have a right to be placed, a good second, close to the experienced French women with their long traditions of studied grace and of demonstrated charm behind them. But the happy knack of knowing what to wear and how to put it on is a mere concomitant of the air of the head and the poise of the shoulders, and derives all its value from these last gifts. And they are great gifts. They are the gifts which, far from being frivolous and unimportant, may very properly be considered as the roots out of which a great plastic art eventually grows.

If this be thought a fanciful assumption one has only to remember that there was never a people among whom there flourished a really great and high school of sculpture, which did not manifest this intuition of style in the poses and motions of the body to a very marked extent. The Greeks had it, the Italians of the Renaissance had it, the French have had it always. The English, who have so fine a sense of style in the use of words and the speaking voice, never show that their bodies move to an inner music. A massive, stolid, showy, splendid dignity they may, at their best, present, but no flexibility. The muscular part of them has not the singing tone, though the voice has.

It can be objected that the plain American business man has not the "singing tone" in his physical presentment either. But the plain American business man has perhaps latent possibilities which he himself does not suspect—and in any case we must judge a people by its most ornamental and articulate and its most æsthetically perceptive part. The quality in virtue of which the American woman has made so great a social conquest of the world is really just her "style." There have been those who have sometimes been inclined to think it a rather dry and brittle style, one too self-assured and garish for charm. But though in the soft inflections of color and shadow it may be wanting, and in pitch it may be too shrill, the best analysis will discover that in the form-feeling it is rarely astray. The trim, yacht-like figure of the little American takes the winds and the waves as by the guidance of an inward compass, which saves her from the worst awkwardnesses that would befall other women who should be so venturesome. And even the little water-wagtail of the "shopping district" of our large towns appears to have that in her which, with but half the hint that some others would require, would teach her to tone down to her cheap fine feathers and to wear and be and do the thing that was fit.

Here, in short, is where the Americans show one of those strong desires for expression which presently organize themselves into an art. It does not seem that in any other

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direction they exhibit so plainly the artistic germ. They want so very much, even far back into the isolation of rural localities, to be "stylish" in their persons and actions! When we are confronted with some of the results we do not think it a beautiful ambition. And yet we should be fatally wrong if we should undervalue the impulse.

Leisure and Achievement.

A PRIORI, a man who inherits money enough to be all his life, as the French say, "at his ease," is the man from whom we should expect the things that make the world better, and for which there does not seem to be any immediate market in money. Contributions to science and art and the less immediately remunerative forms of literature might be expected to come from the "leisure class." If we remember aright, that inveterate a-priorist, the late H. T. Buckle, who did not allow facts to stand in the way of his theories, though he professed to base himself exclusively upon facts, was not afraid to argue that this was the actual result of leisure. It was true of himself and of John Ruskin, the only authors of their day and their standing who did not have to earn their livings. But, as a generalization, the observation that men of hereditary leisure do the apparently unremunerative work of the world flies in the face of all experience.

The death of the Duke of Argyll has brought out the falsity of the assumption that men of hereditary wealth can be trusted to do the intellectual work that does not directly pay. And this is simply because the Duke really did something in that way. According to Carlyle, the British peerage was in its origin a kind of glorified civil service, in which the titles were certificates of success in the most arduous competitive examinations. Still, according to him, "the merit system" broke down in its application to the British peerage in the reign of Charles I. Since then a lord has had nothing to do "as such" except "to exist beautifully." As the lords have all the chances of education that England affords, and nothing to do but what they may choose to do, what treasures of learned leisure and research we ought to owe to them! The career of the Duke of Argyll ought not to have been an exception in his order at all, but simply an illustration of the rule. And yet he was the only Duke in Great Britain who within living memory has amounted to anything. It is true that the Marquis of Salisbury might have been a Duke if he had not regarded his marquisate as a prouder title than a new dukedom could furnish. And doubtless the Marquis of Salisbury amounts to something. When he was Lord Robert Cecil, Bagehot said of him that he was the only member of the British aristocracy who had shown the capacity of earning his own living. This he had had to do for a season, and had done it in the character of a political writer; and there is no doubt that he would have made a political success if he had been a commoner. His existence is fully justified. So is that of Lord Rosebery, as a public speaker and as a writer, if not yet fully as a politician. Here are three out of five hundred members of the House of Lords. Perhaps an ordinarily well-informed observer might manage to pick out half a dozen more lords who might fairly be called distinguished for something else than being lords, barring the new men, who owe their titles to their achievements. But that is a sorry showing for so many holders of what may be called perpetually endowed fellowships.

That the Duke of Argyll, being a Duke, should yet have amounted to something, strikes his countrymen with even more astonishment than it does us. His intellectual lonesomeness is emphasized by a saying which has strayed into print since his death, attributed to a Scotch inn-keeper, who observed that the Duke was in an unfortunate position, since his pride of intellect kept him from associating with his equals in rank, and his pride of rank from associating with his equals in intellect. And the dukedom is even said to have "rubbed off" on his intellectual work. Nobody would think of describing him as an amateur writer. But the men of science do not hesitate to describe him as a scientific amateur, even in geology, for which he had a special inclination. It is not necessary, however, to disparage him in order to emphasize the point. Here was one man of say a dozen out of five hundred who did what four hundred and fifty of them ought to do in order to justify the existence of the "institution" they represent. The plain fact is that all the worthy achievements come from "the curse of Adam," from the necessity of earning one's own living; and that the desire to have been born a duke, which often assails lazy people as a delightful dream, is really a desire to have foregone a much better birthright. Brains share the fate of other organs in tending to incur atrophy from disuse.

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THE FIELD OF ART

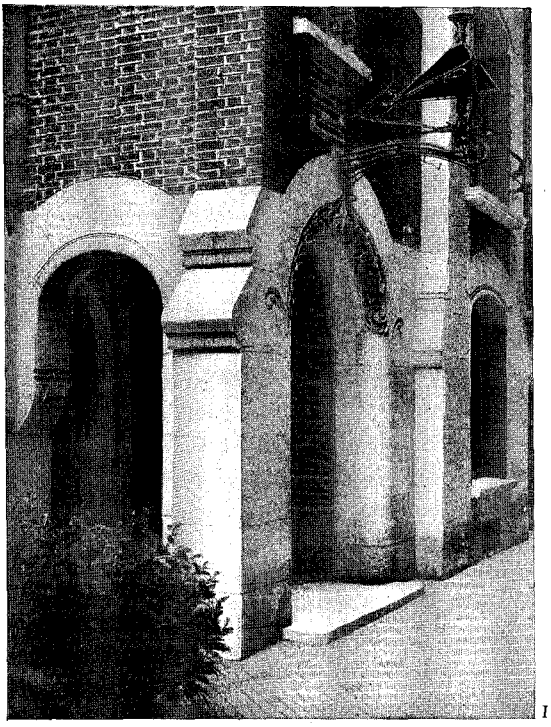
ANOTHER WAY OF DESIGNING A MODERN HOUSE

THIS time * it is, indeed, an apartment-house — a big Paris *maison à loyer*. Its name is Castel Béranger; and this also is the name of an important monograph devoted to the house, its novel system of design, its somewhat fantastic decoration, and its almost unmatched boldness of artistical treatment.

The house stands far away to the west, and close to the Passy station of the underground railway. It is not unlike a New York apartment-house of these latter days; except that Parisian tradition accepts a building with six stories of apartments, built in an elegant and even sumptuous manner, with no means of communication up and down other than that afforded by many staircases. Of these last essentials there are six, carried from cellar to roof; and this in a building with not more than forty-eight apartments. The stairways are fire-proof, of course; but then the whole house is incombustible, as all good French houses are.

The plan is intelligent and has been carefully thought out, but this is true of so very many of the *immeubles de rapport* of Paris, that it need not be insisted on here. The work of the architect, or master-workman, is not so noticeable in the floor-plans as in the drawings of that which has arisen upon them; and in that which is superadded to the absolutely essential walls and roofs, windows and doors —superadded, not in the sense of ornament which might have been dispensed with, but in the sense of essential conveniences which, in the hands of the able and energetic man who has managed this work, have taken on a character startling enough to the observer of any modern city and its buildings. There has been an attempt to make this building realistic in the very highest degree, and to make that realism interesting in an artistic sense and to all artistically minded people. That this attempt has succeeded in a measure is the reason for devoting this brief study to the Castel Béranger.

The exterior of the building is divided vertically into parts of uneven width and distribution, some of cut stone, some of red brick, and some covered with rough-surfaced stucco. The windows are generally single, and those of the smaller toilet-rooms, which are arranged very properly in tower-like masses, are small and round-headed, while the windows of living-rooms and chambers are sometimes square-headed with lintels, sometimes closed at top by circular discharging arches beneath which, in a curious way, the square head is suspended, sometimes by segmental arches or three centred arches, and sometimes by arches which, though having a horizontal intrados, are curved above with a



I

This and the following illustrations are from "Le Castel Béranger," by Hector Guimard. By permission of G. D'Hostingue.

* See the Field of Art for July, 1899.

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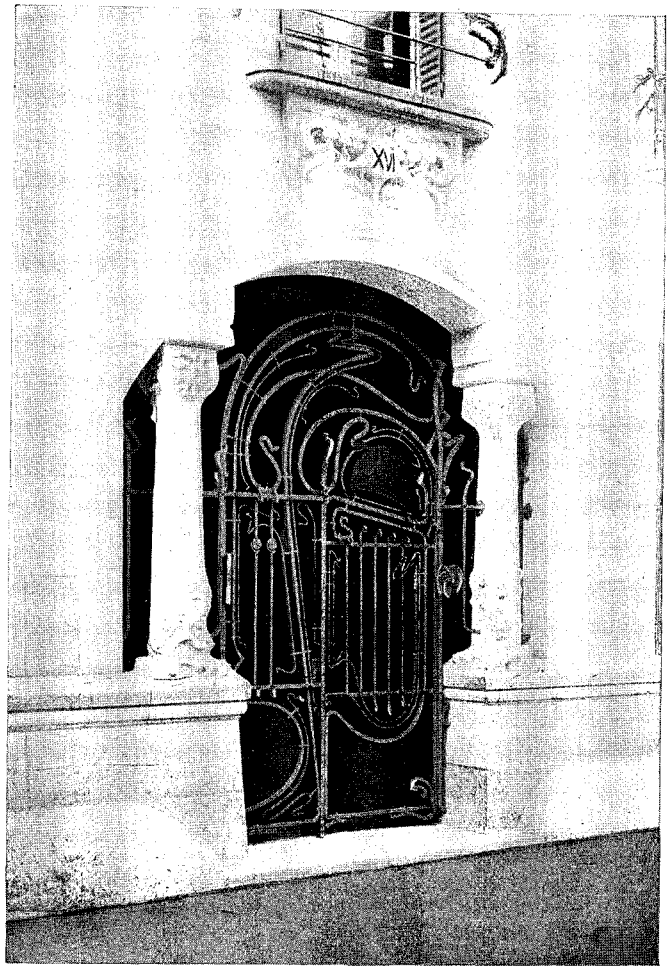

II

system of splays combined with delicately worked mouldings, which are carried into the skewbacks or abutment-stones, so as to afford the greatest possible admission of light from the sky. Something of this can be seen in Fig. 2; and here it must be said that these photographs are taken from colored prints. The wall finishes above the sixth story in a gutter-balcony of considerable width with a parapet and a very elaborate decorative construction in metal. Above this balcony rises an attic with heavy dormers to light the seventh story, and these dormers rise still higher and break into a sloping metal roof beyond. On the court are two principal entrances; one of the two, the inner pavilion, is managed as shown in Fig. 1, at the base of one of those tower-like vertical members of which there has been mention, and the other connecting with the great stairway at the end of the court by means of a large, low, segmental arch which corresponds in width to the triplets of windows above which light the staircase. Another entrance doorway, that on the Rue de La Fontaine, has a segment of arch whose abutments are carried by columns, while the curve goes on beyond them and completes the half-circle, all as shown in Fig. 2. The thoughtful planning and arrangements for access and for light are characteristic of modern Paris; that which is not characteristic of modern Paris or of any other modern city is the way in which every part of this building has been shaped especially for this particular occasion. Our architect is an opportunist and not an observer of hard and fast rules. He has made it his business to give shape to a dozen kinds of windows for a dozen different situations, and has not asked whether there is any au-

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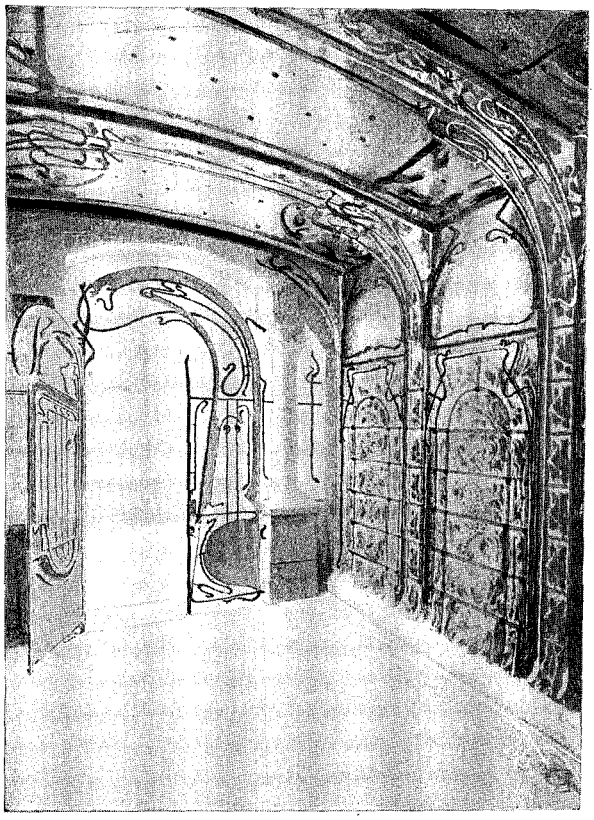
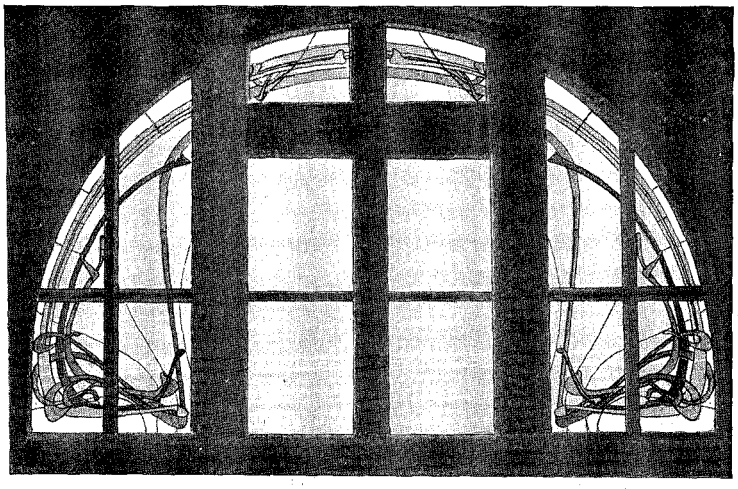


III

thority for any of his forms. Carrying this scheme still further, he has designed afresh and according to his own notions of what would be appropriate, every separate member of his building. The iron-work on every balcony has been studied separately; and although two may be alike, this is because those two are in similar situations. He has designed the little parapets upon which people lean their elbows when they look out of ordinary Paris windows as may be partly seen in Fig. 2; and as he desired his casements to open outward, he has set these parapets out from the wall, so that they pro-



IV

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ject even beyond the walls below. The balcony at the top of the wall, mentioned above, is not only very bold and decided in its projection, it is also combined with subordinate balconies below by means of uprights connecting them, and very boldly by the water-leaders themselves, which are elaborate bronze tubes decorated at every joint, all of these being the subject of constant and watchful design, of that sort which takes the requisite form and works it into something artistic. Finally, it is to be noted especially that the greater emphasis has been laid upon the essential difference between the heavy piers, archivolts, balconies, corbellings, and copings of cut stone and the light and slender members of the same destination which are made of metal.

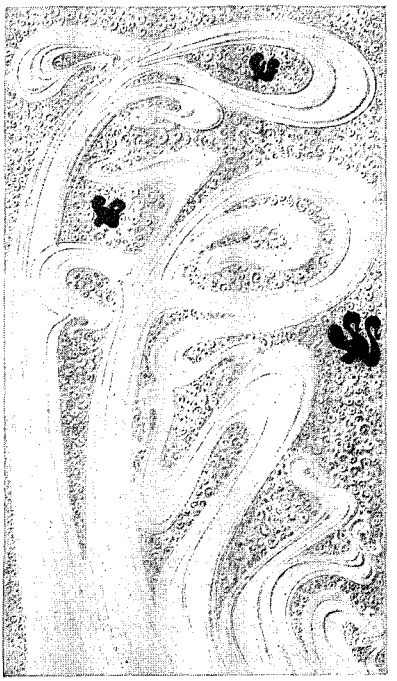
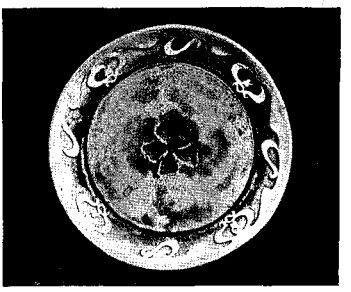


Fig. 2 exhibits this careful discrimination in the artistic treatment of different materials. The cut-stone doorway is daring enough in its novelty of design; but that very design is expressive of the qualities of cut stone. Within and beneath the archway is a gateway of wrought iron, in the design of which there has been what many will consider an excessive striving for contrast between the metallic and the lithic structure. Fig. 3 shows this doorway from within, with one-half of the gate swung open, and the reader should study the convolutions of the iron bars that he may note which of them swing with the right-hand or swinging valve, and which are attached to the left-hand or bolted valve.

A curious modern tendency toward design in abstract curves is noticeable in these details. Fig. 4 shows the same tendency in mosaic of colored glass, and the great chance there is of an ugly result to this sort of work is manifest in the huddling of these bands and scrolls at the bottom on either side. Fig. 5 shows a detail of the plaster-work with scrolls which are certainly better managed than the glass. Plaster-work of this design is repeated in many different grave and comely tints, the color having been mixed with the plaster before working.

Finally, the tail-piece is a dish recently purchased at Bing's establishment, "L'Art Nouveau." This contemporary designing in fantastic curves has been much identified with the productions of that concern; but it is difficult to say how far its origin is to be found in Paris.



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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

I COULD HEAR SIMILAR EXPLOSIONS AS HE WENT DOWN THE ROAD.

—"The Green Pigs," page 197.

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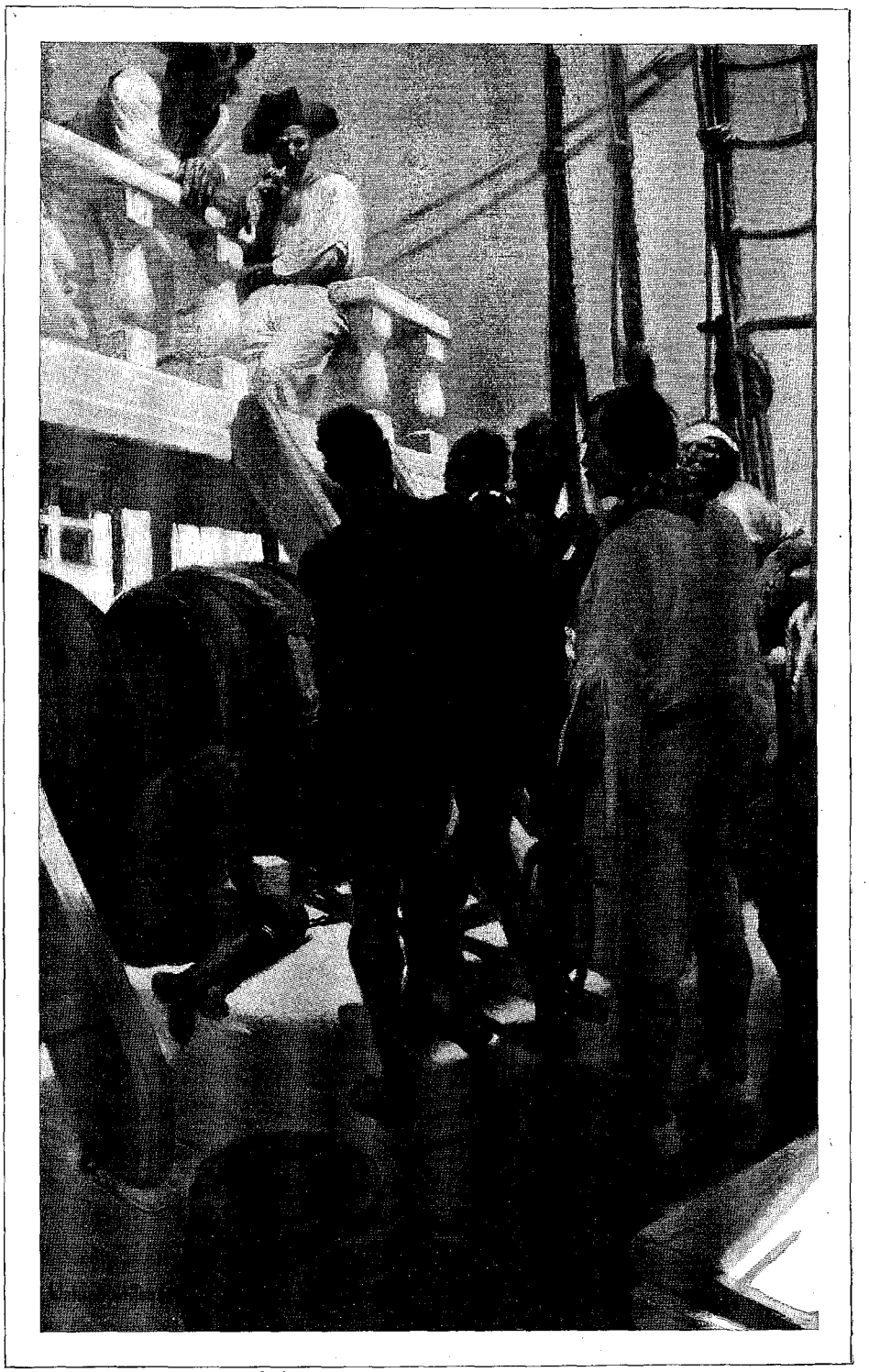

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

KIDNAPPING BEN JOHNSON BECAME A SLAVE HIMSELF.—Page 10.

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